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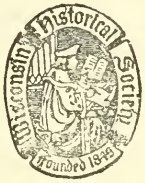
THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY



PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN. JOSEPH SCHAFER, Superintendent, MILO M. QUAIFE, Editor

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THE REVEREND OLYMPIA BROWN

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HOW WISCONSIN WOMEN WON THE BALLOT

THEODORA W. YOUMANS

When the legislature of Wisconsin grasped the first available opportunity to ratify the amendment to the constitution of the United States abolishing sex as a qualification of voters, it closed a chapter of surpassing interest in the history of the state and ended a campaign which had continued actively for fifty years. The legislature passed a resolution ratifying the federal amendment on the morning of June 10, 1919. The Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association and its predecessor, The Woman Suffrage Association of the State of Wisconsin, which had led the movement since 1869, continued to function some months longer, in order to support, with money and influence, the efforts of the National American Woman Suffrage Association for the ratification of the amendment in other states. It formally dissolved, its work done, in March, 1920. The amendment was promulgated by the Secretary of State as the nineteenth amendment to the federal constitution in August, 1920, and Wisconsin women voted at the primary and general elections held a few weeks later.

Discussion of woman suffrage had begun in Wisconsin even before Wisconsin had achieved statehood. There has long been a tradition in the state that the first constitutional convention, called in the territory in 1846, seriously considered the enfranchisement of women. An examination of the debate on suffrage in this convention, however, precludes that view. The enfranchisement of negroes and Indians and the naturalization of immigrants who were already swarming into the territory made one of the important problems of the convention and aroused vigorous debate. A Milwaukee member, James Magone, who had

the reputation of being a wag, offered an amendment to the pending suffrage measure that the word "male" be stricken out and the right of suffrage be accorded females as well as males. Moses M. Strong urged that women should not be "tacked onto negroes." Mr. Magone insisted. The amendment was lost. The record suggests that the woman suffrage amendment was designed primarily to embarrass those members who favored liberal franchise provision for negro and foreign men.[1]

There was, however, one phase of "women's rights" which was seriously considered and was adopted by the convention—the ownership of property by married women. This provision was bitterly opposed by some members, one of them, Edward G. Ryan, who later became chief justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin, declaring "it violated both the customs of society and the express commands of the Bible." This married women's property clause was one of the reasons why the first constitution drafted was rejected by the voters.

The constitution drafted a year later was of a more conservative character; it became the constitution of the state of Wisconsin and has so remained up to this time. This constitution contained no provision for securing property to married women, but a law making such provision was passed by the legislature only two years after Wisconsin became a state.[2]

In the early days of statehood abolition of slavery, women's rights, and the temperance cause were inextricably intertwined, and the advocate of one was apt to be the advocate of all. Two of the Free-soil newspapers of Wisconsin, the Southport (Kenosha) *Telegraph*, edited by C. L. Sholes, and the Oshkosh *True Democrat*, under the management of

[1] *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, III, 227–30; *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, XXVII.

[2] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XXVI, 43–45.

James Densmore, were early champions of woman suffrage. In 1849 Densmore challenged the editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel* to say why women should not have a voice in making laws. Densmore said he expected to be called a "visionary fanatic" for taking such a stand. The *Sentinel* replied May 31 in a tone of levity, "Women are confessedly angels, and angels do not vote."

The question, nevertheless, would not down. As early as July 1, 1851 the Athenaean Society of the University of Wisconsin debated, "*Resolved*, That the female sex are not inferior to the male sex—that they should enjoy like facilities with the latter for acquiring a liberal education, and that the right of suffrage should be extended to them."

In 1853 Clarina Howard Nicholson and Lydia Fowler toured the state making public addresses in favor of temperance and incidentally scattering suffrage seed. Two years later, in the autumn of 1855, Lucy Stone visited Wisconsin and gave lectures in several of its larger towns. As only the progressive papers noticed her visit it is not possible to reconstruct her itinerary. She spoke at Madison three times: the evenings of November 9 and 10 were devoted to "Woman's Rights"; Sunday, the eleventh, she spoke on slavery. Her lectures were largely attended, and those who heard her were "agreeably disappointed" both in her manner and in the subject matter of her addresses.[3] November 21 to 23 she was at Kenosha, where the first lecture "gave the highest satisfaction" and she was recognized as "confessedly at the head of the able women engaged in that calling."[4] In her suffrage lectures Lucy Stone advocated the circulation of petitions to the legislature for an amendment to the state constitution permitting women to vote. Three such petitions were presented by C. C. Sholes, senator for Kenosha County, to the

[3] Madison *Wisconsin State Journal*, Nov. 13, 1855.
[4] Kenosha *Tribune and Telegraph*, Nov. 22, 1855.

senate during the session of 1856. They were referred to the committee on the expiration and reënactment of laws, and never heard from again.[5]

In the assembly at the same session a more advanced step was taken. January 22 Hamilton H. Gray, editor and Democratic member from Lafayette County,[6] introduced a "bill to extend the elective franchise to *feme covert* and *feme sole* in certain cases." This bill was referred to the judiciary committee, which reported adversely on its passage; on March 12 it was laid upon the table.[7]

There is an unverified tradition that the first society for the promotion of woman suffrage in Wisconsin was

[5] Senate *Journal*, 1856, 197. The following names are given: "Three petitions of R. H. Deming, Janet Bone, Anna Lewis, E. M. Brande, and others in relation to granting the right of suffrage to females."

[6] Hamilton H. Gray was an editor who conducted the ablest newspaper in Lafayette County, called *The Pick and Gad*. It was begun in 1854 and contained literary reviews and discussions of social and economic questions. Editor Gray was an advanced thinker, a friend of enfranchisement for all the oppressed. He probably heard Lucy Stone at Shullsburg, where he was then publishing *The Pick and Gad*. This information was received from P. H. Conley, of the Lafayette County Historical Society.

[7] From the office of the Secretary of State we have obtained a copy of this bill, which reads as follows:

A BILL to extend the elective franchise to femes covert and femes Sole in certain Cases.

The people of the State of Wisconsin represented in Senate and Assembly do enact as follows:

SECTION ONE

Every Feme Sole of the age of twenty-one years or upwards who is seized of estate real of the value of two hundred dollars and every feme Covert (whose husband is absent from the state and who has been for two years next preceding any general election) shall be deemed qualified electors to vote at any annual or special school meeting held in this state after the approval of this act as provided in the following section.

SECTION TWO

At the next general election in the year 1856 the electors of this state shall signify their approval or disapproval of the provisions of the foregoing section in the following manner: All voters who approve of the privileges given in the foregoing section shall deposit in the ballot box prepared to receive votes for members of Congress. A ballot with the following words written or printed thereon (to net) "for womens voting" those voters who disapprove of said section one and are opposed to womans voting as provided in said section shall deposit in said box a ballot with the following words written or printed thereon (to net) "against womans voting." And if a majority of votes cast at said election upon this question are for womans voting then and in that case woman married and unmarried shall be deemed qualified electors under the provisions of Section one of this act.

organized at Janesville, before the Civil War, probably as the result of the lectures of Lucy Stone. No records of its meetings have been found.[8]

All efforts for woman suffrage were abated during the Civil War, its advocates giving themselves wholeheartedly to the cause of freedom as exemplified by the abolition of slavery. But when the war was over, its objects achieved, it seemed desperately hard to these devoted, high-minded women that uneducated colored men, just released from slavery, should be adjudged worthy of the ballot which was still withheld from the educated and patriotic white women who had helped to save the nation and free the slaves. They were astounded to have the discriminatory word "male," which had never before been used in the federal constitution, appear in the fourteenth amendment, and made vigorous effort to prevent it. Their failure in this effort, due partly to the influence of those who had been their friends and supporters, and who now joined in the rallying cry—"This is the negro's hour"—made them realize as never before the force and weight of the opposition.

The Civil War, however, had developed courage and self-reliance in women. Many of them had managed the farm, the shop, the office, as well as the family, while the man of the house was away at the war. Women had achieved notable results in the organization and management of the Sanitary Commission and other relief agencies. So added ability and determination were enlisted in the suffrage cause after the war.

SECTION THREE

This act shall be in force and take effect from and after its passage to authorize a vote as required by Sec. 1. Article 3 of the Constitution and if approved by the electors of this state at the general election of 1856 shall take effect and be in force on the first day of January 1857 and thereafter womans shall be deemed electors qualified to vote at annual and special school district meetings.

[8] The Janesville *Gazette*, April 29, 1856, announced a lecture on the "Social and Domestic Influence of Women," by Miss Delphia P. Baker, who was "opposed to the strong-minded feminines of these latter days." This lecture may have been intended to counteract the influence of the woman's rights society.

The first state convention for universal suffrage was held at Janesville, October 9 and 10, 1867.[9] When called to order, it was designated the "Impartial Suffrage Convention." The moving spirits were the Honorable John T. Dow, member of the state assembly; Joseph Baker of Janesville; Mrs. L. R. Stewart of Brodhead; Mrs. J. H. Stillman of Whitewater; Mrs. F. Harris Reid of Beaver Dam; and Mrs. Jennie L. Hildebrand of Fond du Lac. Letters were read from Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony, and steps were taken to form a permanent state organization.[10] An executive committee was appointed for this purpose. A committee on finance was also chosen. The Janesville *Daily Gazette* gave extended notices of this convention, with the purpose of which the editor, A. M. Thomson, declared himself in sympathy. "All that is necessary," he wrote, "to carry forward this great measure to a successful issue, is for the women themselves to take hold vigorously and determinedly of the good work."[11]

Coincident with this organization, amd fostered by the same leaders, was a determined effort to secure a constitutional amendment for this reform. John T. Dow, assemblyman for Rock County, introduced into the legislature of 1867 a joint resolution for such an amendment. This resolution passed both the senate and the house, and was approved by Governor Fairchild, April 11, 1867.[12] In the assembly the supporters of the measure secured a vote of sixty-three in favor to twenty-two opposed. However, it was required by the constitution, then as now, that an amendment should pass two legislatures before

[9] The Wisconsin Historical Library possesses a copy of the *Proceedings* of this convention as well as of the addresses of the Reverend S. Farrington of Janesville and the Reverend Sumner Ellis of Milwaukee, delivered before the convention.

[10] It is interesting to note that "resolutions were forwarded to the convention by a meeting of citizens of the village of Menomonee," probably Menomonee Falls, in Waukesha County.

[11] Janesville *Daily Gazette*, Oct. 10, 1867.

[12] Assembly *Journal*, 1867; *Laws of Wisconsin*, 1867, 200.

being submitted to the people. The real struggle was therefore postponed until 1868; and it was to create public sentiment therefor that the Janesville convention of 1867 was held.

The legislature of 1868 received several well-signed petitions asking for the ratification of this proposed amendment. The bill was introduced in the assembly by President William C. Whitford of Milton College. Mr. Dow, who was no longer a member, organized a lobby for the measure. Notwithstanding these strong friends, the general apathy on the subject was so marked that the resolution was rejected in the assembly by a vote of thirty-six to forty-six.[13]

Meanwhile a state convention on a large scale was organized and held in Milwaukee. It was arranged by two young professional women of Milwaukee, Dr. Laura Ross, a physician, and Miss Lila Peckham, a lawyer whose early death was a great loss to the suffrage cause. Dr. Ross had come to Milwaukee to practice in 1858, the third woman, it is said, in the United States to receive a medical degree, and perhaps the first to practice medicine in a western state. Later she married Dr. E. B. Wolcott, the distinguished surgeon. She was for many years an influential figure in the struggle for woman's rights in Wisconsin.

The convention was held February 24 and 25, 1869, in the old city hall. National leaders appeared in force, the speakers including Mary A. Livermore, Susan B. Anthony, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. A Waukesha gentleman, member of my own family, who as a lad strayed into this convention two evenings, remembers flattening himself against the wall because the chairs were all occupied, the audience being made up mostly of women. Unfortunately he remembers little more. At this convention a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and effect a state organiza-

[13] Assembly *Journal*, 1868; Janesville *Gazette*, Feb. 1 and March 5, 1868.

Who Are The Anti-Suffragists?

The following constructive state organizations have endorsed WOMAN SUFFRAGE:

State Teachers Association.

Federation of Labor.

Federation of Women's Clubs.

Ladies of the Maccabees.

Grange.

Farmers' Society of Equity.

Ministerial Association.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The only state organizations to adopt resolutions against woman's enfranchisement are:

German-American Alliance (which in Wisconsin represents the brewery interests); State Retail Liquor Dealers (saloonkeepers).

Wisconsin Woman Suffrage Association, Waukesha, Wis.

tion. Its chairman was a Congregational clergyman, the Reverend John Allison. It was probably at this convention that the Woman Suffrage Association of the State of Wisconsin came into existence, the earlier organization at Janesville having died with the defeat of the amendment to the state constitution.[14]

After the Milwaukee convention had concluded its sessions the national speakers went on to Madison, where the legislature was in session, and gave addresses before that body on the evening of February 26. Six of the Milwaukee women, including Dr. Ross and the Reverend Augusta Chapin accompanied the speakers. Governor Lucius Fairchild, then and later a friend of woman suffrage, presided at the meeting. It had been hoped to influence the legislature to pass a bill granting school suffrage to women; but such a bill was defeated in the senate on the day before the suffrage meeting at the capitol.[15]

An interesting personality of those early days was Frau Mathilde Anneke, a German woman forced to leave her native country after the uprising of 1848. She and her husband, Colonel Anneke, were friends of Carl Schurz and members of the company which he brought to Wisconsin. Frau Anneke had edited a newspaper for women in Germany, and when she and her husband were obliged to flee from that country she brought with her certain essentials of her *Frauen Zeitung* and continued the editing of the paper in Milwaukee. She also established a girls' school in that city. She was in sympathy with all advancement for women, an apostle of woman suffrage, and the record tells us that when Miss Anthony was on trial in the Rochester court, charged with illegal voting,

[14] The minutes of this convention are in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, Feb. 24 and 25. See also Mrs. Stanton's letters in Husted and Anthony, *History of Woman Suffrage* (N. Y., 1882), II, 373–75.

[15] A full report of the Madison meeting is in the *Wisconsin State Journal*, Feb. 27, 1869; also in Mrs. Stanton's letters, as cited above.

Frau Anneke sent $50 to help defray the expenses of the trial. Other sympathizers in this state and all over the country contributed to the same cause. Frau Anneke was the Wisconsin delegate at a national convention held in Washington in the spring of 1869.

The association effected by the Milwaukee convention of 1869 began at once to organize local units and to draw together into a single association those interested in this unpopular cause. Early suffrage organizations are known to have been formed at Fond du Lac, Richland Center, Baraboo, Evansville, Boscobel, and Union Grove. At a meeting in the latter place the press reporter stated of one of the speakers that "while her address was extremely refined and eloquent it was what might be termed a 'pulverizer' and we only regret that there were not more of the opponents of woman suffrage present to be 'pulverized.'" In March, 1870, a state convention was held at Janesville, at which Mrs. Stanton was present. Miss Peckham and the Reverend H. D. Maxon were the local speakers at this "large and enthusiastic meeting."[16]

No other state convention is known to have been held during the entire decade of the seventies. Education was the great need, and the public lyceums gave splendid opportunity for woman suffrage lectures. Many such lectures were given around the state, and many women were thereby inspired to take up suffrage work and did in fact become suffrage leaders. Early speakers in our state included Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, and Phoebe Cousins. When Mrs. Stanton lectured in Milwaukee in 1877 she was entertained by the leaders of social affairs and gained many adherents for the cause.[17] Suffrage literature

[16] "History of the Suffrage Movement in Wisconsin," by Dr. Laura Ross Wolcott, in Husted and Anthony, *History*, III, 638–48.

[17] Marion V. Dudley, *Suffrage for Woman. A Plea in Its Behalf* (Madison, 1880). Pamphlet copy of speech delivered before the Senate Committee on State Affairs, March 2, 1880.

was distributed, suffrage petitions were circulated, money was collected to help in the support of national work, and delegates were sent from Wisconsin to the national conventions in Washington. So suffrage work done in the beginning was of substantially the same character as in later years. Among new leaders who arose during this period were Mrs. Marion V. Dudley and Mrs. Emma Bascom, wife of President Bascom of the state university. An Equal Suffrage Association was formed at Madison in 1878 with Mrs. Bascom as president. Marathon County was organized and sponsored organizations at Grand Rapids, Mrs. Stella Baker, secretary, and at Mosinee, Kate Fellows, secretary. Berlin and Mukwonago were organized by 1880. In the latter place dwelt Dr. W. P. Collins, who as early as 1858 supported woman suffrage and prophesied that women would be enfranchised within ten years.

Racine at that time counted among its residents one who was destined to have her name linked indissolubly with the suffrage cause in Wisconsin, the Reverend Olympia Brown. Born in Michigan, she was bred to a belief in freedom and opportunity for all, men and women alike, by her mother, Mrs. Lephia O. Brown, who was, says the daughter, "the earliest reformer I ever knew." Olympia Brown succeeded with great effort in securing a college education at Mount Holyoke and Antioch colleges, and also at the Theological School connected with St. Lawrence University at Canton, New York.

Mrs. Brown had served as pastor of a Universalist church in Massachusetts and had done pioneer work campaigning in Kansas with Miss Anthony. She came to Wisconsin in 1878, became pastor of the Universalist Church at Racine, and soon associated herself with such suffrage organizations as there were in the state. In 1880 she was one of two Wisconsin delegates to the national suffrage convention in Indianapolis.

In that same year a forward movement was made in Wisconsin. A bill for a referendum was submitted to the legislature of that year and passed both houses.[18] During the summer of 1880 the national leaders held a series of conventions in the states of the Middle West. Wisconsin's promising condition attracted their attention, and a state convention was held June 4 and 5 in Milwaukee, at which Miss Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, Lillie Devereux Blake, and other national leaders were present. Twenty-five delegates were present from the local associations throughout the state.

Suffrage workers were disappointed over the defeat in the legislature of 1881 of their bill for a popular referendum on woman suffrage, and not until the summer of 1882 was any further organized effort made. On August 28, 1882 a call was issued for a meeting at Madison, signed by fifty-five prominent men and women of the state, headed by General Fairchild and General E. E. Bryant. The convention opened September 7. Lucy Stone and her husband, Henry Blackwell, were present; also Mary E. Haggart and two suffrage workers from England. About thirty-five delegates were present from the several local associations. The convention began with an address of great force and cogency by President Bascom. The next morning's business session was presided over by John M. Olin, a prominent Madison lawyer, It was determined to create a new organization, which should be independent of the former Wisconsin association. However, a connecting link with the old association was preserved by the election of its president, Mrs. Wolcott, to the presidency of the new association. Among the other officers chosen were the Reverend Olympia Brown, first vice president, and Mrs. Helen R. Olin, chairman of the executive committee. It is an open question whether or not the organization at Madison should be con-

[18] Madison *Wisconsin State Journal*, March 3, 1880.

sidered as a reorganization of the earlier association, which had during its latter years been almost localized in Milwaukee. The new organization was the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association.[19]

A state organizer, appointed shortly after the Madison convention, was sent out to develop suffrage sentiment. Lectures were given and clubs were formed in Milwaukee, Wauwatosa, Bay View, Rochester, North Prairie, New London, Oshkosh, and Ripon. In Milwaukee two new organizations came into existence, the South Side Woman Suffrage Association and the Olympic Club of the North Side. The Whitewater Woman Suffrage Club was organized in October, 1882, and among other activities conducted a column "Equality Before the Law" in the Whitewater *Register*. It soon numbered one hundred members.

In June, 1884, on the resignation of Mrs. Wolcott, Mrs. Emma C. Bascom became president of the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association. She in turn was succeeded at the convention at Richland Center in the autumn of 1884 by Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold of Columbus. This convention of 1884 was the first regular convention after the reorganization of 1882. Special meetings had been held in 1883 at Racine and Janesville. Richland Center, thus early identified with woman suffrage, remained a center of suffrage interest until the enfranchisement of women was achieved, largely because of the devotion of the James family. Two sisters-in-law, Mrs. Laura and Mrs. Georgia James, were active workers and the two husbands were hardly less interested. Senator N. L. James in 1885 introduced the measure giving school suffrage to women, and

[19] There has been much confusion about the date of the birth of the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association. The report in the Madison *Wisconsin State Journal*, Sept. 8, 1882, proves this to be the date. See also *Wisconsin Woman Suffrage Directory* (Milwaukee, 1885). This is supposed to have been prepared by Sarah H. Richards, a Milwaukee teacher, for the convention of 1885. She refers to the Madison convention as "the reorganization in '82."

Senator David H. James the measure which brought about the referendum of 1912. Miss Ada L. James, daughter of Laura and David G. James, has been an active suffragist all her life.

Mrs. Brown became president of the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association in 1885, having been elected at the annual convention in Madison as successor to Mrs. Griswold. She was destined to serve as president for thirty years, never failing in devotion, energy, or efficiency. In 1913 she became honorary president of the association.

The first year of Mrs. Brown's presidency was marked by the introduction and passage of a law giving school suffrage to women, contingent upon the favor of the voters at the election in November, 1886. That vote proved favorable, 43,581 votes being cast in favor and 38,988 against such enfranchisement.[20]

The text of the school suffrage law gave rise to complications. It provided that women under proper conditions of sanity, residence, etc., should have a right to vote at "any election pertaining to school matters." The phrase "pertaining to school matters" was ambiguous. Many people believed that the legislature, wittingly or unwittingly, had really given full suffrage or nearly full suffrage to women by providing that they might vote at any election pertaining to school matters. Following this assumption, Mrs. Brown and other women attempted to vote at the municipal election in 1887 and in some places their ballots were received. In Racine Mrs. Brown's ballot was rejected and as a test case she brought suit against the election inspectors of that city for refusing to accept her vote. The case was argued before Judge John B. Winslow of the circuit court, later chief justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin, who rendered a decision that under the provision of the

[20] Mrs. Alura Collins Hollister represented the association as chairman of the legislative committee in 1885. See her recent reminiscences in the Waukesha *Freeman*, on her experiences at that time.

law women were entitled to vote at that election and for all candidates. An appeal was taken to the supreme court, which reversed the findings of the lower court, declaring the intent of the law to be to confer school suffrage only. This decision was written by Justice John B. Cassoday. The long litigation cost the little band of suffragists $2,000, which they paid by unremitting devotion and self-sacrifice.

The school suffrage law was practically a dead letter until 1901, when an act of the legislature provided separate ballot boxes for women. On April 1, 1902, Wisconsin women voted on the question of issuing certain school bonds. The number of women voting at that time was small, a precedent generally followed while the franchise of women was limited. The small number of women voting on school questions was frequently occasion of reproach to those seeking wider suffrage for women. However, on occasions of especial interest a large women's vote was cast at these elections. In the spring of 1919, when the control of the Milwaukee school board depended on the election of new members, 40,000 Milwaukee women are said to have voted.

An important factor in the school suffrage contest and for many years later was the *Wisconsin Citizen*, organ of the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association, established in 1887. This little sheet of four pages, four columns to the page, appeared every month, the subscription price being twenty-five cents per year.[21] Editors from 1887 to 1917, when the paper was discontinued, included Mrs. M P. Dingee, Racine; Mrs. H. H. Charlton, Brodhead; Miss Lena V. Newman, Brodhead; Mrs. H. M. Youmans, Waukesha. The story of the *Citizen*, a doughty defender of the faith for three decades, would be of interest, had we space to relate it. It was first published at Racine, later for many years at Brodhead, and still later in Wau-

[21] The Wisconsin Historical Library has a complete file of *The Wisconsin Citizen*, the gift of the Reverend Olympia Brown.

kesha. After its publication was suspended, monthly bulletins were issued to take its place.

About 1902 suffrage headquarters were established at the state capital "for the distribution of literature and knowledge." Here also was kept a register of men and women who wished women citizens to vote. The circulation of the Tax Paying Woman's Pledge was actively promoted in Wisconsin, the text of the pledge circulated by the Oshkosh society being as follows:

> We, the tax paying women of Wisconsin, hereby agree to do what we can by protest and argument to emphasize the fact that taxation without representation is tyranny as much for American women today as it was for American colonists in 1778. And we also pledge ourselves that when 5,000 or more women in Wisconsin shall have similarly enrolled we will simultaneously take action by whatever method may seem best in accordance with official advice from the Wisconsin Suffrage Association to the end that public attention may be thoroughly and effectively called to the injustice and injury done to women by taxing them without giving them any voice as to how their money should be employed.

In the summer of 1896 the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association kept open house for ten days at the Monona Lake Assembly; Dr. Anna Howard Shaw was one of the Chautauqua speakers, her audience numbering 4,000 persons.

Organization, public speaking, press publicity, conventions, in those days as later, had one object, suffrage legislation in state and nation. Wisconsin legislators whose especial aim was to avoid making enemies found woman suffrage a stumbling block in the path. A typical incident happened in April, 1901 when Assemblyman David Evans' measure, "designed to pave the way to woman suffrage"—it was a memorial to Congress—was under discussion in the assembly. The *Wisconsin State Journal* of that date tells us that "the sergeant was ordered to bring in the timid who sought to dodge the vote. Half a score of half-ashamed men on whom female constituents had

brought pressure came trooping to their seats." The assembly killed the measure by a vote of 61 to 20, although it had passed the bill on its third reading.

Measures embodying full or partial suffrage for women continued to pour in at each session of the legislature; and frequently that body was urged to use its influence to secure the passage of suffrage legislation by Congress. These measures received some favorable consideration during the first decade of the new century, but not enough to secure their passage.

Wisconsin suffragists and especially their leader, Mrs. Brown, were greatly interested in a decision of the Supreme Court in 1884 that the office of member of Congress is created by the constitution and that the states do not by right prescribe the qualifications for voting for such members. In the belief that Congress alone had the right to give women the vote for members of that body, resolutions supporting that idea were passed at a number of Wisconsin conventions, with petitions addressed directly to members of Congress or to the state legislature asking that it pass a memorial to Congress urging such action.

The proposed amendment to the constitution of the United States, then known as the sixteenth but destined to become in fact the nineteenth amendment, was also the object of unceasing effort.

So the cause advanced, with no appearance of advancement sometimes, from one year's end to another. However, by the opening of the year 1911 suffrage leaders were convinced that they had a better chance than ever before for the passage of a suffrage measure. Many men known to be friendly were included in the membership of the legislature, among them David G. James in the senate and J. H. Kamper in the assembly, both of whom introduced bills to give women of the state full suffrage, contingent upon the approval of the electors. A number of well-

known women were about the legislature that winter in behalf of various measures concerning the welfare of women and children. They interested themselves in the suffrage situation and their efforts were seconded by those of Miss Mary Swain Wagner of Poughkeepsie, New York, an active propagandist. These women made a thorough canvass of the senate and assembly, and a joint hearing was attended by a large group of speakers and a crowd of sympathizers. Facing this array of numbers and talent—there were thirteen prosuffrage speakers—was one lone antisuffragist, Assemblyman Carl Dorner, whose address, it was said, called forth "roars of laughter" and later hisses from the audience.

The suffrage bill passed the senate March 31 by a vote of 16 to 4, and the assembly April 26 by a vote of 59 to 29. It was signed June 2 by Governor Francis E. Mc Govern, on the ground that it was the sort of problem which should be solved by the common sense of all the voters.[22]

Many women who continued active in suffrage work until success crowned the cause first enlisted in the movement in the campaign of 1912. On account of diverse opinions as to the manner in which the campaign should be conducted, a new state organization, the Political Equality League, came into existence with Miss Ada L. James as president and Crystal Eastman Benedict of New York as campaign manager. Miss Wagner, who had first appeared as a lobbyist at the legislature, was instrumental in organizing the Political Equality League but did not long remain with it. Later she organized the American Suffragettes, a short-lived society limited to Milwaukee members.

[22] The referendum measure was not, as generally assumed, an amendment to the constitution, but a statutory law extending suffrage as provided for by Article III, Section 4 of the state constitution.

The Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association and the Political Equality League, working separately, waged the campaign for woman suffrage in 1911-12. The older organization already had affiliated societies in many parts of the state. The Political Equality League made active effort to organize branches in every county; it also organized a Political Equality League among colored people, and a Men's Political Equality League

That campaign was as lively as we—some trained, some untrained, in suffrage campaigns—could make it. In general we followed the suffrage styles of other states and imitated the stunts of those who had passed that way before. Suffrage speeches were scattered over this long-suffering commonwealth as a brisk wind scatters dry leaves in autumn. Mass meetings were held at points of vantage. Suffrage automobiles toured many counties, and the native Badger experienced the destructive shock of seeing a woman stand up in an automobile on a street corner and plead for political freedom. The great air pilot, Lincoln Beachey, scattered suffrage flyers from the airship which he took up into the clouds at the State Fair in 1912. A "Votes for Women" tour up the Wolf River was also a feature of the campaign. The little launch *Mary E*, carrying its burden of suffrage speakers and literature, made a trip of fifty miles up the picturesque Wolf, stopping at every available landing for such suffrage propaganda as seemed most fitting to the situation.

Both the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association and the Political Equality League had office headquarters in Milwaukee. My own first active suffrage work was that of press correspondent in that campaign. Every week I sent out a suffrage letter to all the newspapers in the state, six hundred or more in number. I am still thrilled by the postage bills we had to pay every month.

DANGER!

Woman's Suffrage Would Double the Irresponsible Vote

It is a MENACE to the Home, Men's Employment and to All Business

(SAMPLE)

Official Referendum Ballot

If you desire to vote for any question, make a cross (X) or other mark in the square after the word "yes" underneath such question; if you desire to vote against any question, make a cross or other mark in the square after the word "no" underneath such question.

Shall Chapter 227 of the laws of 1911 entitled 'an act extending the right of suffrage to women' be adopted?

Yes ☐ No ☒

The above is an exact reproduction of the separate ballot printed on **pink** paper which will be handed to you in your voting place on November 5. Be sure and put your cross (X) in the square after the word "no" as shown here, and—**be sure and vote this pink ballot.**

Issued and Circulated by

PROGRESS PUBLISHING CO

WATERTOWN, WIS.

There is no adequate existing record of that campaign or even of its financial expenditures. The Political Equality League raised and expended $10,000, the amount permitted by the corrupt practices act. What sums were expended by other organizations I do not know. The National American Woman's Suffrage Association gave great assistance by paying the salary of a speaker and organizer, who did splendid service for many months. A mass meeting held in New York, arranged by Dr. Shaw and Crystal Eastman Benedict for the benefit of the Wisconsin campaign, netted $2,700.

Our belief concerning the determined hostility of the liquor interests was confirmed during the campaign of 1912 by the attitude of the magazine issued by the State Retail Liquor Dealers' Protective Association and appropriately called *Progress*. For weeks preceding the election the magazine was filled with argument and innuendo and abuse in prose and verse and picture, all designed to impress the reader with the absurdity and the danger of giving the vote to women.

An unprecedentedly large vote was cast at the woman suffrage referendum at the election November 4, due partly, we flattered ourselves, to our efforts, and partly, we knew and did not flatter ourselves, to the efforts of our adversaries. The official count showed this result: For—135,736; against—227,054. Three constitutional amendments voted on at the same time received only slightly more than a fifth of the vote cast on the suffrage referendum. Of the seventy-one counties in the state fourteen carried for suffrage, Douglas County making the prize record with a plurality of 1,000. Milwaukee County, including Milwaukee city, gave 20,445 votes for and 40,029 against.

We rested a bit after that campaign. We needed it. But the rest was short. In January, 1913 a joint convention

of the two suffrage organizations was called. Their hostility had been more than half friendly; they easily forgot their differences and buried the hatchet; and they united as one body under the old historic name, Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association. Mrs. Brown and Miss James both retired and a new president, vastly surprised to find herself in that position, was chosen.

From that day to this, suffrage history in Wisconsin is very modern and many of us can say with the old chronicler, "All of this I saw, part of it I was." In looking back over the last seven years of the struggle there are some high lights; but mainly it is a sober record of doing the day's work as well as one could, educating and organizing, raising money and expending it, writing and exhorting, and never for one moment failing in faith as to the justice of our cause or its final outcome.

The first year of my presidency we had no office and I took care of an extensive correspondence with my own pen. The next year an office was opened in Madison with an executive secretary in charge. Later the office was removed to Waukesha and in October, 1916, to Milwaukee, where in partnership with the Milwaukee County Suffrage Association, headquarters were continued until the dissolution of the organization.

We held a suffrage school in Madison in 1914, the faculty including the chief justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin, members of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin, and many other well-known men and women. We went into the publishing business occasionally, although the great bulk of the enormous amount of literature distributed we purchased from the National American Woman Suffrage Association. Our own publications included *Wisconsin Legislators and the Home*, *Social Forces*, *Wisconsin Legislation—Topics for Discussion*, and various timely leaflets. For many years one of our devoted members,

Mrs. Hannah Patchin, donated the money for prizes for an essay contest on woman suffrage among school children, thus promoting interest and knowledge of this movement among citizens of the future.

We sent an imposing contingent to the suffrage parade in Chicago in June, 1916, when the suffrage hosts marching down Michigan Avenue in a downpour of rain and gale of wind testified to their heartfelt desire for the ballot, in presence of the delegates to the national Republican convention there looking on—at least we ardently desired them to be looking on. Outside of Illinois, Wisconsin had the largest delegation, each member wearing a yellow Wisconsin tunic and the contingent being escorted by a G. A. R. drum corps.

An important feature of our work each autumn was at state and county fairs, where from a booth or tent emanated suffrage speeches, literature, and friendly argument with the hundreds who drifted in and out. Regular press service was continued, the writer serving as press chairman and sending out at regular intervals a letter to all those newspapers in the state, about one hundred in number, who were sufficiently hospitable to our cause to warrant the expenditure for paper and stamps. Special suffrage editions of daily or weekly newspapers were occasionally issued, edited usually by members of our organization. The Richland *Democrat*, the Watertown *Daily Times*, the Milwaukee *Leader*, and the Madison *Wisconsin State Journal* were among newspapers which paid us this pleasant attention.

Mrs. B. C. Gudden, who has now passed from among us, assisted in the press work by sending suffrage letters to the German newspapers, and such was her ability and standing that she was able to secure their regular publication. Suffrage propaganda also appeared in at least one Polish paper. Our final victory was largely due, as most

reforms are due, to the help of the newspapers. Especially to promote congressional work in this state, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt came here in 1916 and was the chief speaker in a state-wide congressional conference held in Milwaukee. Wisconsin suffragists were proud that Mrs. Catt was born in Ripon, Wisconsin, although she removed with her family to Iowa when a young child.

Each session of Congress and of the state legislature, as it came on, was the object of our special solicitude. For a long time the Wisconsin delegation in Congress was not noticeable for suffrage enthusiasm. However, when the vote was taken in the House of Representatives in 1915, Wisconsin gave two votes in favor and nine votes against the federal amendment. By January, 1918 our delegation had taken an advanced stand and we had the remarkably favorable vote of eight for to two against the amendment, one place being vacant. That same vote was recorded at the final suffrage roll call in the House in May, 1919. In the long struggle in the United States Senate both of the Wisconsin senators stood steadily in favor of the amendment, as both had for years been friendly to our cause.

Each state legislature was given one chance and often several chances to record its opinion of the enfranchisement of women. The legislature of 1913 passed a referendum measure, which was vetoed by Governor McGovern on the ground that the electors should not be asked to pass upon the question again so soon after having decided against it.

The legislatures of 1915 and 1917 almost passed woman suffrage measures—almost but not quite. But the tide was turning. Political parties whose favor we had been fervently courting for years were becoming less embarrassed by our attentions. Minor parties had long been for us. The Prohibition Party, organized about 1880, seems

to have favored equal rights for women from the beginning. The Socialist Party has stood for equal rights for women; and the Progressive Party during its brief existence took the same position.

The majority parties were bashful but not wholly unapproachable. In 1916 both the Republican and the Democratic parties endorsed the principles of woman suffrage but neither was quite ready to stand for the one thing necessary to bring suffrage to the women of the country, the federal amendment. The two major parties in Wisconsin that year followed the lead of the national parties, but two years later both had reached the stage of positive conviction. "There comes a time," said Mrs. Mc Clung, the brilliant Canadian woman who spoke at one of our conventions, "there comes a time when the political parties, however shy they have been toward woman suffrage, say, "Take it from us, ladies." That time had come in Wisconsin when the platform conventions were held in September, 1918. All parties adopted suffrage planks. All eaders were anxious for us to know they were for us or at least were not against us. The woman suffrage session of the Wisconsin legislature naturally followed. The legislature was so keen about suffrage that it got ahead of our legislative committee and passed a resolution favoring the federal amendment and urging prompt action by the United States Senate before our committee got settled to its task.

Followed at intervals four more suffrage measures: giving women presidential suffrage; providing for a referendum; ratifying the federal amendment; repealing the referendum. The referendum was not desired by suffragists but went through on the prevailing enthusiasm of the legislature. When the federal amendment was ratified and the legislature realized that under the provisions of the referendum Wisconsin women might vote in November,

1920 on the question of their own enfranchisement, the referendum measure was repealed, a wholly friendly and considerate act. Each of the suffrage measures was favored by a large majority in both senate and assembly. The conversion of the political leaders of the state, as represented in the legislature as well as in Congress, was apparently complete. Legislation in this state had done all it could for the national enfranchisement of women.

The Wisconsin legislature passed the resolution of ratification about eleven o'clock on the morning of June 10, 1919. Senator David G. James, special messenger to carry the ratification document to Washington, reported at the proper bureau in the office of the Secretary of State early on the morning of June 13, and secured from the chief of the bureau a definite declaration that the Wisconsin resolution was the first to be filed in that office.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

June 13, 1919

By direction of the Acting Secretary of State I hereby acknowledge the receipt of the Joint Resolution of the Legislature of the State of Wisconsin, ratifying the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States extending the right of suffrage to women, which was delivered by special messenger, D. G. James, on June 13, 1919, and is the first ratification of the amendment which has been received.

J. A. Tonner
Chief of Bureau

However, the Wisconsin claim to first place in ratification of the suffrage amendment is challenged by Illinois, whose legislature had passed a ratification resolution at ten o'clock on that fateful morning of June 10. It later transpired that there was an error in the text of the resolution passed by the Illinois legislature which necessitated its being passed over again a fortnight later. Illinois claims she is entitled to first place because the error was not her own. She makes no claim to having filed first at Washington.

Whether the actual passage of the amendment, or the filing of that document at Washington, should establish precedence, whether the error should or should not count against Illinois—these are considerations which bid fair to make the question, "Is Wisconsin or Illinois entitled to first place in ratifying the suffrage amendment?" one of the great unsettled questions of the day. But there is no question that Wisconsin, either alone or with one companion, held the proud position of leader in that final great roll call of democracy.

The World War undoubtedly hastened the enfranchisement of the women of this country. Political parties indicated the splendid war work of women as reason for favoring political equality. Woman suffragists, being suffragists because of their interest in citizenship and good government, realized to the full the great issues at stake and supported the government with all their powers. The National American Woman Suffrage Association was the first national association to tender its services to the government when war became imminent, and almost immediately after Congress had declared the existence of a state of war the Executive Board of the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association took action favoring vigorous effort in several specified lines of war activity and proffering its allegiance and its services to the state—the first Wisconsin organization to take such action. An appreciative reply to this message was received from Governor Emanuel L. Philipp.

The Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association and some of the county associations appointed committees on registration, food, Americanization, child welfare. Many members became state and local leaders in the councils of defense, Red Cross, Fatherless Children of France, food conservation, Liberty Bond drives, and all sorts of war and relief organizations. Their interest in citizenship impelled them

to give a friendly hand to alien women when the law made it necessary for these to register, and to promote Americanization wherever possible. Notably fine pioneer work in teaching American ideals to the foreign born was done by our members. The Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association raised $1,453.85 for the Women's Oversea Hospital, U. S. A., the especial relief unit of the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

Wisconsin had an antisuffrage organization which regularly sent speakers to take part in the legislative hearings on suffrage bills. However, the most pretentious arguments against suffrage at these hearings were for several years made by a representative of the German-American Alliance. Only these two organizations openly opposed our cause. Other opponents worked in secret.

A Wisconsin branch of the National Woman Suffrage Party came into existence two or three years before the final victory.

The success of a movement like ours depends first upon education, and second upon legislation effected by this educated public opinion. Our work was done through standing committees, Congressional, Legislative, Finance, Educational, Literature, Press, Organization, and Headquarters.

Not the least important was the committee on finance, whose business it was to raise the money necessary for our work. I have always been proud that during my administration—I have no knowledge of earlier treasuries—our modest budget was always adequate and our bills were promptly paid. We even secured legal advice, when we needed it, without fee. Because we were sure we were working for a righteous cause we believed other people should be willing to help along, and so they generally proved to be. Our outlay was small according to the standards of present-day propaganda. Our greatest expend-

iture for any one year after 1912, including the annual contribution of $1,000 to the National American Woman Suffrage Association, was about six thousand dollars. Usually we had a budget of four or five thousand. The money was raised by voluntary subscription, each local organization being asked to contribute a stated sum based on its size and resources. These local organizations also had small treasuries of their own. Money was usually contributed in small sums, our Dollar Campaigns being especially featured. Occasional large gifts inspired general rejoicing.[23]

In looking backward we are filled with gratitude and happiness at what we have accomplished. We do not minimize the importance of what has been done. The enfranchisement of women, in face of the prejudice against it, prejudice woven into the very web of human nature, is a marvelous achievement. The careless world will probably continue to think that woman suffrage just happened, that it was "in the air"; but we know that the changes in the opinions of society which made it possible are the result of ceaseless, unremitting toil. Stones wear away with constant dropping. So do prejudices, which are much tougher. The political equality of women came because a little group of women had profound conviction that the enfranchisement of women was so fundamentally right and so absolutely necessary that it must be brought about. Many women and many men helped in the long woman suffrage struggle. But it was the burning flame in the souls of a few women which lighted and led the way.

Wisconsin has done its part. We say it with great pride and fervent thanksgiving. How many times have I heard the pessimistic prophecy: "Wisconsin will be the last to enfranchise its women." Local conditions seemed

[23] One Wisconsin woman, whose name I am not permitted to give, contributed most generously to our cause.

to provide foundation for that belief, but we workers in these later years knew that it was not well founded. Wisconsin took the lead in the ratification of the federal amendment because of the good fortune of her legislature being in session at the right time and the activities of our legislative committee. But the convictions of the legislature, chosen representatives of the people of Wisconsin, were right on this great question. The spontaneous enthusiastic support of suffrage measures by the legislature of 1919 records the real triumph of woman suffrage in Wisconsin.[24]

[24] For information used in this article I am indebted to the Reverend Olympia Brown, Ada L. James, Louise P. Kellogg, and many others.

JEAN BRUNET, CHIPPEWA VALLEY PIONEER

William W. Bartlett

If the question were asked as to who was the most noteworthy person in the early history of the Chippewa Valley, the answer would probably be Jean Brunet. Yet his story has largely escaped permanent record, and nothing approaching a biography of him has ever been printed. In the publications of the State Historical Society ten scattering references to Brunet may be found; here and there in other local historical works may be found brief mention of him, but taken altogether they afford nothing like a complete story of his life. To reconstruct this story, in so far as it can now be done, is the purpose of the present article. Fortunately for this purpose it is still possible to supplement the few sources of information in print with the testimony of persons still living who were intimately connected with the Chippewa Valley pioneer.

From a *History of Northern Wisconsin* published at Chicago in 1881 by A. T. Andreas may be gleaned considerable about Jean Brunet. The writer seems to have taken considerable pains in collecting his information, and Brunet had been dead but a few years when this account was written. It states[1] that Brunet was born in France and came out to St. Louis in 1818, where he entered the employ of the Chouteaus. By them he was sent in 1820 to Prairie du Chien, then the most important point in the upper Mississippi Valley.

At Prairie du Chien Brunet engaged in various activities and evidently became a man of considerable prominence. The account already noted states that he married the sister of Joseph Rolette, who was long the most prominent citizen of the place. Rolette had come out to Prairie

[1] Pages 192–94.

du Chien in1806, and he died there in 1842. He developed large business interests, and was a man of progressive ideas. Brunet's employment with the Chouteaus must have been soon terminated, for McCabe's *Gazeteer of Wisconsin* represents him as keeping a tavern (the second one kept at Prairie du Chien) in 1821.[2] This tavern was continued quite a number of years, being mentioned by Judge Lockwood in his recollections of the Winnebago War of 1827. "I went to my house and found it vacant," he says, "and went to the old village where I found my family and most of the inhabitants of the Prairie assembled at the house of Jean Brunet, who kept a tavern. Mr. Brunet had a quantity of square timber about him, and the people proposed building breastworks with it."[3]

Tavern-keeping could not have been a business of much magnitude in Prairie du Chien a century ago, and along with it Brunet carried on other enterprises. In 1822, according to Edward Beouchard,[4] Brunet and one Disbrow had a keel-boat on the river, which Beouchard was employed in running for them. Colonel Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky, who later became vice president of the United States, came out to the lead mines and stopped for a time at Prairie du Chien—whether at Brunet's inn is not a matter of record. A Fox Indian came to Prairie du Chien offering to sell his "diggings" on Fever River. Johnson became interested in the matter and hired the keel-boat of Brunet and Disbrow to convey himself and goods to Fever River. The boat was placed in Beouchard's charge, with orders that in case Johnson should buy the diggings of the Indian and desire help in the erection of cabins Beouchard was to

[2] This gazeteer was never published, but a portion of the data gathered for it was printed in installments in the Lancaster *Wisconsin Herald*. The statement noted is included in McCabe's statistics of Prairie du Chien, printed in the *Herald*, August 23, 1845.

[3] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, II, 161.

[4] *Ibid.*, VII, 290.

JEAN BRUNET
From a crayon portrait owned by Ben Gauthier

remain and assist him. Johnson bought the property and not long after went back to Kentucky. Beouchard helped erect several cabins for him and sending back the boat and hands to Prairie du Chien remained, with Brunet's consent, at Johnson's diggings all winter.

In 1824 occurred a tragedy on the upper Mississippi in which Brunet was indirectly involved; the story of it which has been preserved sheds considerable light upon his business activities at this period. John Findley was a young man who came to Prairie du Chien in the early years of the American reoccupation following the War of 1812. Findley clerked for a time in the suttling establishment of Governor Alexander McNair of Missouri; while thus employed he fell in love with a half-sister of Mrs. Rolette and married her. His employer, learning of this, concluded that the clerk was not attending to his business with sufficient singleness of devotion and discharged him.[5] Findley now engaged in the Indian trade on his own account, but failing to make a success of it, some time before 1824 entered the employ of Brunet. In the summer of 1824 Brunet sent him, accompanied by three Canadian boatmen, on a business mission to Fort Snelling. At Lake Pepin the traders fell in with a war party of Chippewa from Lake Superior who were out in search of Sioux scalps.[6] The warriors had nothing against the white men; but they had failed to procure the scalps of any of their hereditary enemies, and swayed by savage impulsiveness, they fell upon the whites and speedily massacred them. The remains of the murdered men were soon discovered, and detachments of soldiers were sent to the spot from both Fort Snelling and Fort Crawford. In all, some two hundred men, soldiers and volunteers, journeyed to Lake Pepin to avenge the murders. "Mons

[5] *Ibid.*, II, 127.

[6] For this affair, see Warren's "History of the Ojibway Nation," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, V, 389–92.

Jean Brunet was along," records Warren, "and had been most active in raising this force." Evidently he was a man of enterprise and of influence among his fellows. This impression in confirmed by other references to him in Judge Lockwood's recollections, from which we have already quoted. Thus at the time of the Winnebago trouble in 1827, when the residents of Prairie du Chien were organizing a military company for self-protection, Brunet was one of the three officers chosen to command the company[7]; while after the battle of the Pecatonica in 1832 "the prominent men of Prairie du Chien, not included in the army," joined in presenting a gun to General Dodge as a memorial of their esteem. Among the seven names signed to this memorial we find that of Jean Brunet. Five years later he was elected to the territorial house of representatives from Crawford County, serving at its second regular session of 1837-38 at Burlington, and in the special session of June, 1838 at the same place, although it does not positively appear that he was in attendance at this latter session.

We are now on the eve of Brunet's removal from Prairie du Chien to the Chippewa Valley, where the remainder of his life was to be spent. In July, 1837 an important treaty was negotiated by Governor Dodge with the Chippewa tribe at Fort Snelling, by the terms of which a vast tract of Chippewa territory was ceded to the United States. In Wisconsin it included the greater portion of the northern and western parts of the state, covering the famous pineries whose cutting constituted the state's most notable industry for two generations following the treaty. For this vast extent of land, with its untold wealth in timber, the Indians were to receive the paltry sum of $810,000 in goods and money, distributed over twenty annual payments.

[7] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, II, 164.

Foremost to exploit the forest wealth thus thrown open to citizens of the United States was a group of Wisconsin men which included Hercules L. Dousman of Prairie du Chien; Lyman Warren, the La Pointe trader; William A. Aitkin, also a trader among the Chippewa; and General H. H. Sibley.[8] They placed Jean Brunet in charge of the enterprise, and an expedition was fitted out at Prairie du Chien to build a sawmill at the falls of the Chippewa. Brunet engaged boatmen, axmen, loggers, and mechanics chiefly from the French-Canadian population at the Prairie. The venture, however, did not prove a success under Brunet's leadership; the difficulties encountered proved more tedious than had been anticipated, and greater than the resources of the little party could surmount. The pioneers under Brunet's lead had pointed the way for the development of an industry which later assumed vast proportions in the Chippewa Valley; but the work of developing it shortly passed into other hands.

But the lure of the Chippewa proved too strong for Brunet to overcome. His movements during the next year or two are uncertain, although there is reason to think he continued to make his headquarters at the Falls. At any rate he is reported here in June, 1843, when Alfred Brunson's party came to the Falls enroute overland from Prairie du Chien to La Pointe.[9] Brunson was opening an overland trail from the lead mines to the copper country which, in the flush of its first great boom, was then attracting great attention on the part of Wisconsin's lead miners. A ferry would be needed to convey travelers across the river at Chippewa Falls, and already, according to Brunson, "Mr. Brunet" had a flatboat nearly completed for this purpose.

[8] *History of Northern Wisconsin*, 193.

[9] Letter of Brunson from Chippewa Falls, printed in Lancaster *Wisconsin Herald*, July 22, 1843.

Somewhat later than this, probably, the precise date being unknown, Brunet built a cabin on the west bank of the Chippewa about twenty-five miles above the Falls, and at the foot of a smaller fall in the river which shortly took his name. Here he resided the remainder of his life. For some years he carried on a fur trade and barter with the Indians. As the lumbering operations increased and the fur trade grew less he built a more commodious dwelling and kept a stopping place for the accommodation of the loggers, rivermen, and others passing to and from the lumbering regions farther up the Chippewa and its tributaries. Of all the stopping places on the Chippewa River that of Jean Brunet was best and most favorably known.

One of the men who came with Brunet's original party to the Chippewa in 1838 was Francis Gauthier. He remained in Brunet's employ; and when the latter built his cabin at what came to be known as Brunet Falls (now Cornell), Gauthier removed thither with him. He received no regular wages, but was treated by Brunet as his son. As the years passed he married and brought up his family in the Brunet home; after Brunet's death the courts awarded to Gauthier what property he had left. Gauthier is recalled by persons still living as an interesting man and one who was highly esteemed. He was much more of a woodsman and explorer than was Brunet, and he made many long canoe trips upon the upper Chippewa and its tributaries.

A daughter of Francis Gauthier, Mrs. Gustave Robert of Holcombe, has spent her entire life within five or six miles of her birthplace in the old Brunet cabin. Like many another pioneer, she had in her youth no educational advantages, but she speaks French, English, and Chippewa fluently, and is generally well-informed upon the events of the day, while her mind is a storehouse of information

concerning pioneer days on the Chippewa. From her the information which follows has been gained:

My father, Francis Gauthier, was of French-Canadian descent. I do not know the date of his birth, and am not certain whether he was born in Canada or not. If he was he must have left there at an early age, as he was only a young boy when he began work for Jean Brunet at Prairie du Chien. Mr. Brunet took a great liking to my father, and he was one of the party that came up with Mr. Brunet to build the first mill at Chippewa Falls, later going with him to what is now Brunet Falls, or Cornell. About the year 1846 Father married my mother, whose maiden name was Sophie Jandron. She was from the Odanah reservation and was of mixed French and Chippewa descent. Six children were born to them in the Brunet home, five of whom are still living.

I do not know when Mr. Brunet was born, but as far back as I can remember he seemed to be an old man. He was a fine looking man, always clean-shaven and very neat in his personal appearance. Whenever he made a trip to Chippewa Falls he always wore his fine broadcloth Prince Albert coat, with white shirt and cravat. In his later years he was much reduced in circumstances, and his clothes at times were really shabby, but even then he would not wear clothing that was patched. I think Mr. Brunet was from the upper class in France. He kept his accounts and gave general oversight to his affairs, but never did any manual labor himself. He was always kind and polite. The loggers and rivermen who stopped with him received the usual accommodations of other such stopping places, but when business or professional men came along they were treated by him as guests. He always sat at the head of the table. These men would be seated near him and Mr. Brunet would serve. Mr. Brunet was deeply religious, a devout Catholic, and very faithful in all the observances of the Church. He never sat down to the table without saying grace. In those early days his home was the gathering place of those of the Catholic faith from the surrounding vicinity for religious instruction when occasional traveling priests visited the valley.[10] Mr. Brunet did not bring his wife up from Prairie du Chien until after he had

[10] Brunet was the first president of the St. John the Baptist Society in the Chippewa Valley. In 1911 the Chippewa Lumber and Boom Company was closing up its lumbering operations at the Falls. At the annual meeting of the company, held January 5 of that year, funds were voted for the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of Brunet in the cemetery at Chippewa Falls. This action was taken in recognition of Brunet's activities in connection with the first sawmill at Chippewa Falls. The officers of the St. John the Baptist Society were notified of the action taken by the company, and in June the monument was erected under the auspices of that society. The inscription, which is in French, may be translated as follows: "To the Pious Memory of the Valiant Pioneer, Jean Brunet, First President of the St. John the Baptist Society of Chippewa Falls, Wis. Born 1791 in Gascogne, France. Died the 20th of August, 1877. Rest in Peace. Builder of the first Chippewa Falls Sawmill in 1836."

spent some years in the Chippewa Valley, but he used to visit her several times a year. I remember her very well. Like Mr. Brunet she was very devout, and spent much of her time in her room engaged in religious devotions. She looked older than Mr. Brunet, and always wore a close-fitting cap or bonnet. She died shortly after the Civil War. One of my most cherished keepsakes is a French Catholic prayer book which she gave me on my second birthday. On the flyleaf she wrote this inscription: "Donné le 20 davril par Madamme Brunet a Josephine Gauthier, age de 2 ans. Riviere des Sauteurs."

Mr. Brunet was a true friend to the Indians, and they always stopped with him when going up or down the river. He never made any charge to them for meals, but they often brought him venison in return. There was always a great gathering of them at his home on New Year's Day, and soon after daylight they would announce their arrival by firing off guns. They would quickly put up their tepees and build their campfires, tom toms would be heard, and the vicinity of the Brunet home would assume the appearance of an Indian village. The Indians often camped near the house. I remember once an Indian child was very sick and my mother went over to see it, taking me along. The medicine man was there performing his ceremonies. He put something that looked like dried bones in his mouth, chewed them up, and spit them into a basin of water on the ground. After examining the water he said the child would die at sunrise the next morning. It was the Indian custom to announce a death among them by firing off guns. Next morning, just as the sun rose we heard the guns, and knew that the child was dead.

For many years after he came on the Chippewa Mr. Brunet lived in a one-room log cabin, with curtains around the beds. When I was about twelve years old he built a long log house facing the river. The house was torn down many years ago, but the foundation can still be seen. The kitchen was on the south, or down-river end, with bedrooms opening off of it for my father and mother and their children. The next room was a large dining room, which was deeper than the other rooms and had cupboards clear across the back end. Beyond this was Mr. Brunet's room, while the men's room was at the north, or upper, end of the house. A stair led up to the loft which ran the full length of the house and served as sleeping quarters for the men. In going to the dining room they did not pass through Mr. Brunet's room, but had to go outdoors.

My father looked after the outside work around the Brunet place, while my mother, who was a good cook and housekeeper, with the help of us girls, took care of the housework. Mrs. Brunet never did any housework, although she did a good deal of patchwork for quilts. At times, when large crews of woodmen and log drivers were going and coming, we had our hands full. At other times housework lagged, and we would make buckskin mittens and gloves, and plain and beaded moccasins.

Raspberries, blackberries, and cranberries were plentiful. Blueberries did not grow near, but the Indians used to bring them to us.

Wild plums grew in abundance. We did not know anything about the canning of fruit, but we used to dry berries and corn. For meat we had salt pork, smoked hams, and a plentiful supply of smoked venison. Fish could be had in any quantity, and partridges and other small game. Mr. Brunet raised a good supply of potatoes and other garden vegetables. Our table fare was hearty but simple. In the pastry line about the only articles we had were doughnuts and pies made of dried apples, dried berries, or cranberries.

We had our simple games and plays. The older folks played cards a good deal, and sometimes there would be a dance. Although I never used a gun, we used to fish, and all of us were at home on the water. I could pole or paddle a birch bark canoe, either standing or sitting, and there was never any lack of canoes. The Indians would start from the head-waters of the Chippewa with their canoes in the fall, hunting and trapping on their way down. By the time they were ready to return, the river would be frozen over and they would leave their canoes at the Brunet place, making new ones for the next trip. The whole country around was almost an unbroken pine forest and one could walk for hours without seeing the sun. But we girls were never afraid to be out alone in the woods or on the river, and were never molested either by Indians or by white men.

Jean Brunet was fond of reading but he did not take any interest in hunting, fishing, or other out-of-door sports. Like nearly everyone in those early days he drank intoxicating liquor, but unlike most tavern-keepers he did not keep it on sale and seldom had it on the place. He kept a small stock of the staple supplies needed in lumber camps and by the Indians and the few white residents of the vicinity. He cut a great deal of wild hay on the marshes, which he sold to the loggers; and he raised and sold a good many oxen.

Mr. Brunet selected a fine location for his home. His cabin was built on the west bank of the Chippewa, perhaps eighty rods below the present Brunet Falls dam. The site was level and high enough to be always dry. Below the falls and in front of the cabin was a bay, formed by a bend in the river, with very little current. In the side of the bank between the cabin and the river was a fine spring which supplied the house with water.

There were no roads in this section in the early days. In winter supplies were hauled up the river on the ice, while in summer and fall all travel was by boat. Two kinds of boats were in use for transporting supplies. The earliest ones were dugouts made from a single large pine log. In later years these largely gave place to bateaux, which were large boats with both ends pointed. Mr. Brunet derived a considerable income from portaging these boats and their contents around the falls. The bay below the falls afforded a good landing place. From this point a road had been graded along the side of the bank to a suitable point in the river above the falls. Mr. Brunet had a four-wheeled wagon, the heavy wheels of which were made of sections sawed from a large pine log. He had a regular charge for the boats, but the charge for carrying the goods was made by the hundred

weight. I well remember the old cart with the wooden wheels; at a later time it was replaced by one having iron wheels.

Mr. Brunet would have been well-to-do in his old age if he had not lost so much money in bad accounts. As it was, he had nothing at the time of his death except the place, the value of which at the time was only a few hundred dollars. I have in my possession an old ledger in which Mr. Brunet kept his accounts from the year 1862 until his death. Many of the accounts were never settled, and some of the amounts due were quite large. Mr. Brunet died in August, 1877, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Chippewa Falls. My father, Francis Gauthier, died in January, 1880. My mother died in 1909.

WISCONSIN'S FIRST LITERARY MAGAZINE[1]

M. M. Quaife

The late General James Grant Wilson of New York City, who for a generation prior to his death in 1913 was one of the leading figures of the nation's foremost literary center, was in the habit of relating that in the old *Chicago Magazine* he established the first literary periodical in the Northwest. The career of the *Chicago Magazine* began in March, 1857 and terminated with the fifth issue in August of the same year. Unknown to General Wilson, however, and apparently to bibliographers in general, full fifteen years before the *Chicago Magazine* ran its brief course the budding village of Southport (now known as Kenosha), Wisconsin, had witnessed the launching of a similar venture. We cannot, indeed, positively affirm that *The Garland of the West, and Wisconsin Monthly Magazine* was Wisconsin's first exponent of general literature, but it seems a reasonably safe assumption that our title is in harmony with the facts.

The most remarkable thing about the *Garland of the West* is the fact that it should have come into existence at all. Wisconsin Territory had been established only six years before, with a population east of the Mississippi of less than twelve thousand. Wisconsin Territory was developing rapidly during these years; yet in 1840 its total population was less than that of Madison at the present time. Nor was the social condition and economic status of the thirty thousand inhabitants of Badgerdom such as to lend assurance to other than a very optimistic publisher that his literary enterprise would find the means of support essential to render it enduring. Commenting on the large

[1] I desire to record my indebtedness to Professor W. B. Cairns and Mrs. Franklin Meyers for assistance rendered me in the preparation of this article.

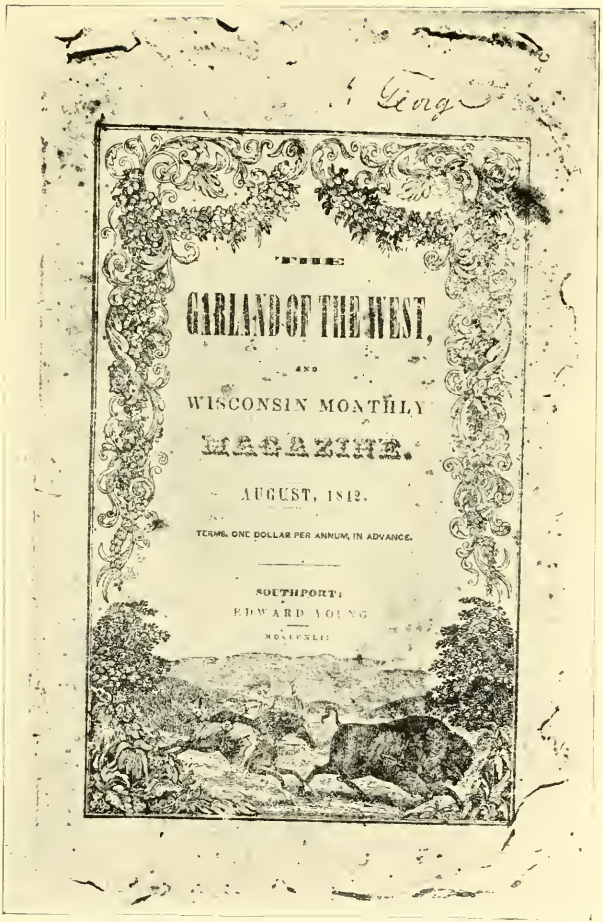
number of literary magazines started in America at a slightly earlier period (1815-1833) Professor Cairns writes:[2]

"Hope must have sprung eternal in the breasts of the editors and publishers of these magazines, or they would have foreseen the failure that surely awaited them. A few ventures, like the *North American Review*, met a need, and finally established themselves on a firm footing. * * * The great majority, however, came into existence as the result of misguided enthusiasm, and resulted in literary and financial bankruptcy."

With what hopes and expectations the *Garland of the West* was launched the prospectus issued by the publishers sufficiently acquaints us.[3] There was no intention of competing with the "long established and ably conducted magazines of the East," which the new periodical could not hope to rival. But while the East was abundantly supplied with magazines, the West was nearly destitute of such periodicals, and this "vacuum" the projectors of the *Garland* had determined, notwithstanding "the infancy of the town" and some little "diffidence" in their own abilities, to fill. The magazine was to be a monthly, printed with good type on fair paper, its contents to be made up of "choice Original and Selected Tales, Poems, Essays, Biographical Notices of distinguished men, Together with Statistical accounts of the West, etc., etc." As far as possible the contents of the *Garland* were to be original, and to this end the services of several writers had been enlisted; the selected material would be taken from the best current American magazines. The editors were hopeful of producing such a work as would become "a welcome visitant at the firesides of our hardy settlers" and a credit to the village of its publication.

[2] *University of Wisconsin Bulletin*, XIII, 39–40.

[3] Printed in Southport *Telegraph*, Feb. 15, 1842, and later issues.



COVER DESIGN OF *The Garland of the West*
Reproduced from *The Garland of the West*

Although the prospectus appealed for support to the friends of literature throughout the country, it will be worth our while to dwell for a moment upon the local environment in which this remarkable literary enterprise took root. Southport by the census of 1840 numbered but a trifle over three hundred souls; six years earlier than this it had been but a spot in the wilderness, its soil unvexed by the foot of a single white inhabitant. The village was growing rapidly, however, and in the two years following 1840 its population more than doubled. More important by far was the character of these pioneer settlers of Kenosha. They had come largely from New York and New England and were keenly responsive to intellectual influences. In 1839 an academy was established in the village; in the same year a newspaper edited by two remarkable men, Michael Frank and C. Latham Sholes, was also started. In 1841 the village witnessed the establishment of a second newspaper. In short, there was much about infant Southport to justify the flattering view which the editor of the *Garland* entertained concerning its local constituency. The leading article of the first issue was devoted to an appreciation of Southport and its citizens. Their character, we learn, "for enterprise, general intelligence, and morality is known almost as extensively as the existence of the town itself. The institutions of religion and morality were commenced with the early settlement of the place, and have been fostered with assiduous attention." The educational interests of the town were regarded as identical with its prosperity, and most of its citizens possessed a taste for reading and science; "hence Lyceums and other kindred institutions are supported with interest" together with a reading-room "where a leisure hour may be spent with pleasure and profit."

Of the publishers of the *Garland*, Edward Young and Julius H. Kimball, we have been able to learn but

little. Kimball was the son of George Kimball, a native of New Hampshire, who after varied experiences, including residences in places as widely separated as Montreal and Richmond, Virginia, came to Pike River Settlement (soon to be known as Southport and later still as Kenosha) in 1836. From that time until the present the Kimball family has been well known in Kenosha. At Montreal George Kimball had qualified for the practice of law both in the French and in the English courts. It is recorded that he was actively interested in art and literature and that he possessed an excellent library. Evidently these tastes were transmitted to the son, who helped to found and for a brief time conduct the new literary magazine.

Edward Young, however, seems to have been the principal factor in the enterprise. His career in Kenosha was but brief. Both from the *Garland* itself and from deprecating press notices of contemporary origin we discover that he had a penchant for versifying. Local advertisements indicate that he followed the trade of jeweler and watchmaker, unless, indeed, the village contained two residents of this name. The magazine shortly failed, and Young departed for another scene of activity, which perhaps accounts for our inability to learn more about his career.

Aside from the publishers, Young and Kimball, the prospectus of the *Garland* announced Michael Frank, L. P. Harvey and N. P. Dowst as permanent contributors. Harvey was the youthful principal of the Southport Academy, who had come from Ohio the year before in search of fame and fortune. The former, at least, he found in ample measure, for twenty years later, still in early middle age, he died tragically as war governor of Wisconsin, having held during the intervening years many offices of public trust and confidence. Michael Frank was for fifty years one of the state's

leading citizens. Of Dowst we have learned practically nothing.

By such men and in such a soil, therefore, was this pioneer Wisconsin literary enterprise planted. If one may judge by the fate which shortly befell it, the magazine must be numbered with Professor Cairns' great majority which "came into existence as the result of misguided enthusiasm, and resulted in literary and financial bankruptcy." After two issues (the first appeared in June, 1842) Kimball withdrew from the magazine, and Young continued it alone. Lack of adequate financial support must quickly have come into evidence, for the September and October issues were combined into one number of "only about the usual size." The *Garland* had been, a hostile and somewhat flippant newspaper critic[4] suggested, "somewhat bleached and cut short of its fair proportions by the fall frosts." In February, 1843 Young gave over the enterprise to Charles C. and C. Latham Sholes. They issued a new prospectus, announcing a somewhat changed plan of conducting the magazine; according to the same critic of Young whose comment we have already noted, it would henceforth "contain useful reading matter instead of lovesick trash."[5] Of the lengthy title which the magazine had borne hitherto the new publishers retained but the concluding portion, so that it now appeared as the *Wisconsin Monthly Magazine*. In their hands it became a quarto of sixteen pages, "very neatly printed."

We know of but three copies of the *Garland of the West* still extant, those for June, July, and August, 1842.[6] When the Sholes brothers suspended publication is not in evidence, although it is a perfectly safe assumption that lack of support afforded the reason therefor. Much of our informa-

[4] Milwaukee *Courier*, Nov. 16, 1842.

[5] Milwaukee *Courier*, Feb. 15, 1843.

[6] The State Historical Library has the issues for June and August. Mr. Nathan Allen of Kenosha has copies for these months and also one for July.

tion concerning the career of the magazine is due to the splenetic contemporary notices vented upon it by the editor of the Milwaukee *Courier*. From the first he adopted toward the infant magazine a tone of disdainful superiority. Its first issue "contains several tolerably fair love-sick stories, and a few pieces of passably good and a few of very poor poetry."[7] But the hope is held out that with proper encouragement the publication "may grow into something quite interesting and respectable, and reflect credit upon the literature of the Territory." The second issue of the *Garland* our critic finds "if possible more trashy than its predecessor."[8] In November "the opening piece of poetry by the editor is a failure," and Young is advised to "brush up his muse and his mechanical skill."[9] He is warned, too, of impending opposition, for it is rumored that one Obadiah Soapgrease has sent forth proposals for publishing *The Valler Flower of the West and Dogtown Record*. Each number of this journal is to be sold "for what it is worth," and it is thought this plan will prove popular with the public in view of its experience with Young's magazine. Such comment by a rival editor need not be regarded seriously. It affords but one illustration of the fashion of the age, when personal journalism flourished—an age when famous New York City editors engaged in personal affrays and, in the political world, a man like Abraham Lincoln could hold up to public ridicule the reputation for personal bravery of such a man as Lewis Cass.

We may now consider for a space the literary achievement of Editors Young and Kimball, basing our remarks from the necessity of the case upon the first three issues of their magazine.

[7] Milwaukee *Courier*, July 6, 1842.
[8] *Ibid.*, Aug. 3, 1842.
[9] *Ibid.*, Nov. 16, 1842.

The *Garland* contained twenty-four pages of prose and poetry and sold for one dollar per annum "in advance." Thus it may fairly be said to have anticipated by at least half a century the deluge of ten-cent magazines which burst upon the country about the close of the nineteenth century. Moreover, it was to be an illustrated magazine, for the first number contains a view of Southport, "drawn and engraved expressly for the *Garland*"; and information is vouchsafed that this will be followed by views of "Milwaukie," Chicago, Racine, and other places. The spirit of the editorial salutation to the public is sufficiently humble. The editor deprecates his lack of education and natural ability and appeals for indulgence at the hands of his readers. He takes pride in the magazine, notwithstanding, as an evidence of the westward course of empire, having in view, also, the fact "that a place which eight or ten years ago was a wilderness, should attempt the establishment of a Literary Magazine."

This latter fact aside, perhaps the most noteworthy thing about the initial number of the *Garland* is the attention it devotes to poetry. The second article is an account by Louis P. Harvey of the poetess "Amelia," with selections from her pen. "Amelia" was the pen name of Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, wife of a Louisville merchant, who, about the year 1838 began to publish poems in the papers of Louisville and elsewhere. In 1844 these were gathered into a single volume, *Poems by Amelia*, which ran to several editions during the next half dozen years. Born in 1819, Mrs. Welby was but a youthful writer even at the time of her death which occurred in 1852. She was greatly admired by Poe, who wrote for the *Democratic Review* of December, 1844 an extended criticism of her poem "The Bereaved." "Very few American poets are at all comparable with her in the true poetic qualities," he declared; while as for the poetesses, "Few of them approach

her." Governor Harvey, writing almost three years earlier, when "Amelia" herself was but twenty-three years of age, and when her literary career had reached a span of but four years, commends her to readers of the *Garland* as "par excellence *the* poetess of the West." She has never yet appeared before the public "in all the concentrated glory of a book," but she has contributed many poems to the newspapers, not only those of the West, but as well to the "mammoth" issues of the eastern press; having, unaided by wealthy publishers or editorial flatterers, "with her wild song caught the ear of willing thousands of Americans and even caused it to be wafted across the broad Atlantic." Of her skill two examples are presented: one, a poem on "The Presence of God," the other, "Lines written on seeing an Infant Sleeping in its Mother's Bosom." We have space to present only the opening stanza of "The Presence of God."

Oh! Thou who fling'st so fair a robe
Of clouds around the hills untrod—
Those mountain pillars of the globe
Whose peaks sustain thy throne, oh God—
All glittering *round their sunset skies*
Their fleecy wings are lightly furled,
As if to shade from mortal eyes
The glories of yon upper world;
There, while the *evening star upholds,*
In one bright spot, their purple folds,
My spirit lifts in silent prayer;
For thou, oh God of love, art there.

Of this poem, which runs to seven stanzas, the writer says: "It should be read at the holy hour of twilight, when the cares of the day are thrown aside, the mind at peace with the world and the feelings fitted for relishing something akin to the murmur of a gushing rivulet or the rich melody of the vesper hymn of Nature"—with more of similar purport. The italics are the critic's, placed to indicate thoughts which he regards as possessed of peculiar beauty or delicacy. Whatever may be our con-

Reproduced from *The Garland of the West*, for June, 1842

KENOSHA IN 1842

clusion with respect to the merits of "Amelia," it is clear that her admirer possessed the soul of a poet.

The twenty-three pages (omitting the editorial introduction) of the *Garland's* initial number contain seven poems of varying length. One, a sonnet, is taken from the *Knickerbocker* magazine. Except for this and "Amelia's" two poems, all are written "for the *Garland*." Three of them are by Young, the editor. Judging by the three numbers of the magazine before us it is fair to say that the poetry produced by the supporters of the *Garland* commonly dealt with sentimental themes which were treated in purely conventional fashion. Two of Young's offerings, "Children at Play" and "Watch of the Stars," are of this character. The third, however, "The Chartists' Song," is a stirring hymn of faith in the ultimate victory of the notable English economic and political movement then waging. Whatever may be thought of its poetical quality, the "Chartists' Song" has the merit of dealing sincerely with a great human movement for national betterment. If any of our readers have sighed for the "good old times," let them ponder this picture of the condition of life of millions of Englishmen in the days of our grandfathers:

The day is coming, Englishmen, at last;
See! O'er the hill-tops peers its welcome light;
Cheer we its advent, cheer we for the night,
The long, long night of slavery is past.
Hail! brothers hail! the first glad light that breaks
The gloomy reign of terror and dismay;
Hail! brothers hail! man's majesty awakes,
And drives oppression's legions far away.
We've groaned beneath their iron scourge for years
Bowed down as men should never bow to man;
Steeping the food on which we starved with tears;
That o'er our pale and grief-worn faces ran,
The lordly priests have fatten'd on *our* sweat;
Our toil hath filled the coffers of the drone;
Our blood the soil of foreign lands hath wet,
While these have revel'd quietly at home.

We've seen our children pining slow away,
We've heard their cries, "Oh! father, give us bread,"
We've seen our wives grow thinner day by day,
Beheld our father's old, time honoured head
Go famished to the grave. Now what is left?
We have endured all that *men should* endure;
And yet these were not satisfied with theft
They've rob'd us, and now taunt us with being poor.

The third issue of the *Garland* contains, like the first, seven poems; a hasty computation reveals that approximately one-fifth of the magazine is thus devoted to verse, a proportion seldom equaled by general literary periodicals even at the height of the recent American revival of interest in poetry. It is true, of course, that the proper test of poetry is qualitative rather than quantitative in character; nevertheless, the devotion of so large a proportion of the *Garland* to verse indicates that in the editor's judgment, at least, the citizens of pioneer Wisconsin felt a lively interest in the cultivation of the muse of poetry.

Professor Cairns states that editors of American literary magazines a few years earlier than this were commonly hard pressed for material with which to fill their pages. "Calls for contributions were so frequent that the ingenuity of the editor was taxed to devise new wordings. Gentlemen whose early opportunities had been neglected were urged to send in their productions with the assurance that details of spelling and grammar would be attended to in the office." Still the contributions did not come. One man wrote all of the first number of the *North American Review*, except one poem; while the editor of the *Illinois Monthly Magazine*, founded in Vandalia in 1830, stated at the close of its first year of existence that of the 576 pages contained in the first volume 350 had been written by himself, "a very few" by two or three friends "who have had the kindness to assist us occasionally," while the remainder had been selected.

More fortunate than these, the editor of the *Garland* from the beginning enjoyed the happy privilege of rejecting proffered contributions. Readers are informed that "To Brother" is under consideration and may appear in a later issue; while "To a Young Poet," "A Vision," and other poems are respectfully declined; "the author needs practice, a great deal of practice, before he will be able to accomplish anything in the poetic way."

A peculiarity of American literature in the period 1815-33, commented on by Professor Cairns, finds apt illustration in the third issue of the *Garland*. This was the prevalence "every where," and especially in ladies' magazines and those devoted to lighter literature, of references to seduction. Professor Cairns concludes that this does not necessarily indicate a corresponding prevalence of the practice condemned in the poems; rather the very unreality of the treatment in most of the articles on the subject indicates that this could not have been the case. In the poem "Josephine," Walter Wilson of Muskego laments to the extent of ten stanzas of eight or more lines, each, his baseness, first in seducing and later in discarding his sweetheart, as a consequence of which she now rests with her babe (and his own) in her "narrow home," while he, beset by remorse, dares not seek release in death lest in the other world treble his present ills beset him. This tragic theme, presented in a way no real human beings could possibly have dreamed of enacting it, is offered by the hopeful poet as "an imitation of Lowell." In view of the fact that Lowell, like "Amelia," was but twenty-three years of age, and that he had finished his law course and been admitted to the bar only in 1841, our western imitator's assumption of familiarity on the part of the reading public of the far Northwest with the youthful eastern poet must have delighted the heart of the latter if a copy of the *Garland* ever came to his attention.

The poem in imitation of which "Josephine" is offered is obviously Lowell's "Rosaline," which appeared in *Graham's Magazine* for February, 1842. That this early offering of the fledgling New England poet should so promptly attract attention and inspire to imitation in the wilds of Wisconsin may perhaps be explained in part by the fact that the lake shore population of Wisconsin in this period was largely composed of transplanted New Yorkers and New Englanders, who might reasonably be expected to inform themselves concerning literary and other developments in the region from which they had but recently migrated. The incident illustrates anew, however, the rapid spread of literary knowledge in America which European travelers often commented upon. Thus, William Newnham Blane toured the United States and Canada in 1822-23. At St. Louis, then a mere village although it was the metropolis of the upper Mississippi Valley, Blane found that the *Waverley Novels* and other English works were received and read within "fourteen or sixteen weeks" of their first appearance in England. Professor Cairns characterizes "Rosaline" as "one of the worst of Lowell's juvenalia," so bad that it "reads like a parody on itself." Exactly what "Rosaline's" repentant lover had done to send her to her grave is not entirely clear. Lowell's Wisconsin imitator leaves the reader in no uncertainty, however, concerning the nature of the wrong endured by "Josephine" at the hands of her lover. However their offences may have differed, the punishment of the lovers was the same—the dead sweethearts rise from the grave to haunt them with a patience no less remarkable than is their aspect terrifying. The poems are too long to reproduce (Lowell's may be found in his *Collected Works*); perusal of their opening stanzas will suffice to indicate their character and to reveal, at the same time, the degree of fidelity displayed by our Wisconsin bard in his attempt at imitating the New England poet:

ROSALINE

Thou look'd'st on me all yesternight,
Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was bright,
As when we murmured our troth-plight
Beneath the thick stars, Rosaline!
Thy hair was braided on thy head
As on the day we two were wed,
Mine eyes scarce knew if thou wert dead—
But my shrunk heart knew, Rosaline!

The deathwatch tickt behind the wall,
The blackness rustled like a pall,
The moaning wind did rise and fall
Among the bleak pines, Rosaline!
My heart beat thickly in mine ears:
The lids may shut out fleshly fears,
But still the spirit sees and hears,
Its eyes are lidless, Rosaline!

JOSEPHINE

I passed eight weary hours last night,
Thou were beside me ghostly white
And my thick heart throb'd slow with fright,
To see thee look so, Josephine,
Thine eyes were dark, they had no light,
Yet ever was their sightless sight
Fixed on my blanched cheek pale and white,
As when beneath the soft moonlight
We sat together many a night,
Heartfull of passion, Josephine.

I could not hide me, Josephine,
Although I crept the clothes between,
And clasp'd mine eye-lids down, to screen
Me from thy fixed gaze, Josephine;
'Twas all in vain, the more I tried
The plainer stood'st thou at my side;
The trembling bed-clothes through were pried,
As if thou had'st their power defied;
My lids were glass, they could not hide
My blood-shot eyeballs, Josephine.

We have discussed somewhat at length the poetic contents of the *Garland*, with little attention as yet to the prose. There are eight separate prose articles in the three issues of the magazine, ranging in length from less than a page to articles of nine or more pages, published in installments. Two of the articles are essays. Several are selected. The scene of one is London, of another Paris; another is devoted to Vesuvius. One is by a fifteen

year old boy whose youthful genius the editor considers it to be his duty to encourage. All are mediocre in quality. The poetical output, while constituting a more noteworthy manifestation of literary endeavor, can hardly be described as other than mediocre. Nevertheless, the *Garland of the West* taken in its entirety is not to be ignored by one who would trace the cultural development of Wisconsin. Poor as its contributions are from the viewpoint of literary quality, the venture gives evidence of a serious desire on the part of our forefathers to develop a literature, even while they were laying the initial foundations of society, and at a time when the commonwealth of Wisconsin was still unborn. Numbered among the inhabitants of this same village of Southport in 1842 was Michael Frank, father of the free public school system of Wisconsin. Of Kenosha a local historian wrote in 1857[10]: "No question can be presented to the public of Kenosha that will elicit such general interest as the subject of schools. Whenever anything transpires, calculated either to raise or depress their usefulness, it causes a more general sensation among the inhabitants, than any other question that is presented for the public consideration." From such an atmosphere proceeded Wisconsin's first magazine of literature. If any facts are creditable in the life of a community, surely they are such facts as these. The citizens of Massachusetts still proudly herald to the world the act of their forefathers in early making provision for a system of public schools. The people of Wisconsin may well recall with similar pride the founding in their midst of a monthly literary magazine at a time when the total population of the territory but little exceeded thirty thousand—its home a village of less than eight hundred souls, the site of which only seven years before had been a primeval wilderness.

[10] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, III, 419.

HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

W. A. Titus

VII. CERESCO, A PIONEER COMMUNIST SETTLEMENT

The story of the early settlement of Ceresco in Fond du Lac County must necessarily be a history of the Wisconsin Phalanx, that utopian and financially successful experiment in communism that was conceived in Southport (now Kenosha) in 1844 and carried into execution in the fertile region adjacent to the present city of Ripon. Ceresco was the original settlement. It was located in the valley on the western edge of Ripon City, which later began its existence on the neighboring hills, became a dangerous rival, and finally absorbed the earlier community.

From 1837 (the date of Fourier's death) to 1843 the country was profoundly stirred by discussion and agitation as to the merits of the coöperative and social system advocated by the eminent French economist, François Charles Fourier. He taught (among other things that were less creditable) that individual effort was a great economic waste as compared with concerted action. It was pointed out that the never-ending toil of the housewife could be greatly lessened by the simple expedient of a community kitchen and dining room, and that farm work could be made easier and more effective by combined effort.

This "science of new social relations," as it was called, was given wide publicity in this country by the New York *Tribune* and other periodicals of recognized standing, and the result was a newly-awakened and widespread interest. There was really nothing new in Fourier's system except that it was presented in a novel and attractive manner to a modern civilization. Several colonies had already been established in the United States when

in the autumn of 1843 some of the citizens of Southport, Wisconsin Territory, became deeply interested in the project. Discussions and debates continued through the winter, and in the spring of 1844 an organization was formed and articles of agreement were drawn up and signed under the name of the Wisconsin Phalanx. Stock was sold at $25 a share and a considerable sum of money was raised in this way.

The next step was to find a suitable location for the colony, where government land could be purchased cheap. The officials secured the services of Ebenezer Childs, a prominent citizen of Green Bay, who had a good general knowledge of lands in the eastern part of Wisconsin Territory. Childs took with him three members of the newly-organized community, all good judges of land, and after spending almost two weeks in the wilderness and viewing a number of locations, they decided in favor of several hundred acres of land in a beautiful valley within what is now Ripon Township in Fond du Lac County. The land was purchased from the government through the Green Bay land office. On Sunday, May 27, 1844 nineteen men, the advance guard of the new community, reached the chosen location. They had driven through the forest from Southport with their horses and oxen in six days' time, camping by night along the trail. It is probable that no better men could have been found for the task they had chosen than were these nineteen men and the others that followed soon afterward. They were industrious and unafraid of hardship and had already accumulated considerable personal property, particularly livestock, before leaving their Southport homes. They were typical pioneers and eminently fitted to wrestle with the wilderness. These nineteen men who were willing to risk all in a community venture were: Alex. Todd, Jerome C. Cobb, Warren Chase, Jacob Beckwith, Nathan Hunter, John Limbert, T. V.

Newell, H. G. Martin, William E. Holbrook, Uriah Gould, Lester Rounds, Laban Stilwell, James Stuart, William Dunham, Joseph S. Tracy, Carlton Lane, George H. Stebbins, Seth R. Kellogg, and Chester Adkins. Ebenezer Childs joined the colony on June 4 and remained until September 24, when he returned to Green Bay. The original colonists brought with them thirty-four horses, eight yoke of oxen, and thirty-eight other cattle. As the spring was well advanced when they arrived, no time was lost in getting to work. Some of the men began immediately to dig cellars, for their first concern was to erect houses in which to shelter their families, who had been left in Southport and who were ready to follow as soon as the buildings were completed. Others of the men set to work to break up the sod of the open prairie, as it was necessary to get in crops without delay. Twenty acres were prepared and sown to grain or planted to vegetables the first season. Three houses were built as rapidly as possible, to take care of the women and children, and some of the families actually arrived before these first homes were ready for occupancy. As the weather was warm, rude shelter tents were used for a time. Each of these dwellings was twenty by thirty feet and divided into apartments so that several families were housed under one roof. These houses were later connected and extended and thus grew into the unique "Long House" of the community. Although food was prepared and served in common, the privacy of the family group was always respected by the Phalanx, and after meals each family retired to its own apartment. These buildings were all erected in Block 4 of what is now the City of Ripon. In the fall of 1844 one hundred acres of prairie were broken up and seeded to winter wheat; a sawmill was also built by the settlers, but it did not begin to turn out lumber until the following spring.

In the winter of 1845 a charter was obtained from the territorial legislature; the same was approved by Gov. N. P. Tallmadge on February 6, 1845. The "Long House" above mentioned first took on its characteristic form in 1845 and was one of the architectural freaks of this social laboratory. It continued to lengthen by additions until the building consisted of twenty apartments of twenty feet each, arranged in two rows with a long corridor between. Each apartment was distinctly separate from all others and yet all were under one roof. This is a unique feature in the description of a communist settlement of seventy-five years ago, but practically the same mode of living passes unnoticed today in our large cities where the dwellers in flat buildings and apartment houses repair daily to the restaurants for their meals.

The labor at Ceresco was all performed in common under the supervision of foremen who met every Saturday evening to make their report. Because of their adherence to Fourier's principle of self-determination and freedom of action, no person was compelled to work at any given time nor to labor more hours than he saw fit. His time was carefully kept by the foreman to whom he was assigned, and he received credit only for the hours when he actually worked. There was probably no desire among these hardy settlers to shirk or to take advantage of their fellows and thus the plan worked well. Evenings were given up to community gatherings, and the social life during the first few years of the experiment was very satisfactory. One evening of each week was set apart for debating and discussion, another evening for singing school, and still another for dancing and social gatherings.

Expense accounts were carefully kept and at the end of the year it was known exactly what it had cost to produce each field of grain or other crop. The cost of raising live stock was determined in the same way. Then one-

THE LONG HOUSE

This was the last and best building of the Phalanx. It was erected during the later years (1849 or 1850) and was therefore not the original Long House which was erected four or five years earlier.

fourth of the net increase was added to the capital and three-fourths distributed for labor in proportion to the number of hours that each member had worked. Skilled labor received some special consideration in the distribution of wages. At the close of 1845, about nineteen months after the establishment of the community, the second annual report was issued. It went into minute detail and showed a healthy financial condition. The capital had increased to $27,775.22 and was unencumbered. It appeared that 102,760 hours of labor had been performed during the year, of which 21,170 hours had been expended in cooking or deducted for the board of members. The whole number of weeks' board charged to members was 4,234, and the cost of board per week was fixed at 44 cents in cash and five hours labor. This left 81,590 hours of labor to be paid for out of three fourths of the net profits, and the officers of the Phalanx fixed the wage for the year at 7½ cents for each hour of common labor after board for the entire family had been deducted. The capital invested earned 12 per cent during the same year. While 1846 was a less prosperous year owing to a partial crop failure, still the organization was enabled to pay 5 cents per hour for labor, and 6 per cent on the capital. The population of the colony had increased to 180 by the close of 1846.

During 1847 the association earned net profits of $9,029.73, and its property was appraised at $32,564.18. The annual dividend amounted to 7 ¾ per cent and the wage paid to common labor was $7\frac{3}{10}$ cents per hour. For 1848 the dividend paid amounted to 6 ¼ per cent, and 6¼ cents per hour was paid for the labor. In 1849 there were signs of approaching disintegration, although it was still a paying proposition. The population had decreased to 120 due to dissatisfaction with the community restrictions. During this year 8⅓ cents per hour was

paid for labor. There was never any dissatisfaction with the financial returns, but social conditions and business restrictions became irksome to many of the members. The seeds of dissolution had already been sown, and in April, 1850, the property was appraised and divided and the organization went out of existence. True to its financial record, the stock netted its owners a premium of 8 per cent when the affairs of the community were settled up.

The history of this experiment is an interesting one to the economist; but its failure as a communist settlement demonstrated the impossibility of keeping ambitious Americans within the limits of a restricted environment. Outside interests of the male members and a longing for less restricted social advantages on the part of the women and young people may be given as the reasons for the disintegration of the Wisconsin Phalanx. It is probable that more favorable conditions for the success of a communistic colony never existed. The members were of high character, stable, and industrious, and free from objectionable cults and practices. The location was an ideal one and the soil was highly productive. Today Ripon Township is one of the garden spots of Wisconsin, and the city of Ripon is known throughout the region for the high average of its citizenship. It has a prosperous college, and the noticeable atmosphere of a college city.

DOCUMENTS

LETTERS OF A BADGER BOY IN BLUE: THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN[1]

CHAUNCEY H. COOKE

DECATUR, ALABAMA, MAY 1, 1864
CO. G., 25th WIS.

DEA PARENTS: The march toward Chattanooga began this morning. The order came last night, after an all day's rain to strike tents this morning and be ready at sunrise to march. This means our entire brigade. The enemy's guns that had been pounding away at us for nearly a week were silenced by our batteries two days ago and since then there has been no excitement till the marching order came last night. Rations for three days were given each man which about filled our haversacks. Then at roll call we were told what was expected of us. That we were to join a large army that Sherman was collecting at Chattanooga and that we were to begin a hundred and fifty mile march toward Chattanooga the next day. The boys cheered and said they were glad to go anywhere for a change. We crossed the Tennessee river on pontoons and marched toward Moresville, our old camp. The mud was from three to six inches deep and fearful sticky. Marched about 12 miles and came into camp just as the sun went below the mountains. Our camp is on the grassy bank of a pretty river. I don't know it's name. It has been hot and muggy and the hard work of plodding thru the mud has tuckered me a little. I have just come from the river where I had a good wash. Lots of the boys threw away their blankets and winter underwear. Dan Hadley, who is cook for our mess of four, has called to supper so I must quit for to-night.

May 2nd:—The reveille roused us this morning before sunrise and a crowd of negroes that had come into camp to look at the Yankee soldiers began singing some plantation songs for the

[1] This is the concluding installment of a series of war time letters, the publication of which was begun with the issue of this magazine for September, 1920.

boys. They have a banjo and I tell you they can play it and dance too. I have washed in the river this morning and while Dan and Obe build the fire, fry the hard tack and sow belly, and boil the coffee I am writing a line or two on this heavy sheet torn from a merchant's ledger in Decatur. It's hard to get paper to write on. On the other side you will see a list of things sold by the merchant to Bill Parker's nigger George back in 1858. "Nigger George" was a slave.

7 o'clock p. m. We made several halts today to rest but the ground was so wet we couldn't lay down without our rubbers under us. A regiment of cavalry passed us as we halted this forenoon and all seemed to be so jolly I wished for a while I was in the cavalry so I wouldn't blister my feet marching. Came into Huntsville, Alabama, just at sunset, having marched 18 miles. A lot of the boys are crippling around with sore feet. I am washing mine three times a day in cold water which helps them. There is a lot of troops gathered here all destined for Chattanooga. Camp fires are blazing everywhere. Fences, boxes, old buildings and every movable thing is picked up and pulled down to make fires. It looks tough to burn up nice picket fences, but the boys must have fires to cook by.

* * *

Hd. Quarters, 25th Wis. Vol.
Huntsville, Alabama, May 3rd, 1864.

Dear Mother: I think I sent you my last from this place. I am taking this from some scrawls in my note book. I got a letter from home this morning while waiting for orders to march. Am truly glad to hear that you are out of debt at last. It used to trouble me when I went in the field to hoe corn to think that you was in debt. It made my hoe feel heavy. We are on the march again thru pine forests and over mountains enroute for Chattanooga. Troops are coming in and swelling our force from all directions. We are passed every little while by cavalry on good-feeling horses, prancing along, and by four and six gun batteries, eight big horses to each gun, the cannoneers laughing and talking as they pound along in the cassions. The cannoneers have a snap on the road and today as I limped along on a blistered foot,

I wished I could trade places with one of them. But I would rather be in the ranks when the tug of war begins. When it comes long range shooting the boys that man the big guns catch it first. I guess I am satisfied where I am. There is talk that the Johnnies are bound to give us a fight at Chattanooga. We have had a long tedious march today over mountains and thru valleys that were pretty and green and wading creeks over shoe top that didn't really help our sore feet. The streams here are clear and cool and come from springs. No danger of fever from drinking Alabama spring water.

Marched 23 miles today. My feet are not so sore as yesterday. Many of the boys are badly crippled and will have to take the ambulance tomorrow. I am glad I ain't one of them. Some of them are shamming and it puts every honest soldier that complains under suspicion.

Not many minutes after coming into camp every fence and movable thing in sight is pulled down to make the fires. God pity this south land when we are done with it.

May 4th. Struck camp, not tents, this morning, for we had none. The sky all spangled with stars was our only covering last night. I lay with my face to the north and for a long time looking at the only thing I knew—the north star and the big dipper. It seems lower down than in Wisconsin.

At Woodville, 8 miles distant, we took the train for Chattanooga. Our cars were cattle cars. Some of the boys said d— the cattle cars, and some said God be praised for even cattle cars. At 9 p. m. we got under way for Chattanooga. Rushing thru the mountains, rumbling over rivers and gorges that made one's head swim to look down. Some of the tressels were fearful high.

May 5th. Woke up this morning just as the train crossed Tennessee River. I must have been jolted round a good deal as I found myself in the corner of the car some four feet from where I lay down. I was awakened by a lot of the boys singing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Max Brill and a Company K man, who had somehow got into our car, was leading the band. Max made the noise and the Co. K man made the music.

Arrived in sight of Chattanooga at 11 a.m. The level plain far as I can see is literally covered with troops. Nothing but tents, tents, tents, by the ten thousand. Music by hundreds of bands is floating and humming in the air. 160 thousand rations were issued this morning to this vast army.

And this was before our division of ten thousand men came in. Got off the cars, cooked our dinner and lay round on our blanket watching the steady tramp of columns going and coming until 6 o'clock. We were suddenly ordered into ranks and marched out 5 miles and camped for the night at the base of Missionary Ridge, where our brave comrades made that heroic charge in 1863. Lookout Mountain, whose summit is swathed in a blue cloud, is about four miles distant from our encampment and about the same from Chattanooga.

May 6th. It was late before we slept last night. There was a constant clatter of cavalry passing, of carbines and swords jangling and of the pounding of gun carriages, over the big rocks that made these roads a terror. The boys think we are close to a fight and there ain't much loud talk. The mail carrier is coming to gather the letters, good bye. Will write again soon. Direct by way of Chattanooga. Your boy,

CHAUNCEY.

P. S. Direct to 16th Army Corps, via Chattanooga.

ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST
MAY 10th, 1864.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME: I send you my diary for three days of hard marching and rather hard fare. * * *

May 6th. We had hardly time to swallow our coffee when we were ordered to fall in and march this morning before daylight. We marched out 12 miles thru the Chickamauga battle ground. For ten miles of the way the woods were scarred and limbed and many trees cut in two by solid shot. All the way little mounds showed where the boys fell and were buried. The battle ground is generally level and covered with timber. The heavy shot has mowed fearful paths on all sides thru the tree tops. Camped a little before sunset at Gordon's Mills. Am sitting with my feet in

some spring water writing these notes. Several of the boys are with me bathing their blistered feet.

May 7th. Broke camp and began our march at sunrise thru a rough mountainous country, expecting the enemy to attack any minute. Cannonading is heard on our left. Met a lot of poor whites leaving the country. They are a wretched looking lot. They say we are the first Yanks they ever saw. The horses and cattle and pigs, like the people driving them, are the sorriest things I ever saw. The wagons were driven by the women, and the men, with long-barreled guns and five to ten children, all white haired, followed behind driving the cattle and a sheep or two and sometimes a pig. These were all mountain people, the clay eaters and best shots in the rebel army. Some of the boys asked them what they were fighting for, and they answered, "You Yanks want us to marry our daughters to the niggers." Poor ignorant devils. Marched 18 miles today. Went into camp at sunset—such a sunset! Just such as I have often seen in my Wisconsin home, with the bluff tops all warm and yellow just fading into twilight.

May 8th. Marched but 8 miles today over stony roads and steep mountain sides and crossed many beautiful spring streams. Farms, or plantations as they call them here, look as if they had been prosperous but they are all deserted. The negroes have mostly gone and the whites are in the army.

May 9th. It was no secret that we were close to the enemy eighty thousand strong. Our forward march began early. We made from 8 to 10 miles. The left column of our corps met the enemy and for an hour the cannonade was fierce. The ambulance corps brought back many dead and wounded. The wagon trains, several miles in extent, were halted and packed under cover of several batteries of artillery and a big reserve of infantry. Mounted orderlies were coming and going on fast horses all day long. Nobody knew what the next hour would bring forth. We were ordered to keep our guns in prime condition and our boxes full of bullets.

A great army of infantry lay about us, all waiting like ourselves for the order to march. All of a sudden there came a roll of voices in a mighty shout from the rear. While we were wonder-

ing what it meant a troop of cavalry came galloping along headed by the famous cavalry leader, Gen. Kilpatrick. It made the boys feel mighty good to see this daring cavalry leader, who was such a terror to the rebels. He is a little fellow, about 5 feet 5 with brown hair, thin beard and mild gray eyes. He kept touching his hat brim as his mare, all foam, went galloping by.

As the yellow sun went below the Georgia mountains last night, the bands from more than twenty regiments filled the air with their music. I wondered how it would strike the ear of the rebel picket on the mountain side in front of us. I rolled in my blanket, with my clothes on, and tried to sleep. About midnight I was awakened from dreams of home by the rushing cavalry horses and the grinding of artillery wagons. We soon learned that the rebel Gen. Wheeler was making a move to capture our supply trains. The wagons were being hurried to the rear and every surrounding regiment ordered to get in motion and join in the retreat. With the rest of the army we were soon on the counter march, in the darkness, over swollen streams and stumbling over stones we could not see, plunging thru the mud and often entangled in the overhanging limbs. God, what a night and what a morning. Can I ever forget it? No never. The retreat thru the hills of Georgia, following the supply trains of the Union army will long be remembered. I am all right and ready for the fray.—Direct via Chattanooga.

Ever dear parents, Yours,
CHAUNCEY

SHERMAN'S ARMY, May 10th, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS:

I am writing you again today. I wrote you only day before yesterday but all the boys have the fever, as it looks, of writing letters tonight. Cannons are booming both on the right and on the left, and as our Lieutenant says, things look mighty squally for tomorrow. I can't say that I am a bit nervous, but as the boys say, some of us may be where we can't send letters tomorrow and better send 'em now.

We were up and ready for orders to march early this morning but the order did not come until 9 o'clock. The enemy's shells

have been screaming and bursting over head, killing and wounding a lot of men in our division.

Marching out to the front some three miles, and we were nearly all day doing it, so conflicting were the reports of our scouts and couriers as to the location and strength of the enemy.

Finally we came to a halt for the night just as the rain was pouring down in torrents. Everything got soaking wet but our powder. We kept our powder dry. I am afraid you can't read this, my paper is so wet and greasy. In my hurry this morning I put my writing paper in my haversack along with my plate and sow belly.

Night came on at last and with it the hardest storm I ever saw. Our little fly tents let the water thru like sieves. We didn't have any time to pick up brush for a bed and so lay on the ground. Some of the boys said they were laying in the water two inches deep when the sentinels came rushing into camp shouting, "To arms to arms, the rebs are coming." Our camp was in a forest of great pine trees, and I had gone to sleep, as no doubt had the others, while the thunder was crashing around us and the wind and rain was pouring thru the pine tops with an awful roar.

We were already as wet as drowned rats when we sprang out into the open storm, slinging on our cartridge boxes and knapsacks and fastening our dripping blankets to our belts, and pulling down our flimsy fly tents and tying them like belts around us and falling into the retreating column fast as we could. No questions were asked, not a word was said, every fellow for the time was willing to obey orders. The brave boys, who generally knew a lot more than Sherman, didn't say a word last night.

We turned our backs to the enemy and retraced our steps over terrible roads, sometimes in mud and water to our middle. It was pitch dark only as flashes of lightning lit up the struggling mass about us. Stumbling over rocks and roots, many fell full length in the muddy water of the overflowing streams and in the muddy track of the plunging column. We made about four miles and halted near a big corral of supply trains. We were ordered to build fires and dry our blankets. It's pretty hard to tell what Sherman is trying to do. The report is that the rebs are making

feints at different points along our lines, trying to break thru, and that Sherman is planning to bag their army.

Our retreat last night looked as if we were the party nearest bagged. But you can't tell. Sherman has an awful army. The line is three columns deep and twenty miles long. That the armies are close together, there is no doubt, as we can hear guns going all night long.

We are hearing good news from the Potomac. The sun is fearfully hot this morning and all hands are trying to dry their soaked clothes.

It is ten o'clock and no orders yet to march. The five or six hundred supply wagons alongside us in a big cornfield, with their four and six mule teams all plastered with mud, show no signs of moving.

Word has just come to be ready to march in fifty minutes. Couriers are galloping up and down the line and the officers are calling out orders to pick up and pack up.

Send me some stamps and direct by way of Chattanooga. In haste. Love to mother, sister and the boys. Will write again the first chance.

CHAUNCEY

CAMP IN THE PINE WOODS, near Resaca,
Georgia, May 17th, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS: I have something to tell you this time. We have been in a big fight and lost near three hundred men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. I am mighty glad to tell you that I am all right. I had several close calls as did all the boys for that matter. We have been under fire and losing men right along for three days. Many of our boys were killed and wounded at long range firing from the rebel fort by shot and shell so far that we could not return it and had to take it. A good part of the time we were supporting batteries that were trying to silence or dismount the big guns on the rebel fort. I want to tell you the Johnnies were all fixed for us. Think of two hundred guns on our side, 12 and 14 pounders, pouring shot and shell fast as men could load and fire into the enemy's fort while two and in some places three, lines of infantry were compelled to stand or lay in front of

these batteries, exposed to shot and bursting shell and no chance to shoot back. I don't know where to begin to tell you, nor how to tell you, of the last four days, besides we are under marching orders to be ready to go at a moment's notice, just as we have been night and day for several days. As I write this, cannons are roaring on our left toward Buzzard Roost and no soldier knows what the next hour may bring. I can scarcely keep my eyes open to write, altho it is but ten o'clock in the morning. We have had so little sleep for a week, night or day. On the 12th, word was passed that the rebs had made a stand at Resaca and that the place was fortified and mounted with big cannons and mortars. During the night of the 12th, Sherman planted his batteries on every hill and ridge overlooking the town, and in the morning of the 13th, at day break, both the rebel fort and our brass batteries opened a terrific fire. Our regiment was ordered to take a position in advance of a string of batteries, while another column of infantry filed in front of us.

It was a sight never to be forgotten, to see, as we could from the ridge, column after column of troops, two and three lines deep, forming in battle line away on our left for a mile and a half. Here and there a bursting shell from the fort would throw the lines into confusion killing and wounding scores of men. By the time the smoke cleared up the lines would reform, the dead and wounded would be carried back by the ambulance corps. All that day until night, the big guns on the fort thundered at our batteries on every hill and ridge, on the north and west side. I don't know what our loss was. A shell burst just over us, killing and wounding a number in Co. K., next our Co. A shell burst directly over me, cutting a hole in my blanket and the piece making a hole in the ground within a few inches of my body. The battery, just in our rear, was put out of business for a time by a bursting shell from the fort, dismounting three guns, killing and wounding the gunners, and smashing the gun carriages to splinters. It was a horrible sight to see the poor fellows wounded and mangled. Long before night the valley of the Coosa was thick with smoke so that we could no longer see the belching clouds of smoke sent out from the fort. I see a courier galloping to headquarters. I sup-

pose it means an order to fall in. Will finish my story of the battle Resaca if I live, first chance.

The mail carrier is calling for letters so good bye. Am feeling fine.

Your boy,
CHAUNCEY

CAMP IN THE PINES, GEORGIA.
16th ARMY CORPS, May 18th, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS: After we finished breakfast and had strapped on our cartridge belt, our haversack and our knapsack and cleaned and primed muskets and fallen in, an order came to be at ease for an hour or so until a long column of cavalry and artillery, which wanted all the road, could get by. Our foxy old General Sherman was coming another flank move to the right, and the cavalry and artillery were ordered ahead.

There is heavy firing five or six miles on our left and word has just been passing down the line that the rebs at Dalton have made a fierce sortie on our lines at that point. It looks strange to see our troops marching quietly to the right with all this rumpus on the left. But our bully old General knows his business and we feel easy.

I have something more to tell you about Resaca, while we are resting. The evening of the 14th, under cover of the smoke that filled the valley just before sundown, the lines of infantry were advanced nearly a mile toward the town. Our regiment was put on the extreme front. We crossed the Coosa creek or river, about as big as the Elk at Gilmanton, and took up a position in the edge of the woods with a big open plantation or clearing between us and the rebel infantry, lined up in a strip of woods at the edge of this clearing a quarter of a mile from us. The rebels discovered us first and began a terrific fire on us from their cover of brush and logs. Then the order came for us to open fire. There is no use to try to tell you of the excitement, of the cries of the officers, of the whistling of bullets and shells and above all else the roar of guns. Every fellow loaded and fired fast as he could. We were ordered to rest on our knees instead of standing where we could, as at short range firing most of the bullets went high. We had not emptied

our boxes before it got dark and we had to aim at the line of fire from the guns of the enemy. After it got quite dark the firing stopped and we went back to the bank of the Coosa and made our coffee, and spreading our ponchos or rubbers on the wet earth lay down on our stomachs with all our belts and belongings fastened to us, and tried to sleep. It was poor sleeping. We thought of the poor fellows who were taking their last sleep and of the many who were suffering from wounds and broken limbs. Long before daylight we were ordered to dig trenches and pile up log barricades on the edge of the open clearing still nearer to the rebel line of defense. There was no warm coffee the morning of the 15th. We lunched on hard-tack and some smoked bacon and ham that our cavalry boys had captured the night before and rationed out during the night.

10 o'clock a. m. We have just had a bugle call to fall in, but after standing in the ranks a half hour, we were ordered again to "grab a root," meaning to rest standing or lying down. I take my pencil and here goes for the rest of my story.

All night long some of the wakeful boys heard officers on the fort swearing and giving orders. Some thought it meant they were moving their big guns or they were planting more big guns. Anyway when the first streak of daylight came both sides opened a hot musketry fire. Both sides were protected behind barricades. We thought it strange that there were so few big guns being used at the fort.

Our batteries, a half mile at our rear, opened up their thunder upon the town with very little reply. By midday the smoke in the valley of the Coosa became so thick we had to shoot by guess. I emptied my cartridge box many times during the day as did the others. I saw men often drop after shooting, but didn't know that it was my bullet that did the work and really hope it was not. But you know that I am a good shot.

During the day we took turns sleeping behind our log barricades. I could sleep but many could not with ten thousand guns roaring in their ears.

Say, do you know that it was my 18th birthday? Shortly after noon one of our cannon shot away the rebel flag on the fort. There must have been twenty thousand Union soldiers see it fall,

from the shout that was sent up along our lines. Such a day and such a night. When night set in not a gun replied from the fort. The firing ceased on our side. The night of the 15th we lay upon the bare earth, eating cold scraps such as we had and listening to sounds at the fort we could not understand. In the morning our pickets reported that the high bridge across the Coosa had been burned and the rebel army had retreated. Not a gun was fired in the morning. The fort was silent as the grave. There was a hasty gathering of regiments and forming into column. But I have no more time for details.

There is a roar of big guns on our right and the cavalry and batteries that have been stringing leisurely along, are whipping their horses into a trot. They have orders to hurry up.

Good bye.

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

NEAR LOST MOUNTAIN, GEORGIA,
2ND BRIGADE, 4th DIVISION,
16th ARMY CORPS. May 20th, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS: I have been too busy to think of writing for some days, and if not busy have been sleeping or trying to sleep. We have had ten days and nights of fearful campaigning. The doctors are sending back thousands of men who are sick and dying for want of sleep. There hasn't been a minute of time, night or day, that guns are not heard or that our regiment has not been losing men, and yesterday it all wound up with a most terrible fight at Dallas or Lost Mountain.

I am writing by the light of a rail fire laying on my stomach about 1 o'clock in the morning. Have been on special duty digging trenches and piling up log breastworks in expectation of an attack. This sort of thing has been going on for eight days. One day we would march to the right and the next day to the left. Last week we dug trenches during the day and marched by night, this week we are marching by day and digging nights. The rebel generals keep Sherman guessing most of the time. If we did not have a much bigger army, we would stand a poor show in these mountains. For a week we have been winding round mountains,

wading mountain streams and twisting about in great pine woods, falling asleep as we marched and stumbling over roots and stones. Then we would come to a halt to let some cavalry troops get by or some batteries that were badly wanted at the front. Then we would drop down on our faces where we stood and snatch a few minutes' sleep, only to be routed by that awful bugle call to rouse up and march. The fact is, the bugle terrifies us more than rebel bullets. In many places the valleys or gorges in these mountains are so narrow that we have to wade for a long way in the streams that run down them. Of course our feet are always wet, but this water is good to drink and we thank God that we don't suffer from thirst as we did.

Lieutenant McKay has just come round, as he is on duty tonight, and warns me that I better quit my writing and go to bed, so I must leave off telling you of the battle of the Lost Mountain until next letter. I took two or three naps while scribbling this and maybe you can't read it. I am feeling fine. Have had no letter from home lately. Tell Dora to see Miss A. and ask her to write. Direct to Chattanooga, 16th Army Corps.

Goodbye mother and father.

Your loving
CHAUNCEY

40 MILES FROM DALLAS, GEORGIA,
IN THE GREAT PINE WOODS,
June 1st, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS: For three days we have been on special detail duty guarding a supply train of several hundred wagons of hard-tack and ammunition. We came into camp late last night, and while the wagon train has pulled out this morning we are told to be at ease until future orders. I am in the shade of some great pines this morning and I am glad, for the heat of the sun is fearful. With my back against a great yellow pine I am seated to tell you of the fight at Dallas or Lost Mountain. Dallas is a little, sorrowful, humble village of some 600 souls about two miles from a great black forest-covered mound called Lost Mountain.

If I live a hundred years I shall never forget the fearful night of the 29th of May, 1864, when all the earth and sky seemed on

fire and in a struggle for life or death. In the space of thirty minutes 2,000 men were killed and three times as many wounded, many of them to die.

Before we reached Dallas on the 27th, we had been told by the natives along the way that a big army of 40,000 men was waiting for us Yanks on Lost Mountain. On account of the heavy timber we were within six or seven miles of the mountain before we saw it. It looked to us like a great big mound two or three miles long covered with a dense forest. We thought of Resaca and of course kept our eyes on the mountain at every opening. We didn't make more than five or six miles that day. A halt would be called every few minutes to let a cavalry regiment cross, going to the right or the left, or a battery, sometimes two or three, would come tearing by, when we would take to the side of the road and drop down on our bellies for a nap till they got by. We camped on the outskirts of Dallas on the night of the 27th between the town and the mountain. There were only a few people left in town and they were packing up and hurrying away in expectation that the town would be burned.

On the morning of the 28th, John W. Christian and I were detailed to go on picket duty. Our beat lay within 80 rods of the rebel breastworks on the side of Lost Mountain. Sharpshooters in the tops of the trees kept pegging away at us for four hours. We changed our position several times but they kept their eyes on us. We were in a cornfield full of rotten stumps. We got behind one of these stumps put up a rubber blanket for a shade and lay down as close together as we could. They got our range and presently the bullets began to whistle past us, striking the ground but a few feet from us. I said to John, "Let's get out of this." "Wait," he said, "until they come closer." The next moment two shots ripped through the rubber above us, one of them grazing John's breast and tearing a hole in the ground between us. We rolled out of that in a hurry, grabbed our blankets and took a position lower down the hill. John Christian is a dandy boy. He isn't afraid of anything. In the afternoon about 4 o'clock, we were relieved to take a sleep.

As soon as it got dark we were ordered to build breastworks of logs not more than fifty rods from the rebel lines just across

a deep gulch from the foot of the mountain, About ten at night we were ordered back to camp for a few hours sleep, and the next morning at three o'clock before daylight, we were in these trenches facing the rebel lines, which were protected like ours. All day long we shot wherever we saw a hand, a head, or puff of smoke, and the rebels did the same. Some times our side would call out to the rebs, asking them to hold up and talk things over. "All right," they would say, and for some time both sides would talk over things about the war, and about their girls, and about exchanging hard-tack for ham, and whiskey for tobacco. Then some voice would call out, "Look out for your life!" and the shooting would begin. Several times during the day both sides would agree to a truce for ten minutes or twenty minutes, and some of the more daring on both sides would meet half way and exchange tobacco for whiskey and sometimes newspapers, sometimes to shake hands merely. Soon as the first fellow got back to his barricade he would call out, "Say pard are you ready?" If the answer came back, "All ready!" at once a dozen guns, perhaps a hundred would answer back the challenge.

About the middle of the afternoon the canteens of my squad, some 30 men, were empty. The orderly called for volunteers to take the canteens and carry them back to the branch some 60 rods and refill them. I was the first man to step out and Jake Bolunger of Alma followed me. Jake and I made the trip all right both coming and going over a ridge in plain view and range of sharpshooters who pelted us with a shower of bullets both ways, Jake fell down on his way out not twenty rods from the trenches. I had got to a stump and made a halt to get my second wind. I called to him. He answered back, "I am all right." The rebel sharpshooters thinking they had killed him stopped shooting at him, when he jumped up and ran over the ridge out of sight. We got back with our canteens of water all safe.

Early in the evening of May 29th after a day of incessant musket firing we were ordered back to camp along with the rest of our division. There had been a rumor that the Johnnies (rebels) were evacuating and still another story that they were concen-

trating all their cannon along the line of our front and were planning an assault. There was a mystery about it that kept our officers guessing. The thing that looked suspicious to us, if we were to make a flank move, was the increased number of batteries that were lined up along the crest of the ridge just above and behind us. Word was passed along the line that old Leather Breeches, with his eight big brass bulldogs (cannon) had taken a position just in our rear. Leather Breeches had the best battery in the army and every soldier knew that when the old Dutch captain's war dogs barked it meant business. Before the smoke had cleared away, that sent a shell into the rebel ranks, the boys would run up and hug the guns and call them dear girlie.

We were in the edge of a cornfield littered with stumps and stubs. In the three lines lying just in advance of some fifty big guns on the ridge we could see all of our division and part of another. We ate our hard-tack and drank cold water for supper and we lay down for a little rest with all our belts and blankets strapped on. Everything had grown quiet along our front save a few shots from the sharpshooters. On our left there was an occasional boom of cannon some miles off. Yes, and now and then a burst of spiteful musketry close on both our right and left. We were finally lulled into a broken sleep by the music of many regimental bands, which our General had ordered to keep playing. We lay down on the bare earth with everything strapped to us but our guns and the air of "Home Sweet Home" in our ears. It was near 1 o'clock at night. There was no threatening sound save the steady tramp of the 16th army Corps with its infantry and cavalry and batteries moving steadily to the left without any voice of command. Our cat-naps were giving way to sound sleep when, from the forest height of Lost Mountain, there came a chorus of bugle notes that caused 50,000 Union soldiers tired and weary, to spring to their feet. We knew too well that it meant an onslaught of the rebel army. In an instant we were on our feet. The next moment came the command: "Lie down until the enemy shows itself above the crest of the hill." I have no pen to tell you of the awful scenes and sounds of the next three quarters of an hour. How near the rebel

infantry came to our lines that night we do not know. The heavens above us seemed to boil with fiery red smoke from ours and the rebel cannons. It must be we were too well prepared. Not a half mile from our right a thousand men were killed in 30 minutes and three thousand were wounded, perhaps most of them mortally. O God, what a night was the night of May the 29th for Sherman's army. It was a night of dazzling, glaring, shrieking sounds. The earth seemed crashing into ten thousand atoms. The sky but an hour ago so pitchy black, seemed boiling with smoke and flame. And the horrid shrieking shot, and bursting shells, then the shouting of commanders and cheering of men, mingled with the sputter of muskets and the roar of batteries, made the world about us seem like a very hell. Just behind our division alone was a solid line of cannon for near a half mile, vomiting fiery streams of shot and shell that came screaming close above our heads. Many of them were so badly timed that they burst above our lines killing and wounding our own men. And for every broadside from our big guns there came an answering roar from the rebel lines. The real death struggle at short range musket firing was a quarter of a mile on the right of our division. The forest there was dense and unbroken. There most of the 4,000 men, who were killed and wounded, fell and all in less than an hour. We talked it all over with the fellows who were in the thick of it next morning. How they were under marching orders to move to the left, how they had quit the trenches under the belief that the rebel army was retreating. Then came those bugle notes which meant a rebel charge and a fight to the finish. They may tell of hell and its awful fires, but the boys who went thru the fight of Dallas with all its scenes, are pretty well prepared for any event this side of eternity. Full of whiskey and gunpowder the rebel ranks charged again and again the Union lines, only to be repulsed again and again with fearful slaughter. They charged with their hats pulled down over their eyes like men who cared only to throw away their lives. With every repulse of the rebels, a cheer of victory came up the Union lines and was borne away in a mighty roar by fifty thousand eager voices on our left. For the rest of the night we slept upon our arms within ear shot of the cries of the wounded and dying,

every house in Dallas being pressed into service as a hospital. The cries of the wounded and dying murdered all sleep for me that night and I thought many many times of father's saying: that every life taken by Union or Rebel bullets was a sacrifice to the crime of slavery.

You may have to pay some extra postage on this heavy paper. I am writing on paper torn from some merchant's ledger, picked up in the streets of Dallas. The boys have run out of letter paper and are using any sort of paper.

Orders have been passed along the line to be prepared for a night's march.

I have not had a letter for some days. The report is the railroad in our rear has been cut by a raiding party. If this is so you may not get this letter very soon.

There is a rumor that the rebel army is making another stand at a place called Big Shanty.

Am feeling all right. Love to all.

CHAUNCEY

HEAD QUARTERS FIRST BATTALION
2nd BRIGADE 16th ARMY CORPS,
CAMP IN THE GEORGIA PINE WOODS.
June 2nd, 1864.

DEAR MOTHER: I awakened this morning with my face and feet both outside my rubber blanket, washed by the falling rain. I was on duty until 1 o'clock digging trenches and building breastworks. Our division of six regiments is on special duty guarding supply trains of wagons loaded with ammunition and provisions for a hundred thousand men. Since I wrote you last our brigade has moved twice, but not more than two miles each time. The fact is, we move as the rebel army moves. We are on the extreme right of Gen. Sherman's big army, and we have to be wide awake and on the alert for the flankers. Most of us have been wet to the skin night and day for several days. Our worry is to keep our powder dry, for our lives we are ordered to do this. We like the wet better than breathing the thick dust that fills the air from the tramp of so many thousand feet. We don't fear any sudden attack from the rebel's general Hood

or Polk en masse, but the bodies of rebel cavalry are hovering round ready to pounce on our provision trains and on their guards any hour of the day or night. This compels us to be always on the move, changing our position. Yesterday a reconnoitering force of the enemy, supported by a battery of artillery came out on a hill a mile and a quarter distant and opened fire upon our lines just in our front. For some moments the sputtering musketry and bursting shells sounded like a general engagement. But soon, to our delight, Leather Breeches, with his war dogs and their cassions drawn by 128 big horses, galloped into position just behind us and with eight big guns opened fire with their ear splitting roar on the rebel battery. It seemed nip and tuck to us fellows, who were waiting with our muskets, as to which would quit first in this duel of big guns. The rebels had fewer cannon, but they were fighting, as their smart leaders told them, for their wives and children. A heavy rain began falling about this time and the rebel cannon ceased firing altogether. As some of the boys say when they run against Leather Breeches, they are "sure up against it." The next morning early a body of our cavalry, sent out to reconnoitre, surprised a company of them playing cards in a log house and captured 40 of them. The boys sent up a wild hurrah when they heard of this. We cannot forget the boast of the South that it would take four "Yanks" to match one Southerner. And do you know, mother, I somehow had the feeling that the South was more than our match man for man, they did so much bragging. But that's their way, besides if they were not fighting to keep us away from their homes we could tell better. The prisoners we talk with, and we see them every day, say we "Yankees" are fighting to free the niggers so they can marry white women. What miserable stories they tell.

It is raining today a slow, drizzling rain. Have just come in from a two hours' stunt on the trenches. The boys who have taken our places are working in a pouring rain and are wet to the hide. They are deepening trenches and piling up musket-proof breastworks, which as Col. Montgomery says: "We may leave the next hour or possibly not for a week." The boys make a joke of their digging by saying there is silver in Georgia

and they are mining for it. And then it is taken as a good sign that we are soon to leave entrenchments which it takes a day and a night to build.

I sent you a letter day before yesterday giving an account of our late movements, so I am keeping you well posted.

George Ide, of Mondovi, died yesterday. He had been sick but two days. Poor fellow, what will his parents think? Chet Ide, his uncle, felt very bad. He had been with the company but a short time but the boys will miss him because he was such good company.

A good many of the boys are breaking down for want of sleep. The doctors are sending them back by the hundred to rest and recruit.

Am feeling all right. Hope to get a letter tonight from home.

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

IN THE PINE WOODS, GEORGIA,
16th ARMY CORPS,
June 6th, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS: I am off duty and have had six hours of refreshing nap. Henry Morse has just been to see me and asked me to say nothing that will get to his folks about his health. He is bad off with bowel trouble, but he doesn't want his people to know of it. They have cut our rations in half and every fellow is hungry. Every few days our cavalry raiders capture a lot of smoked meat and corn pones, and lots of the boys overeat because it's good, and they are down sick. Henry is one of them. The trouble is, we can't eat here like we can in Wisconsin. If we eat a good fill we are off our feed for a day or two. When our rations are short the boys go to the Quartermaster's and, if they have a dinne, fill up on pie and cake, and it's regular poison to them. I dreamed last night about the cheese which you wrote about in the letter I got three days ago. Sure, I would like a taste of it, but, mother, I wish you would stop making cheese with all your other work, it's too much. Mother, I don't remember that I helped you very much in such work, but it seems to me if

I was home again I could help you in so many ways that I never thought of before, and I will be home again some day. I am sure we soldiers will have good times again to pay for this. This war will not last always. Gen. Grant is flaxing them in Virginia, and I saw the other day in an Atlanta paper that Gen. Sherman could "outflank Hell," so there is a show that we will outflank Hood and get into Atlanta before long. Let not the people of the North find fault and wonder why we don't press on faster. Great Heavens, think what we have to do. I used to wonder why the Potomac army did not move faster. Then I knew nothing of marching in armies of one or two hundred thousand men. Let people stop and think about these things, then they will be more patient. Let me tell you something about it. Sherman has five army corps of from 15 to 25 thousand men in each corps. Each corps is following in the same direction on parallel roads from 3 to 5 miles apart. Each corps means a string of men, four abreast, of from eight to ten miles long. There is an army of rebels posted on every one of these roads with cannon at every crossroad, cavalry dashing in upon our flanks and sharpshooters picking our men off at every opening where the pine forest comes within a half or quarter of a mile of the road. You can see the time we are having. If one of the corps is stopped by trees fallen across the road so the cannon or the cavalry cannot pass, couriers are sent to stop all the other corps until the way is cleared. All the bridges are burned by the retreating rebels and have to be rebuilt, which causes a delay. Sometimes we use pontoons, boats made of canvas anchored in the rivers with planks stretched from one to the other. Where the roads are obstructed they fall timber on both sides for miles and sharpen the limbs so we can't get thru. A dozen times every day we come to a halt, for what we don't know. It's a safe guess that it's a broken wagon axle, a crippled cannon or a played-out cassion truck. No questions are asked. We are only too glad to fall down on our faces and snatch a few minutes sleep. There are more delays from ammunition and "sow belly" wagons breaking down than from any other one cause. Then the guerrillas are forever attacking our rear guard, and sometimes bodies of men and batteries have to be sent back to help them out. All this means a delay.

Sister Dora wrote that father expected to buy a couple of cows of Mr. Harvey. I think it a good deal as I shall want a lot of milk, butter and cheese when I come home, if I do, this winter. Every body thinks the rebellion on its last legs, and that means the end of it when we get into its strongest and last defense, Atlanta.

An orderly has just ridden up to the Brigade Headquarters and, as it may mean something serious, will close for this time. Please send stamps in your next. Your son,

CHAUNCEY

25th Wis. Vol. Inft., 16th Army Corps,
4th Division, June 11th to 14th.

DEAR MOTHER: I am no baby but your letters bring tears to my eyes sometimes. You tell me of so many things about home and what you are doing, what Elder Morse and the neighbors at Gilmanton are saying, and about the cows, the pigs and the chickens that I can see them almost as well as though I was there. It is the same old story here. All of the past four days have found us on the line of battle with skirmishers close in front popping away at each other night and day, never stopping for the awful rain that has been falling day and night for two weeks. For days, especially, it has been a steady down-pour of cold rain. We have no tents that will turn anything but dew, and everything that we have, but our powder, is soaking wet. We are in a great flat fiild and all about us is flooded with water. We have to lay on raes and brush and logs to keep off the wet ground. The rebels arle posted on a hill or mountain four miles in front of us. Their signal flags, with which they talk from one army headquarters to another, are plainly seen by us thru the day though we don't read their signals. By night on the distant mountain-tops they build fires by which they talk to each other.

Our corps, that is the 16th corps, is about the center of the advancing column, which means a strip of country about 30 miles wide. We are on a railroad running direct to Marietta some 8 miles out. Gen. Hooker is on the right flank and Thomas on the left, and both are closing in toward the center. Kenesaw Mountain fortified with a hundred cannon and looming down

upon us stands between us and Marietta. We are so close to Kenesaw on our front that they cannot depress their cannon so as to drop their shells into our ranks. They are trying it with all their might. I am sure there are thousands of boys like myself, half asleep and half awake, who are taking their chance of being blown to pieces. The fellows who are well are passing the time away playing cards in the ditches behind trenches. Now and then a bursting shell spoils the game, mixes the count, and starts a row. By and by peace is declared and the game goes on.

It's a strange life we are leading. While it rains most of the time, there comes a day of sunshine so fearfully hot we keep moving our blankets to keep 'n the shade of the trees. With the naked eye we are so close to the rebel lines on the top of the mountain that we can see them moving about. We are too far to use our muskets and they are too high to use their cannon on us. Once in a while a shell drops amongst us and then every fellow playing cards or taking a nap gets a move on himself. We don't mind the musket shots ripping thru the tree tops and killing a man now and then, but those shells, when they strike, dig a hole big enough for a cellar and they make the dirt fly. When they fly over your head they make a scream that is terrible to hear.

There was a bunch of us called for a drink the other day at a house where an old lady met us. She looked cross enough when some of the boys sat in her easy chairs. She said we would get a good licking if we ever met the rebel Gen. Johnston. One of the boys asked her why he did not whale us at Dalton, or Tunnel Hill or Resaca. "He would," she said, "if Gen. Sherman and another regiment hadn't outflanked him." There is a fearful roar of cannon on our left at this minute. It must come from our side. I don't understand it because we are at the extreme left of the line of fortifications on Kenesaw. Thank heaven the rebels are not in it with us when it comes to cannon. We have the big guns and can hammer down their lines of defense, and we need them because it's one line of defense after another.

But enough for this time. No letter for some days. Dan Hadley is calling for coffee, but I don't care for any. Have been a bit off my feed for some days. The war will be over some day. Goodbye.

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

CAMP NEAR ACWORTH, GA.
16th ARMY CORPS. June 19th, 1864.

DEAR FATHER: I am writing some of you nearly every day. I don't exactly know why either. One thing that set me to thinking of home was when Henry Morse came and bid me goodbye. He had been ordered to report to the field hospital. Henry was feeling bad and he looked bad. Say as little about it as you can to his folks. Henry was never tough, he had no endurance. I was sorry to see him go because I don't believe I shall ever see him again.[2]

I have something else to tell you. Yesterday was a mighty eventful day to our brigade. In the morning orders came for three companies of each regiment to get in position and be prepared to charge the rebel lines on the farther side of the plantation bounded on that side as on ours by a heavy forest. In a short time fifteen companies of our brigade were in line, and under cover of a bit of rising ground we advanced to within sixty rods of the rebel earthworks and took a parallel position to them along a washout or gully with a big peach orchard between us and the rebel lines. Here we waited for nearly an hour while sharpshooters in the treetops beyond the peach orchard kept picking off our men. Our orders were to save our ammunition and not to fire a shot. Then came the command to fix bayonets and charge the rebel lines. Then we climbed out of our ditch and made a wild rush for the rebel lines. The air was alive with whizzing bullets and the wild shooting of the enemy tore up the sand and filled our eyes with dirt. We reached the rebel lines without firing a shot, and strange enough we lost but a few men killed and wounded on our side. The retreat of the rebels was complete.

[2] Henry never returned to the regiment. He died in a field hospital and was buried in a plain board box under the solemn pine trees in whose branches every south wind chants a sad requiem above his grave.

Soon after our occupation of the rebel lines, some darkies who had deserted the rebel army came to us and told us how the rebel General Polk had been killed in a log house near our lines. They pointed out the holes made by the twelve-pound shot of our cannon and showed us the blood stains on the logs of the hut.

We can see Kenesaw Mountain in the distance and the rumor is that the rebel army will make a big fight at that point. There is a railroad passing near us that runs into Marietta just beyond Kenesaw Mountain and for some reason Gen. Sherman keeps an engine armored with steel plates running back and forth as near the mountain as he dare. I wouldn't like to be the engineer.

As I write I can hear cannons eight or ten miles on our right and the boys say it's "Leather Breeches." They know him by the rattle of his cannon. We had not been an hour in our new camp before we were under marching orders for Kenesaw Mountain. * * *

Will write again soon.

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

HD. QUARTERS, 25th WIS. VOL. CAMP,
NEAR KENESAW MOUNTAIN, GA.
June 24th, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS: Had just nicely finished my notes for yesterday in my diary when we were ordered to fall in for picket duty on the skirmish line. There was no hesitation on the part of any of the boys. They knew well enough what it meant. It was just as if the southern army was invading Buffalo county, not a man of them knowing a foot of the country, yet they were expected by their officers to hold their own against the native inhabitants, who knew every road and bypath and hill and valley. The rebels had their lines already made. Under cover of the night our lines were pushed close to theirs. We made a bargain with them that we would not fire on them if they would not fire on us, and they were as good as their word. It seems too bad that we have to fight men that we like. Now these southern soldiers seem just like our own boys, only they are on the other side.

They talk about their people at home, their mothers and fathers and their sweethearts just as we do among ourselves. Both sides did a lot of talking back and forth, but there was no shooting until I came off duty in the morning. The next relief that went on kept up a constant fire all day long. It rained so hard all the forenoon the boys were in the water over their shoe tops in the trenches. This is just about the 99th time it has rained since this campaign commenced, and it's no drizzle drozzle like we have in Wisconsin, but a regular downpour.

June 25th. When the pickets came off the line this morning they had quite a pretty story to tell of how they chummed it with some Louisiana rebs. A company of our Indiana boys met a company of Louisiana rebels half way between the two lines. They stacked arms, shook hands, exchanged papers, swapped tobacco, told each other a lot of things about their feelings and how they wished the war would end so they might go back to their homes and be good friends again, shook hands once more with tears in their eyes as they bid each other goodbye forever, and after calling to each other to be sure that both sides were ready, commenced a furious fire on each other.

Again the report of Gen. Polk's death is confirmed. He was cut in two by a cannon shot not 50 rods from where we charged the rebel lines at Big Shanty. The death of Gen. Polk means that the rebel army is now in command of Gen. Hardee. This means more fighting. Hardee is a hot head and will force the fighting.

The valley between us and Kenesaw Mountain is full of smoke from cannon that have been vomiting their awful fire all day long. We are so close under the mountain they do us very little damage. Our batteries, just in our rear, have been paying them back with interest.

An order has just come that some twenty of our company are to go on picket duty tonight, and I am in that list. I had just put aside my note book when the captain called to me and said I would be excused. I hate to own it but I am very close to the sick list. I am not scared a bit, I am sure I shall be all right soon. * * *

Your boy,

CHAUNCEY

Head Quarters, 2nd Brigade,
16th Army Corps, Near Kenesaw Mountain,
Georgia, July 4th, 1864.

Dear Folks at Home: Many things have happened in this war cursed land since my last letter to you. Only the next day after my last letter of June 28th the rebel army under Gen. Hardee made a fierce attack on our lines on the right. It was unexpected by us. The day had been fearfully hot when just before sunset, when the big guns had stopped their terrible booming, all at once there came up from the right wing a spiteful burst of musketry. It started not a mile from our front and kept getting heavier as it sounded farther away. We had just finished supper, and many of the boys had commenced their card games. Then the boys began to yell, "That's Hardee, the fighting rebel general." The card games stopped and every man was listening. The musketry grew louder until it was one continuous roar. While we were wondering and listening, suddenly couriers from division and corps headquarters mounted on foaming horses came galloping by, carrying orders to brigade and regimental commanders. Then from the left to the right came the rush of cavalry regiments pell mell, many of the boys without their hats or caps, trying to keep up. Then came the word that the fighting Gen. Hardee, with a picked army was assaulting our lines on the right. While we were rapidly forming in rank, leaving everything but our guns and ammunition, battery after battery came pounding by, the drivers on the lead near horse of every pair whipping with all his might. For nearly an hour we waited and listened to the swelling and receding roar of musketry. There was little or no report of cannon. Both sides were afraid that they might kill their own men. In the course of an hour, as twilight came on, the roar of musketry grew gradually less and finally ceased. The next morning we learned that the rebel general Hardee had been fairly whipped and beside losing nearly two thousand men in killed and wounded, our side captured nearly a thousand prisoners.

We are under marching orders to start at any minute. Like myself many boys around me are writing perhaps the last message to father or mother or sweetheart. It's a fearful strain

to live such a life and yet the fear of bullets don't bother me half as much as the fear of disease. But strange to think, soldiers never think of dying of disease. Just the same not ten minutes passes during our long encampments, but we hear the muffled funeral drum and the blank musket discharges, above some soldier's grave, who died a victim of southern fever. I must close. Hardee has been thrashed and the orders are that we are to move to the right. The big black cannon on Kenesaw in front of us are strangely silent. It looks as if the rebel army had retreated. Gen. Sherman has outflanked them again. Good bye,

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

HEAD QUARTERS, 2ND BRIGADE.
IN TEN MILES OF ATLANTA, 25th REGT., WISCONSIN VOL.
July 8th, 1864.

DEAR FATHER: I have just finished a breakfast of sowbelly, hard-tack and black coffee, yes, and blackberries, all the time waiting and expecting to hear the bugle call to fall in and march to the support of our boys on the extreme right, where the incessant boom of cannon tells us there is a fight on to the death.

We have been hearing for days that the rebs are concentrating their forces at Nickajack, a creek on our extreme right, where they are planning to make a big fight against Sherman's forces.

I don't know what to say about the way we passed the 4th of July in Georgia. I put in a part of the time reading your old letters, and dreaming in a way of home. Rumors a plenty for two or three days had been talked that Sherman had outflanked Hardee and would soon move the entire army upon Atlanta 20 miles to the south.

On the evening of the 2nd of July there came an order to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice. We packed up all our belongings, tents and all else, and sat around or lay upon the ground expecting every moment to be ordered into ranks. For the rest of the night we lay upon our faces and slept. Many times the rattling of the sabers of passing cavalry or the rumbling of artillery with their heavy guns would awaken me. We knew from

this that there was a general movement of Sherman's army to the right. Early on the morning of the 3rd of July we became aware from the unusual silence of the rebel guns on Kenesaw, that something new was in the wind. Very soon word was passed along the line that the rebel army had fallen back and was retreating toward Atlanta. Our Gen. Logan with his 15th Corps, who had been on the alert for just this move, made a sudden dash upon the rebels' retreating lines and captured 3,000 prisoners.

On the evening of the third our Brigade, after advancing some miles on the right in the direction of heavy cannonading, went into camp for the night not far in the rear of the battle line, the smoke filling the valley like a fog.

On the morning of the 4th of July, after drawing our allotment of rations of hard-tack, sowbelly and coffee our regiment marched out to the front to the support of a battery of four pieces that were tossing shell into the woods just in front of us. Very soon the order came to erect temporary breastworks of rails and logs along the edge of the woods, where we stood to shield us from the bullets that kept us dodging behind trees. Here we were ordered to lie down, if need be, to keep out of the way of the bullets aimed at the boys on the front line some 40 rods in our front. It was terrible to be sitting and lying down out of the way of the bullets with no chance to shoot back, and we knew that the boys in front of us were being mowed down like grass. We could see the wounded being carried back on stretchers and we knew that the dead were left where they fell. While the roar of musketry went on in our front we lay flat on our bellies while we munched our hard-tack and ate our raw pork, and expecting every minute an order to advance. Suddenly the firing almost ceased, then it burst out again with terrific fury. Then followed a lull in the firing and a moment after there came a mighty shout and we knew the rebels were whipped. I don't know if we had any orders to advance, but the boys all jumped to their feet and rushed over to the firing line. It was something to see the dead and wounded. Many of the boys were crying like children, running back and forth without hats or guns and cursing the rebels for killing their comrades. The whole

army seemed to be turned into a mob. I never saw such a mixup. If the rebels had known it they could have slaughtered us like sheep. No time to say more. Love to all

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

CAMP NEAR ROSSVILLE, GA.,
HEAD QUARTERS, 25th REGIMENT, WISCONSIN VOL.,
July 13th 1864.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME: I enclose a lot of leaves torn from my water soaked diary, written morning, noon and night, just as I happened to have time. The pencil marks spread out so much on the damp paper you can't make it all out.

July 9th—After the rebel army retreated last night, and we got into their trenches, we found that they had suffered a bigger loss than our side. Blood stains along the breastworks, the barked trees and plowed earthworks showed the work of the grape and cannister of our batteries, and the knapsacks and guns that were picked up told the story of their loss. They did not have time to carry away all their dead. I stood guard last night for two hours under the shadow of a big tree within 20 feet of a fine looking fellow. He lay stretched out on his back, both arms extending straight out from his body. He was killed by a bayonet or minnie ball thrust thru his heart. His comrades had torn his vest and shirt front open to hunt for the fatal wound. The bars on his sleeve showed that he was a sergeant. His face with the moon shining on it had a ghastly look. A Missouri boy, who stood next to me, took the flap of his coat, after pulling it out from under him, and covered his face.

The Colonel has just called the captains to his tent and of course it means a move. An orderly from brigade or division commander has just handed a bit of paper to the Colonel.

July 10th—12 o'clock noon. We have marched 7 miles this forenoon toward the left wing. Fearful hot and in a cloud of dust that near strangles one. Just as I am writing, far as I can see up and down the road, thousands of men are lying flat on their faces in fence corners under the shade of trees, around buildings and in orchards; some sleeping, all resting or trying to rest. The road is cleared for passing batteries or cavalry.

Just as the bugle blew for the noon halt I went to a near plantation for water or milk. There were a lot of women and children, but no men, save one very old man. The women all seemed to have babies. I suppose their men were in the rebel army. The manners of the boys were a little rough and some of the women looked scared. They threw themselves down on the big broad porch and talked as if they meant to camp for the night. When some of the fellows came to the door as if to go in, a youngish black-eyed girl took a stand square in the door way. Her black eyes looked so hard that Ed. Coleman said he dodged every time she looked at him. One of the boys asked about the road to Marietta. She said it was 9 miles. She had "hearn tell 'twas a good road but she had never been there," though she was born in that neighborhood. Just to be saying something the boys asked a lot of questions about the rebel army. She said we would find out all about it 'fore we got across the Chatahooche river.

July 11th—Yesterday afternoon our march to Marietta was a fearful hot one. Many of the boys were sun struck and were picked up by the ambulances. Soon as we got in town all made a rush that could, to the bakeries, and bought everything in sight. This morning a lot of the fellows have got the Kentucky quickstep to pay for it. Marietta has been a nice town, but is all torn to pieces by the rebel army quartered here during the siege of Kenesaw Mountain, only three miles away. Nobody in sight but women and children and they keep in hiding most of the time. The boys are packing for another hot day's march. Love to all.

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

FIELD HOSPITAL 16TH CORPS,
MARIETTA, GA.
Aug. 4th, 1864.

DEAR FATHER: Your awful good wise letter at hand, and one from Dora received today. I am writing this to you and Dora both. I am so glad things are all right in my dear old Wisconsin home. Oh, if you could but see the world as it is going on about us here, how thankful you would be.

This pretty little village and all the country round about has been overrun by both the Rebel and the Union armies. Only the old men and children and the women are left of the people who live here. All the public buildings have been turned into hospitals for our sick amd wounded and some of the fields nearby are covered with tents which are fast filling up.

I am glad you are done with your harvest. Talk about soldiers being heroes. If all mothers of soldiers have done as much work in the harvest field as you say mother has done then the mothers are deserving of more praise than the sons. I wish she would not work so hard. She worries so much about me and never thinks of herself. If mother wants to save me from shedding tears she must save herself more.

I am glad you saved the puppy from poison of the rattle snake. It is a wonder as you say that little Eva has not been bitten. You can't be too careful. Yes tell Dora I would like well enough if I could be there to help eat sweet corn and speckled trout, and seems I can almost taste them away down here. It is pretty tough, but if our patience holds out we shall see better days when this campaign ends. If we can take Atlanta, which is 20 miles from here, now the strongest fortified city in the south, we can march to the sea, and then goodbye to the rebellion.

Shall I tell you what is going on at the front, and in hearing distance of six or seven thousand poor devils like myself mostly on their backs, and listening to the boom upon boom of cannon and wondering if it may mean victory or a defeat for Sherman?

Last night I heard such news that I could not sleep, and with the flap of my tent thrown back so my three companions who lay near me could see we watched the flashes of light from our besieging cannon around Atlanta that lit up the darkened sky until after midnight before we went to sleep.

The news that came to me last night made me shed bitter tears. My chum and my next roll companion, and always my next beat comrade, both on picket and guard duty, was killed in the fight at Decatur. He was shot and killed instantly by a volley of rebel shots from the far side of the street during the surprise and retreat of our forces, near where McPherson our best general was killed.

John was one of the best and bravest boys that ever lived. I thought that I had inherited your courage, father, all that any man should have, not to be foolhardy, but John Christian went beyond me. I wrote to you of his daring at Kenesaw Mountain. Poor fellow he did not need to die there, he might have retreated, but he would not and a minnie ball went rushing thru his brain.

The fighting around Atlanta, if we can believe unofficial reports, is of the fiercest kind. And it seems my regiment is in the midst of it rough and tumble. Today we are getting reports of heavy losses. Our Colonel was badly wounded and Lieutenant Colonel taken prisoner. We hear that Colonel Rusk killed two of his captors before surrendering. Several other officers of the 25th were killed and made prisoners, so the report is, but there is nothing as yet official. It seems our brigade repulsed every rebel charge. Our batteries were taken and again retaken. The rebel soldiers it seems were crazed with gunpowder and whiskey given them to make them brave. They drew their caps down over their eyes and rushed upon our batteries to be mowed down with grape and cannister. The rebels were simply crazed. The rebel General Hardee was wounded and taken prisoner and died in our hospital.

Our splendid Gen. McPherson was killed by a scouting party of rebels, his body taken, and later taken by our boys. I hope what is left of our corps after this fight may be sent back to the Mississippi River, and join the main body, as only two divisions of our corps are here, and they are getting whittled down to brigades. * * *

Word has just come that our boys are being driven back from their lines round Atlanta. Nobody believes it.

No more this time. Kiss my dear mother for her boy.

CHAUNCEY

MARIETTA, GEORGIA, 4th DIV. HOS.
August 20th, 1864.

DEAR ONES AT HOME: I have been waiting all this time for something to write about—that is something new to write about. I could tell you of the red sky over Atlanta every night which we boys look at until we fall asleep. It is the light from burning buildings, set on fire by our cannon.

And the rainbow streams of fire that follow the shells from forty or fifty big mortars—night after night, it's the same thing. They say that most of the city is burned and the people are living in holes in the ground.

We hear every day that the city is about to surrender. The city is still publishing its newspapers and making brags about how they are going to trap the Yankees. We don't know how they do it but we find papers from Atlanta laying around every morning.

I went out on the picket line yesterday to get some berries of the freed-men who come as far as the guards and sell their garden stuffs to the Union soldiers. They are stopped from coming within the lines. The negroes are grinning and happy, but the whites who are all women are a sorry looking lot. They have lost all they had and they never had any slaves.

In their heart they hate the Yankee soldiers and they don't know why either. The most they can say when you ask them why their men are fighting the north is that Lincoln wants them to marry the niggers when they are set free.

Most of the whites are just as ignorant as the slaves. You shut your eyes and you cannot tell by their talk which are the blacks.

I have not seen a schoolhouse outside the towns in all the South. The women we have seen in the towns seem to know more. The good widow who has been giving the Iowa boy and myself dinners twice a week is a wise woman and a good one. Of course her heart is with the South but she is so good to us I never think of her being a rebel. My Iowa chum, Geo. Benning, won't go with me any more for dinner, because he says he is so sorry for the woman when she cries as she does when she speaks of her daughter going away with the rebel Lieutenant.

I am writing this by lamp light. Most of my chums are asleep and snoring. The sky is very red over Atlanta 20 miles away, with burning buildings and the big mortars, when a lot of them go off together, make the ground tremble.

Give my regards to Uncle Ed. Cartwright, and love to all at home.

Your boy,
CHAUNCEY

Marietta, Georgia, 4th Div. Hos.
September 10th, 1864.

Dear Sister: Your thrice welcome letter, so long looked for came last night, and the promised $2 came in it. I was really needing the money for little wants. When you offer these Georgians their money they smile sadly and shake their head. Now that Atlanta has fallen into our hands they feel that the South will be whipped and their money will be worthless.

Your letter had a lot of good news and I went over to read it to my foster mother, that is the woman who has given me so many good meals. She sat in a big arm chair on the broad porch knitting some stockings. I sat down on the steps. When I looked up after reading the letter she was crying. She said, "You must have a good sister and how good it is that you boys from the North can get letters from home while our poor boys cannot write letters to their people at home nor receive any." She said, "I have not heard a word from my daughter who went to Atlanta with her sweetheart, nor from my husband for two months. I don't know if they are living or dead." I suppose there are a thousand women in this town who feel just as she does. There seem to be three or more in nearly every house.

I wrote father last week about the surrender of Atlanta. Since then we have had further particulars. The night before, our shells blew up two of their magazines and set fire to the big depot and burned a lot of their cars. For several days before the surrender and even now we can see clouds of smoke hanging over the city. Nearly the entire place is a burning ruin.

It is just two years today since our regiment was mustered into the service. One more year will let us out and less if the talk we hear of the Confederacy having its back broken proves true.

Day after tomorrow will be two months I am in this darned hospital. Expect to go to my regiment in a few days. A lot of the time here I have had the blues and still I am among the lucky ones to get away at all. On the hill the other side the railroad hundreds of poor fellows lie under little mounds newly made. They will never answer to bugle call any more and to them all troubles in this world are over.

Don't send any more money as we are soon to draw pay and I shall have a sum to send home. Everybody that can is is going to Atlanta to see the ruins.

The natives are in hopes of finding out something about their men who were in the rebel army. Some of the women are nearly crazy. Everybody rides in box cars or cattle cars. When the cars are full they climb on top.

My stomach is off today on account of eating some sour milk. I got it last night of a colored aunty on the picket line. This morning it was sour. I scalded it but it upset me.

A colored woman just came to the tent with my clothes she has been washing. She had a two-bushel basket full of clothes and carried it on her head. She was a yellow woman and the mother of six children. The three oldest, two girls and one boy, had been sold to a cotton planter in Alabama.

One of the boys asked her if she cared and she replied, "Shua honey I loves my chilen just likes you mammy loves you." I am sure the poor woman's heart was full, for her eyes filled with tears. I thank God along with father and Elder Morse that Lincoln has made them free. She said her children was nearly as white as we, and that three of them had a white father. To think that these slave-holders buy and sell each other's bastard children is horrible. She took us by the hand and bid each of us goodbye and asked God to bless us and our mothers. I see and hear things every day that make me think of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Word has come that we are to be ready to go to Atlanta tomorrow or next day. The boys are making a great hurrah about it.

Direct to 25th regiment Wis. Vol. Atlanta Ga. Goodbye dear sister. And as the wretched slave mother said to me, I say to you, God bless you and all the rest.

Your brother,
CHAUNCEY

HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION OF 1860

The results of the work of the Chicago Convention of 1860 were undoubtedly more momentous than those of any other presidential nominating convention in our history. This fact affords justification, if any be needed, for printing the two fragments which follow. Charles C. Sholes, author of the first, was a prominent pioneer editor and business man of Wisconsin. His letter, taken from the manuscripts in the State Historical Library, is chiefly interesting for the revelation it affords of the utter lack of realization, by this exceedingly keen-minded and well-informed participant, of the disunion and civil war which were to follow in the train of the presidential election of 1860. So little, apparently, did the impending event cast its shadow before!

It is said that but one member of the Chicago convention of 1860 is still alive. Among the eyewitnesses of the gathering, however, was Amherst W. Kellogg, now a citizen of Madison, who has been a resident of Wisconsin since 1836. His story of the event as retained in his memory, supplements interestingly the contemporary narrative from the inside, written by C. C. Sholes to his friend, Senator Doolittle.

KENOSHA, May 21, 1860.

HON. J. R. DOOLITTLE

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 10th I found on my table, after my return from the National Convention at Chicago.

The suggestions you make *had* occurred to my own mind: and although I felt compelled in Convention, as the representative of the sentiment of the people of this Congressional district and the State, to vote uniformly with my colleagues for *W. H. Seward*, I confess I had serious misgivings as to the *entire safety* of making this nomination. These *misgivings*, as the result shows, were somewhat general: I *feel* that "wise counsels" *did* prevail; and that the *man* or *men* selected as our standard-bearers in the great contest now opening, are *more sure* to lead us on to triumph, than

any others the Convention could have nominated—"Old Abe" will secure us Illinois and Indiana beyond a peradventure, whether Douglass is in the field or not—of this, our friends in these two States give us the most *positive* and animating assurances—And the course of the Pennsylvania delegation in adopting Lincoln, as they did almost unanimously after the first ballot, gives indication of what may be expected of that great State—so confident and enthusiastic, indeed, were the gentlemen composing this delegation, that after the nomination, they appeared in the Convention, bearing aloft, on banners, a pledge of 20,000 majority for the favorite son of Illinois. Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania are *sure*—they are *doubtful* states no longer—But while doubtful States are rendered sure, it may be asked are there none of the heretofore sure Republican States rendered doubtful. I can fix my eye on but one State where a shadow or cloud is likely to appear. The battle ground, instead of being the Key Stone State, *may be* the Empire State. And it occurs to me that the Democracy, now that the hopes of Douglass are extinguished in the North-west, will be forced to pass him by at Baltimore, and take up Seymour, with a view of securing New York. This is all, it seems to me, that is left for them to do—and (though I am glad to think it a *forlorn* hope) I look for this to be the controlling policy or idea of the Democratic Convention in June. If Douglass, when overslaughed at Baltimore, determines to be in the field any way, as I trust he will, why all the better. This will be more than an offset for all the defection that can be occasioned to our disadvantage by the nomination of Bell, Houston, or any body else north or south with a view of catching conservative or *American* votes; and will render our success doubly certain. All the aspects are *now* in our favor: and I can conceive of no plan by which our opponents, however wily, can beat us before the people, or succeed in throwing the election into the House of Representatives.

The Convention at Chicago was the most *magnificent* assemblage of men ever before convened on this continent. Called together by a common sentiment and object, from every quarter of the Union, *all* animated by motives of patriotism and humanity, the highest, holiest, and noblest that can excite and influence

the human mind, what other than *magnificent* results may be expected to flow from their deliberations and action. And when their work was done—their principles proclaimed and their standard-bearers acclaimed,—why should not thirty thousand "hearts and voices" rush as it were into *one*, and with a feeling and enthusiasm knowing no bounds, pour forth a shout of ratification, rising above even the thunders of heaven?—a shout which will be taken up and echoed and re-echoed throughout the free north, inspiriting and strengthening the great Republican army, and leading these to a certain and glorious triumph in the Presidential contest! As a manifestation of the strength and unity of popular sentiment in regard to the pro-slavery policy of the present Administration, its corruptions, and the outrages upon all righteous principles which have characterized it, this Convention was most remarkable. And, unless all signs go for nought, we are on the eve of a popular uprising and commotion which will gather strength with every succeeding day and week till November, when with an almost whirlwind force, the abusers of trust in the high places of the land, will be hurled into depths, which the hand of resurrection can never sound. I see distinctly *now* a Providence in the election of James Buchanan. It was permitted, that the cup of iniquity not then quite full, might be filled to overflowing; and that the people not then quite roused to a full sense of their wrongs and their danger, might with further and more complete manifestations of wickedness, and the nefarious designs of the Slave Oligarchy, be *driven* into a revolution more searching, and thorough and radical, with more enduring and beneficial results. This is my philosophy. And before the close of the administration of Abraham Lincoln, we may expect to see a movement for a satisfactory solution and settlement of the great problem—how Slavery is peacefully and satisfactorily to be disposed of. My view on this point accords with yours. *Your* plan is the only practicable one; and I am satisfied, when the present crisis is happily passed by the election and inauguration of a Republican president and administration, that the public mind will settle upon this plan and demand its adoption. It will be the *grand issue* before the lapse of two years. Our next

President (after Lincoln) will be elected on a colonization platform; and who our standard-bearer will be to lead us to victory on this great issue, it does not need a prophetic ken to determine. That Heaven may bless and preserve and strengthen him who it now seems to me, is its chosen instrument for this glorious work, in its prosecution and consummation, is the fervent desire of

Yours, very respectfully
and truly
C. C. Sholes

It will gratify me much to have an occasional word from you.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OF MAY, 1860

In the spring of 1860 I was secretary of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee. The president of the company was S. S. Daggett, a man seventy years of age and of great personal dignity and much ability. Both Mr. Daggett and myself, like most Westerners of New England origin, belonged to the Republican party and watched the growing forces of Republicanism with eager interest. Four years before, I had voted for John C. Frémont; since his defeat the Republican party had grown rapidly. Now with a divided Democracy there seemed hope that a Republican candidate might be elected. We therefore took great interest in the choice of the candidate for the party. Mr. Daggett and I favored the nomination of William H. Seward, but we were ready to support anyone whom the convention might nominate.

The convention met in Chicago in the middle of May. No building was large enough to hold the crowds that flocked there, so a temporary board structure was built, named the Wigwam, capable of accommodating some ten thousand people; more than half of them, however, had only standing room. Mr. Daggett proposed to me that we should visit the convention, but when we arrived on the morning of the second day we could obtain only standing room tickets. I have no clear recollection of the occurrences of the morning of our arrival; in the afternoon of the

second day, as I remember, there was a large mass meeting in front of the Wigwam which was addressed by William H. Seward. Mr. Daggett and I attended this meeting, and from the enthusiasm aroused by Seward we expected as well as hoped that he would secure the nomination.

On the morning of the third day we hurried to the convention and were present when the balloting began. The Wigwam was packed to its utmost capacity, so that there was hardly room to hold the tally sheets that each one wanted to keep for himself as the ballots were announced. As the roll of the states was called, the chairman of each delegation presented the name of that state's candidate, which was hailed with cheers and shouts until a great tide of emotion was aroused. When Illinois presented the name of Abraham Lincoln I was much surprised at the demonstration that occurred; however, when Seward was nominated by New York he seemed to awaken even greater enthusiasm. Salmon P. Chase was Ohio's favorite son; Edward Bates was Missouri's choice; Pennsylvania presented Simon Cameron. On the first ballot Seward had more votes then any of the others, but not enough for a nomination. Before the second ballot was taken Simon Cameron withdrew his name and his votes went to Lincoln, who then almost equaled Seward's vote. With the third ballot the excitement grew intense; state after state turned over to Lincoln, and he seemed likely to succeed; but we who had been keeping tab found as the last vote was cast that he was two votes short of the number necessary to nominate. Then just before the figures of the ballot were to be announced Cartter of the Ohio delegation got the floor and shouted, "Ohio changes four votes from Salmon P. Chase to Abraham Lincoln." With that such a wave of emotion swept over the vast audience as I have never seen in all my experience; women threw up their parasols and men their hats. Though we were packed in so that we could scarcely move, my companion, Mr. Daggett, danced up and down like a boy. One man standing beside us down whose face the tears were pouring in streams cried out, "I can't help it! I can't help it! I've been working for him a week and I didn't really hope for it." Another old man near us began to shout at

the top of his voice, "Glory, Glory Hallelujah! Now Lord, lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen the redemption of *Egypt*" (as southern Illinois was then called).

Meanwhile the chairman of the New York delegation secured the eye of the chairman of the convention, George Ashmun of Massachusetts, and moved that the vote for Abraham Lincoln be made unanimous. With that the enthusiasm broke out afresh and continued until the audience was fairly exhausted.

Mr. Daggett and I returned to Milwaukee enthusiastic for the election of Lincoln. As the months went on we were more and more convinced that the Chicago convention had been guided to the right choice at that crisis in our country's history.

AMHERST W. KELLOGG

INCREASE ALLEN LAPHAM, FATHER OF FOREST CONSERVATION

The father of forest conservation in Wisconsin was the state's first, and in many respects, still, foremost, scholar, Increase Allen Lapham. This quiet, modest man, the impress of whose genius was indelibly stamped upon the developing institutions of the new territory and state, was wholly self-made and largely self-educated. Born in New York in 1811, the son of a civil engineer employed in canal work, he became, almost in boyhood, an engineer, and this profession he followed through life. His avocation, likewise from boyhood, was the pursuit of knowledge, particularly along the line of the natural sciences.

The remarkable thing about Increase Lapham was his versatility of mind coupled with his ability to perceive, well in advance of his age, the scientific and social desires and demands of the future. Thus we find him, still a mere youth, almost a century ago pointing to the need for a cyclopædia of American agriculture and proposing a well-thought-out scheme for bringing one into existence. The thing was not accomplished, of course, because Lapham was half a century or so in advance of his time, and his project evoked, therefore, no response on the part of the public he labored to benefit. Again, Lapham's appreciation of the scientific and cultural value to society of the

Indian mounds of Wisconsin, coupled with his perception of the fact that with the settlement of the state they would rapidly be destroyed, led him seventy years ago to make without any compensation (although a poor man) a comprehensive survey of the Indian remains of the state. Published by the Smithsonian Institution, this survey will forever stand a monument to his zeal and scholarship. How far in advance of his age was Lapham's interest in this matter may be most easily indicated, perhaps, by calling attention to the fact that the state's most notable Indian earthworks, the famous Aztalan mounds, were permitted to pass under private ownership and cultivation for want of a paltry fifteen or twenty dollars to save them; while today, after three generations, the public is belatedly attempting to secure possession of what remains intact of these mounds after seventy-five years of cultivation as farm land.

We need not be surprised, therefore, that Increase Lapham, modest citizen of Milwaukee, began to agitate for the preservation of our forest wealth far in advance of anyone else, and at a time when Wisconsin's splendid forests, the beneficent gift of a thousand years of striving on the part of nature, still stood intact. But his voice went unheeded and Wisconsin spent her forest wealth like a prodigal son his portion. What should have sufficed to accommodate amply the needs of untold generations was slaughtered in the short space of two. Now, with our white pine and other splendid timber but a memory, our logging industry already become a thing of romance and tradition, with the cost of building a national menace, and the scarcity of fuel threatening at times to involve a national disaster, we are beginning to give heed to the considerations so forcibly advanced by Lapham three-quarters of a century ago.

Lapham's first effort to interest the public in forest conservation took the form of a contribution to the *Transactions of the State Agricultural Society* in 1855 of a treatise on the forest trees of Wisconsin. It consisted of a nine-page argument setting forth the desirability of conserving the state's resources in trees, followed by a detailed account of the sixty varieties of trees indigenous to the state.

The latter portion of the article need not concern us here; the former, although a purely pioneer essay in the field, set forth about all the arguments that can today be advanced in favor of forest conservation. With prophetic insight it forecast the arrival of a time when scarcity of timber would become for Wisconsin a serious economic factor. "Though we have at present," it stated, "in almost every part of Wisconsin an abundant supply of wood for all our present purposes, the time is not far distant when, owing to the increase of population, and the increased demands from the neighboring states of Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota, a scarcity will begin to be felt. This scarcity may be considered as already begun in several of the counties along our southern border, where there was originally much prairie and open land. In these counties, the annual fires having been prevented by settlement and occupation, trees are now springing up rapidly in all waste places; and in this way nature is already making efforts to prevent the disasters we are thoughtlessly bringing upon ourselves by the destruction of the forests . . . . But it would be idle for us as a state to rely upon this natural restoration of the forests; we must sooner or later commence the cultivation of wood for the purposes of fuel, lumber, timber, etc., or suffer very much from the neglect."

Despite this early, stirring appeal of Dr. Lapham, nothing was done by the state in answer to it. The reason for this inaction was suggested in the report itself: "It is much to be regretted," it states, "that the very superabundance of trees in our state should destroy, in some degree, our veneration for them. They are looked upon as cumberers of the ground, and the question is not how they shall be preserved and beautified, but how they shall be destroyed."

Here, succinctly stated, we have the pioneer attitude toward our forests, and until men should come to adopt another point of view it was vain to discourse to them upon the folly of destroying our trees. A dozen years later, notwithstanding, Lapham returned to his self-appointed task. As a consequence he was in 1867 made chairman of a special forestry commission created by the legislature of that year. This commission was charged with

the duty of reporting to the legislature "facts and opinions relating to the injurious effects of clearing the land of forests upon the climate; the evil consequences to the present and future inhabitants; the duty of the state in regard to the matter; what experiments should be made to perfect our knowledge of the growth and proper management of forest trees; the best method of preventing the evil effects of their destruction; what substitutes for wood can be found in the state"—and, generally, such facts as might be deemed most useful in connection with the entire subject.

The outcome of this legislative action was the production of a report of one hundred pages "On the Disastrous Effects of the Destruction of Forest Trees, Now Going On So Rapidly in the State of Wisconsin." But again, as in 1855, apparently no other result than the printing of this report followed. In short, another generation of extravagant folly on the part of the people was requisite before the voice of a Roosevelt could rouse in them even the beginnings of a real appreciation of the situation. By that time, however, the forests of Wisconsin were almost gone—another case of locking the stable after the equine inhabitant thereof had taken its departure.

We cannot undertake here to review this early report, but a few citations from it may be in order. "At the present time," it said, "we look over the state and see in the southern most populous and least wooded portion, the forests have been destroyed at such a rate that they do not yield a supply adequate for the wants of the present inhabitants; and the forests of the northern regions, heretofore considered the inexhaustible storehouse of wood for the adjoining treeless districts, will soon be so reduced that the people must look elsewhere for their supplies, unless a better policy in regard to them be speedily adopted." Such a policy, it was argued, must come into effect as the result of governmental action, since individual initiative lacked both the pecuniary inducement and the effective power to secure adequate results.

Interesting illustrations of the disastrous effects of forest destruction upon the flow of streams are supplied by the Milwaukee River and its tributaries. "Such has been the change in

[its] flow," it is stated, "even while the area from which it receives its supply is but partially cleared, that the proprietors of most of the mills and factories have found it necessary to resort to the use of steam, at a largely increased yearly cost, to supply the deficiency of waterpower in the dry season of the year. Until this was done many large mills were closed for want of water in the latter part of summer and early autumn; while the floods of spring are increased until they are sufficient to carry away bridges and dams before deemed secure against their ravages. The Menomonee River, a small tributary of the Milwaukee, has been affected in the same way and to a still greater degree, because a larger proportion of the water-supplying area has been stripped of its forest trees. Several of the mills that formerly found sufficient power upon this stream, have been entirely abandoned; others are propelled a large share of the time by steam. Down its channel during and immediately following heavy rains, great floods sweep along, doing more or less damage; followed in a very few days by dry pebbly or muddy banks and bed, in which only an occasional pool of water can be found."

All of the figures of this early forestry report are long since out of date; and time has proved erroneous many of the detailed calculations employed. Thus, it is argued that wood must ever be the reliance of the poor for fuel, since the cost of bringing coal three hundred miles or more will be such as to prohibit its general use. But whatever these errors of detail may be, the outstanding fact remains that to Increase A. Lapham, the state's first great scientist, belongs the credit of seeing the need of forest conservation a generation in advance of his fellows, and of doing his utmost to direct their attention to the problem.

M. M. Quaife

SURVEY OF HISTORICAL ACTIVITIES

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending July 10, 1921, there were twenty-four additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. Four of these enrolled as life members, as follows: David True Hackett, Palo Alto, California; Irving E. Hinze, Chicago, Illinois; Michael B. Olbrich, Madison; Harry Sauthoff, Madison.

Seventeen persons became annual members of the Society: Julius C. Birge, St. Louis, Missouri; Samuel Bond, Mondovi; George Brown, Madison; Carl Chandler, Blanchardville; Dr. W. A. Engsberg, Lake Mills; Emma J. Gardner, Milwaukee; William S. Hoffman, Prairie du Chien; Joseph C. Johnson, Blair; Arthur P. Kannenberg, Oshkosh; James J. McDonald, Madison; Alfred K. Nippert, Cincinnati, Ohio; Anita E. North, Hudson; Bernard M. Palmer, Janesville; Mrs. Frederick H. Remington, Milwaukee; Dr. John W. Schempf, Milwaukee; Martha E. Sell, Madison; William W. Sweet, Greencastle, Indiana.

The high schools at Cambridge, Lancaster, and Wausau enrolled as Wisconsin school members.

J. L. Sturtevant, Wausau, changed from annual to life membership.

A Beloit newspaper preserved in the State Historical Library, issued in the month of August, 1862, preserves a report of the death on the field of battle of Lieutenant Frank W. Oakley of the Seventh Wisconsin Regiment of Volunteer Infantry. But newspaper reports sometimes err, particularly in giving news from the field of battle, and so, fortunately, this one did. Mr. Oakley survived, to receive his honorable discharge at the close of the war, minus one arm and plus a commission as major. On June 30, 1921, he terminated almost sixty years of service for the national government. For four years he was a soldier in the Union army; for several years thereafter, postmaster of Beloit. With the organization of the United States District Court for Western Wisconsin in 1870, Major Oakley became its first marshal; this office he continued to fill, with the single exception of the first Cleveland administration, for over a quarter of a century. Since 1897 he has efficiently filled the office of clerk of the same court. While acting as clerk of the court he was appointed by Judge Bunn receiver for the Madison and the Superior street railways, and he served for a time as president of the Madison Street Railway.

For upwards of a third of a century Major Oakley has served as curator of the State Historical Society. Of the members now on the board, only professors Parkinson and Anderson exceed Major Oakley in length of service.

Miss Emma J. Gardner of Milwaukee calls attention to an erroneous statement contained in Professor Fish's article on "An Historical Museum," published in the March, 1921, number of this magazine. The statement in question ascribes to Dr. George W. Peckham credit for founding the Milwaukee Public Museum. According to C. H. Doerflinger, in an address on "The Genesis and Early History of the Wisconsin Natural History Society at Milwaukee," read on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the society, its founder was Peter Engelmann, a German "Forty-eighter" who became principal of the Milwaukee German-English Academy in 1851. The address shows that Dr. Peckham made important scientific contributions to the society.

In the June number of the magazine mention was made of Michael Nippert, a Napoleonic soldier, buried near Baraboo. June 14 the grandson of this man, Judge Alfred K. Nippert of Cincinnati, passed through Madison on his way to visit the family homestead. Judge Nippert was much interested in the work of the Society; he gave us information concerning four generations of his family.

Judge Nippert states that his ancestors were originally French Huguenots, at home near Lyons. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they removed to the neighborhood of Strassburg, where his grandfather, Michael, was born. He was enrolled in Napoleon's army and marched with him to Moscow. On the terrible retreat from that place, which broke Napoleon's power, Nippert and his relative, Michael Herschinger, were among the last to cross the bridge near Moscow, just as the Russians blew up the structure to prevent the French retreat.

At the close of his military service Nippert decided to emigrate to America; he and his family crossed the ocean in the early twenties, went to Pittsburgh, and took the first side-wheel steamboat that went down the Ohio River. The first American home of the Nippert family was in Monroe County, Ohio, near the present town of Powhattan, among the Captina Hills. This was the historic site of the Mingo Indians, and of Chief Logan's home. After several years in Ohio the Nippert family removed to Freeport, Illinois. Thence they came in 1847 by ox team to Sauk County, Wisconsin, and settled just west of Rock Hill cemetery opposite the present Sleutz place. The Herschinger family had preceded them to this place. There the elder Nippert and his wife died, and were buried in this cemetery.

Judge Nippert's father, Louis, had before this last removal left home to enter the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1850 he was appointed to go to Germany on a mission. Before leaving, he visited his father's family in Wisconsin. Judge Nippert has in his possession the journal of the journey. The traveler went from Cincinnati to Sandusky by rail in a wood-burning engine, the journey lasting twenty-four hours. From Sandusky he went by boat to Detroit, across Michigan by stage, and again by boat to Milwaukee. He left the latter place by stage for Janesville and Madison. From the latter place he walked to Fort Winnebago, then on to Baraboo along an Indian trail. In the autumn he crossed to Germany, where he remained

a faithful missionary during thirty-six years. During our Civil War the Reverend Louis Nippert helped to interest Swiss and German financiers to purchase United States bonds. He became in time director of the Martin Biblical Institute at Frankfort-on-the-Main. There Mrs. Abraham Lincoln was for a time a guest. In 1886 the Reverend Louis Nippert transferred to the Central German Conference in America. He served as pastor of several churches near Cincinnati and died in that city August 17, 1894.

Several of his brothers served in Wisconsin regiments during the Civil War. Henry was a member of the First Wisconsin Cavalry. Philip Nippert enlisted May 10, 1861, in the Sixth Infantry, part of the Iron Brigade. He was severely wounded at Gainesville and left for dead upon the field. Having been rescued by the burial squad, he was taken to a hospital, recovered, rejoined his regiment, and served until he was mustered out July 15, 1864. Later Philip Nippert removed to Kansas as a homesteader; he died in 1906, during the G. A. R. encampment at Minneapolis.

The fourth generation of the Nippert family served in the World War. Judge Nippert's eldest son, James, was in 1917 one of the youngest commissioned officers of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The surrender of the Winnebago chief Red Bird at the Fox-Wisconsin portage in 1827 has been termed by a well-known historian "the most dramatic scene in early Wisconsin history." This remarkable episode has been made the theme of a musical drama by a Racine teacher, Miss Pearl Richards. "Red Bird" was produced in that city April 15, by a cast of amateurs, and attained a deserved success. For the musical numbers the works of Charles W. Cadman, Thurlow Lieurance, and Amy Woodforde-Finden, noted students of Indian music, were utilized. The rollicking soldier song "Benny Havens Oh" was introduced with much effect. By the coöperation of the Wisconsin Traveling Library and Study Club information concerning the origin of this song was obtained from the librarian at West Point.

The drama is written in blank verse, partly in the *Hiawatha* meter, traditionally considered suitable for Indian subjects. The play itself is worked out on traditional lines, such as those of Cooper and Longfellow, and is less true to aboriginal psychology than Leonard's *Glory of the Morning*. Nevertheless, Miss Richard's work is to be commended for its fidelity to the historic background, for many lines of strong dramatic expression, and for the utilization of a story that is of especial interest to lovers of Wisconsin history. The setting of the first three acts is the old Dekorra village west of Baraboo. The scenes vividly portray the Indian standards of honor and of courage, according to which Red Bird, always the friend of the whites, was bound in honor to avenge the death of his kindred by massacring a family of white people. Then when he finds he has been deceived—that his brothers still live—that his act of vengeance has aroused the United States army to advance against his tribesmen—honor again compels him to be the savior of his people by offering his own life in atonement.

The fourth scene presents the historic act of surrender at the Portage. Miss Richards inadvertently lays the scene at Fort Winnebago, which was not built until a year later. She also introduces among her characters Major David E. Twiggs, who only came in 1828 to build Fort Winnebago, and Sutler Henry E. Merrell, whose advent was in 1834. Such slight historical anachronisms may be condoned by poetical license. It is less excusable, perhaps, to represent the well-known Indian trader, "Colonel" Childs, as a regular army officer. The play does justice, however, to the noble character of the chief actor and is a notable tribute to this son of Wisconsin.

The Historical Landmarks Committee of the State Historical Society unveiled at Blue Mounds on Labor Day a bronze tablet bearing the following inscription: "Site of Blue Mounds Fort. Built in May, 1832, by the miners and settlers of the neighborhood and garrisoned by them as volunteer members of General Henry Dodge's Iowa-Michigan brigade from May 20 to September 20, 1832, during the Black Hawk War. This site was donated to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin by the heirs of Colonel Ebenezer Brigham, pioneer settler of Blue Mounds, who helped build the fort. Dedicated September 5, 1921, by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Mrs. Theodora W. Youmans ("How Wisconsin Women Won the Ballot") is a resident of Waukesha and an active worker for the cause of civic betterment in Wisconsin.

William W. Bartlett ("Jean Brunet, Chippewa Valley Pioneer") is a resident of Eau Claire and a notable delver in the field of Chippewa Valley history.

M. M. Quaife ("Wisconsin's First Literary Magazine") is the editor of the Wisconsin State Historical Society.

William A. Titus ("Historic Spots in Wisconsin: VII Ceresco, A Pioneer Communist Settlement") resides at Fond du Lac. He has contributed numerous articles to the columns of this magazine.

SOME WISCONSIN PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

Why We Study History is the suggestive title of a pamphlet prepared for the University Extension Division by Professor Carl Russell Fish. Professor Fish discusses the changed position of the study of history both in educational systems and in public opinion. Exaggerated emphasis has been placed upon its utilitarian value. It has been supposed to teach patriotism, but if truthfully presented one must admit one's country is not always right; if regarded as a moral subject, what seems right does not always triumph. History is the experience of the

human race; its value to the race is the same as memory to the individual. Its one permanent value lies in the necessity of understanding the world we live in. The historical method is the best combination of scientific training and everyday utility. It presents the human element in environment. "If we succeed in knowing men of any other time or place than our own, we have strengthened our ability to deal with life as we see it about us."

Professor Fish has performed a service in clearing the atmosphere of fictitious values and in estimating the real advantages of the study of history.

Hosea W. Rood, patriotic instructor of the G. A. R., has issued *A Little Flag Book No. 3*. This contains an excellent account of the war eagle "Old Abe," as told by the person from whom he was purchased. A young Indian named Chief Sky took from a nest in a pine tree in Price County a baby eagle. Coming down the Flambeau, he stopped ten miles north of Chippewa Falls and sold his pet to Mrs. McCann for a little corn. As the eagle grew in the poultry yard he became troublesome and was sold at Eau Claire to Captain John E. Perkins, whose company became Company C of the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry. At Camp Randall the mascot was named "Old Abe," and the regiment became known as the Eagle Regiment. The bird was in thirty-eight battles and skirmishes; he knew every man in his own company. His conduct in battle is disputed, but the Confederates made several attempts to capture him. After the war he was presented to the state and kept in the capitol. He died from the effects of the fire of 1881. His body was stuffed and mounted, only to be burned in the fire of 1904.

A Memorial Day Annual has been issued by the State Department of Public Instruction each year since 1896, during which time we have participated in two wars. Much of the *Annual* for 1921 is devoted to the lessons of the last war. Colonel W. J. Anderson contributes "What the World War Revealed," the heroic spirit of service and sacrifice which proved superior to all other claims. Dr. Joseph Schafer writes on heroism. All heroism is personal; many such acts are not recorded because of the modesty of the hero.

The memorial address on the late Chief Justice Winslow, delivered May 3, 1921, before the supreme court by his former colleague, R. D. Marshall, is issued in pamphlet form. Judge Marshall in evaluating the character of Judge Winslow says, "While appreciating the reserve of his station, he was able to maintain it without effort to disguise that delightfully humorous, companionable, social side of his nature, which made him the peculiarly attractive figure he was." Of his work for the state in his great series of interpretative decisions Judge Marshall speaks in the highest terms as a conscientious service whose value will increase with time.

The biennial reports of the several state commissions furnish much valuable historical source material. That of the Department of Agriculture shows that 52.1 per cent of the state's population is engaged in this pursuit, with an investment of $3,531,000,000. The report shows of what value the department has been in warding off losses and in adopting an aggressive policy looking toward complete eradication and control of animal and plant diseases. The Immigration Bureau also aids prospective settlers. Our crop statistics are the most reliable in the Union; the crops of 1919 set the highest record in our history. Wisconsin led all states in the production of corn per acre, in the amount of clover seed, canning peas, hemp, and cigar tobacco raised. It is also first in milk cows and in the number of silos. Four thousand more families settled on Wisconsin farms than in any other of the North Central states.

The Civil Service Commission believes that its work tends to education for public service and has become a permanent factor for good government.

The *Report* of the Railroad Commission is surcharged with material on interesting community services for the development of public utilities, the increasing of property, the care for public safety, the growth of water power, and the aid and utility of railroads.

The importance of our growing industries is emphasized both by the Industrial Commission's *Report*, and by a pamphlet issued by the State Board of Education on *Technical and Trade Training Through the Continuation School*. Mr. Fitzpatrick of the latter board gives a complete list of the larger industries as furnished the federal government by the War Survey of 1918. This pamphlet is a plea for special trade schools for specific industries, such as mining at Platteville, paper making at Appleton, etc. The Industrial Commission now has seven departments dealing with nearly every phase of the worker's interests: safety and sanitation, employment, woman and child labor, workmen's compensation, mediation and arbitration, and apprenticeship. In the latter department it coöperates with the State Board of Vocational Education. The history of this latter movement is sketched by Edward A. Fitzpatrick in Bulletin No. 4, Vol. III. The work begun in 1911 has grown with remarkable celerity, and promises to destroy illiteracy in Wisconsin and to furnish our adolescents with interest and enthusiasm for their daily work.

The *Report* of the Commissioners of State Lands shows that leases are being taken of public lands for meadows and pastures and on the northern lakes for hunting and fishing lodges. Five hundred thousand dollars' worth of the old school certificates has been retired and added to the school funds. All this has been reinvested in loans to school districts and municipalities; the process is to be continued until $1,000,000 has been retired. The commissioners ask for a law granting quit claim deeds to the holders of the Fox-Wisconsin Improvement lands.

Agricultural Experiment Station urges the farmers to "*Clear More Land*" in an important pamphlet setting out the methods and expenses. In Bulletin No. 323, *New Farm Facts*, they give the results of recent studies on new feeds and new proportions of feed for animals, the need of vitamines in human and animal food, etc.

The *Annual Report* of the Agricultural Extension Service of the University, by Dean H. L. Russell and K. L. Hatch, with the other specialists of the department, reviews the agricultural progress of Wisconsin for the last thirty years and is a most valuable contribution to our recent history.

JOHN BARBER PARKINSON

VOL. V N.2 1921-1922

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN. JOSEPH SCHAFER, Superintendent, MILO M. QUAIFE, Editor

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Paid for out of the George B. Burrows Fund Income

MEMORIES OF EARLY WISCONSIN AND THE GOLD MINES

JOHN B. PARKINSON

The Parkinson family is of English origin. My Father's grandfather, who was a Virginian, served as a captain in the Revolutionary War. The family afterward removed to eastern Tennessee, where my Father was born in 1805. My Mother's maiden name was Valinda Barber. Her family was of Scotch-Irish origin, coming to America from the north of Ireland. Her father, James Barber, was a Cumberland Presbyterian minister. She was born in North Carolina, but removed with her parents at an early age to southern Illinois. My Father's parents removed from Tennessee to Illinois while he was still a boy, and there Mother and Father became acquainted about the year 1817.

My Father was a farmer by occupation. A relative, Colonel D. M. Parkinson, had settled in southern Wisconsin in 1827, and he induced my Father to move there in 1836. Although I was but two years old I can still remember some things about the journey. We came in a covered wagon drawn by a span of horses. At night we camped out unless, as sometimes happened, we were fortunate enough to find a place to lodge. I do not recall these incidents, but I remember our arrival at the cabin Colonel Parkinson had in readiness for us. Father tried to strike a fire with a flint and his powderhorn, but through some mischance the powder exploded, burst the horn, and cut Father's forehead. Not until many years later were friction matches used. Fires were struck with flint and a little powder, and once started, people took great pains to keep them going. Sometimes, when the fire had gone out, coals were borrowed from the nearest neighbor. I can recall, when a boy, going on such errands.

The farm on which my Father settled was near Fayette, in Lafayette County. He lived there until his death, in 1887. My Mother died in 1845, at the early age of thirty-eight. Several years later Father married Margaret McKee. Her sister was the mother of the late Bishop Bashford of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and of Judge Bashford of the Wisconsin Supreme Court. Besides myself my parents had one child who died in infancy, and my sister Margaret, two years my elder, with whom I grew up.

Colonel D. M. Parkinson came to Wisconsin in 1827, and was here during the Black Hawk War. He had three sons, Peter, Nathaniel, and William; Peter was located about two miles above the place where Father[1] settled. The log house into which we moved on coming to Wisconsin had a single room, perhaps sixteen by twenty-four feet, which served as parlor, kitchen, dining-room, bedroom, and in fact for all the needs of the family. Over it was a loft which was reached by climbing a ladder. The floor was made of puncheons—half-logs laid with the split surface up—and there was a huge fireplace. There was but one door, on the side of the cabin, and, I think, two windows. Through the door Father would roll in backlogs for the fireplace, so large that one of them would be two or three days in burning. Aside from keeping the house warm, all the family cooking was done over the fireplace by my Mother.

I attended the first school ever taught in the town, which was held in this house. Before long Father built a new house, and our removal from the old one made it possible to equip it with benches for the pupils. My first teacher was a man by the name of Trevoy, who later lived in Madison. The teachers were usually young men, generally from the East, who boarded around in the district, and whose pay was subscribed by the parents who sent children

[1]Professor Parkinson's father was called "Sucker Pete" to distinguish him from his kinsman, "Badger Pete."

to the school. The pupils in this first school were not numerous, but they ranged in size from small children to grown men. One of those who went there with me, Mrs. Horace J. Woodworth of Minneapolis, recently died at an advanced age. When I was seven years old I went with my sister Margaret across the prairie about two and one-half miles to school in another log cabin. We went there the following summer and winter, also, and had the same teacher to whom we had first gone in Father's cabin. My third school was in the Bashford home, about a mile from our house. My next, which was my last before going to Beloit, was in a stone schoolhouse which had now been built in the village near our home.

I worked pretty faithfully on the farm, for a boy. It cost less to keep oxen than horses, and Father always kept them, as well as cows and horses. Some of his horses were rather fast and he was fond of a horse race. I followed the plow with a yoke of oxen from the time I was able to hold a plow. We had a large pasture, and Father used to turn the oxen out to graze with their yokes on. We had a root house in the pasture, an excavation in the hillside, which was covered with timber and sodded over. One day a yoke of oxen which had been turned out to graze disappeared. We hunted the surrounding country for ten days, and at last, quite by chance, found them in the root house. They had stepped up on it to eat the grass growing there, and the boards being too weak to support such a weight had broken through. There was a pile of old potatoes in the house, which had supplied food and moisture enough to keep them alive during the ten days they were trapped there. It used to cost nothing to keep oxen in the summertime, and they lived on straw in the winter.

Threshing at that early day was an interesting process. We had a great structure, with a center pole, and around that, making a good, big circuit, we had posts and timbers run-

ning up to the pole, and all covered with straw. Around this structure the grain was stacked. At threshing time it was thrown into the ring with the heads of the sheaves of one row laid against the butt ends of the next row. Then a good many young horses were let into the enclosure, and a young Indian boy whom Father used to hire for this work drove them around the ring. After a little time the horses would be turned out and the straw shaken up so as to let the grain already threshed fall to the bottom. Then the horses would be turned in again and the process repeated until the grain was thoroughly threshed out. The grain when threshed was raked to the center pole and a new supply was brought into the ring for threshing. The final process was to fan the grain, thus separating the clean grain from the chaff. It took a week or more to thresh in this way, and this process was followed for years. I never remember threshing grain with flails. One curious fact I recall is the natural fear the horses seemed to have for an Indian. We never could get them into the ring until the Indian boy went out.

Small grain was cut in those days with the cradle. This was skilled work, and an awkward boy could not do it well. When I went home from school for summer vacation, the next day would find me binding in the harvest field. Most of the harvesting was done by men from Illinois who would come up into Wisconsin for the harvest season, a period of several weeks. Sometimes we had half a dozen men cradling, each cradler being followed by a man binding. My Mother boarded the men, but they would sleep in the barn. My Mother never worked in the field, and I do not think women commonly did in those days. They had enough to do attending to the housework and cooking for the hired help.

You ask how farmers could make a living with the low prices of those days. The answer is that they bought little,

and the things they produced cost little aside from labor. Hogs could be raised very cheaply; they could live on acorns in summer, without any feeding. They were sold at two or three dollars a hundredweight, but corn was raised easily and it did not cost much to fatten them. My father used to send potatoes to Mineral Point by ox team—twelve miles—and sell them for twelve and a half cents a bushel. But we could then raise four hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre. Wheat usually sold for about fifty cents a bushel. My Father would haul wheat to Milwaukee, one hundred miles, with four-yoke ox teams, and bring back a load of lumber or other goods. It was fully a week's trip with one load of wheat at fifty cents a bushel—perhaps a little more at times. I think farmers were just about as happy under those conditions as they are now. It is true, they worked harder. Now men ride, instead of walking, when they plow, and machines now do many things then done by hand.

Our nearest town of any size was Mineral Point. Wiota was then a little village in the heart of the mining section. It was called Hamilton's Diggings down there. I knew William S. Hamilton, the son of Alexander Hamilton, who gave the name "Wiota" to it. I think this is an Indian name, but I do not know its meaning. Mineral Point used to be called Shake Rag. It was a mining center in those days, and it got this name from the practice at noontime of shaking a sheet or other cloth as a signal to the miners to come home to dinner.

The Black Hawk War took place but four years before we came to Wisconsin, and there were still many Indians in the southern part of the state. Our nearest neighbors when we moved into the log cabin were some Winnebago who had their wigwam in a grove belonging to us, about half a mile from the house. They had a tent of skins, with a small opening at the top and a fire built on the ground in the center. They stayed through the winter in this tent, living

chiefly by hunting. The Indian vanished from this section with the wild game. The boy whom my Father employed to drive the horses in threshing belonged to this group, and sometimes Father would get the men to work for him also. They could talk English only imperfectly, but we soon learned some of their words and we managed to understand each other pretty well. They dressed in skins mostly, but sometimes in woolen cloth. We always got along well with them, but some of the neighbors did not treat them well, and after a few years they moved on. They used to visit us often, coming frequently to sharpen their knives and hatchets on a grindstone Father had brought with him to Wisconsin. We children used to be frightened when they came on these visits and Father and the hired men were out in the field. I think Mother was frightened, too, but if so she did not show it.

The Indians were great beggars. Mother was always ready to give them something to eat, and they never stole from us. One time Mother had made a nice lot of biscuits and had put them in a cupboard, when two Indians came along and wanted something to eat. They would always take all they could get, so she handed out to them what she thought they ought to have. After they were through eating, one of them pretended he wanted a drink of water, and while at the water-pail he stole the biscuits, hiding them in his blanket. Another time a girl about the size of my sister came to the house. My sister had on some shoes which were worn out at the toes. The next day the Indian girl came back and presented her with a pair of beautiful moccasins. Mother then made a cake, and we took it over to the girl. They made much of our visit to the tent, and spread some skins on the ground for us to sit on.

When I returned home from Beloit for the spring vacation in 1852, I found Father outfitting a party to go to California. Excitement over the gold mines was running

high; in every neighborhood men were preparing to cross the plains. The party Father was outfitting was to number four men; three of these were already chosen, while the fourth remained to be found. I was urged to take the place, and after some hesitation on my part and more on my Father's, I consented, and our party was made up. It consisted of an Irishman, an Alabamian, a Buckeye, and a Badger—a curious combination, although it was but tamely illustrative of the motley hordes that were gathering across the mountains.

Father's share in the venture was to supply the outfit, for which he was to receive six hundred dollars. Two of the party had been employed by Father, and the third was a neighbor. The Irishman, Duffy, had a wife and three or four children, whom he left in Father's care during his absence. The other men were young bachelors. The Alabamian proved unfaithful to his agreement, for my father never received the one hundred and fifty dollars due from him.

Our equipment consisted of two light covered wagons and eight yoke of oxen, or, to be more exact, two yoke of oxen and two yoke of cows to each wagon. These animals ranged in age from three to six years; most of them had just been "sent under the yoke." Thus the very teams we drove afforded another illustration of the leveling tendencies of these expeditions—no distinction as to age, sex, or "previous condition of servitude."

This yoking of cows into the service was something of an experiment at that time. Besides being in greater demand at the mines, the theory was that cows, being lighter, would stand the trip better than oxen.[2] Our own experience tended to bear out this theory. The alkali dust, gravelly mountain roads, and desert sand were very trying on the feet. Our heavier oxen had all to be shod. The cows went through

[2]Cows were used by Oregon immigrants as early as 1843.—J. S.

in good condition without shoeing; the youngest, too, seemed to stand the hardships of the journey best.

The theory that prevailed in 1848-49 in regard to the weight and strength of wagons and teams that would enable them to stand the journey had been completely reversed before we went out. At first the heaviest wagons and log-chains, with provisions for a twelvemonth, were thought necessary. The result was the teams were worn out by the excessive weight they had to drag. A year or two later the needed supplies were definitely known; and everything in the outfit was made as light as possible consistent with the strength necessary to stand the wear and tear of the journey.[3]

We set out from home May 3, 1852, and crossing the Mississippi at Dubuque proceeded across Iowa by way of Cedar Rapids and Des Moines. The main part of our supplies—our flour, bacon, etc.—was taken from home; the remainder we laid in at Dubuque. We had expected to cross the Missouri where the Mormons had crossed on their way to Utah. But there were so many people ahead of us waiting to be ferried over the river, that we drove about fifteen miles north to another ferry, where we were able to get across the river promptly. The Missouri at this latitude was then the extreme border of civilization and settlement. There were some buildings at Council Bluffs, but not one on the present site of Omaha. Nor did we see a single permanent habitation from the time we crossed the Missouri until we reached the Sacramento, a distance of two thousand miles.

We entered Nebraska June 1, and camped for the night on the Elkhorn River, a small tributary of the Platte. Here we found a large camp of Pawnee Indians, as if to introduce us at the very start to the denizens of the wild expanse upon which we were about to enter, and to warn us to be hence-

[3]Cf. Burnett "Letters," Ore. Hist. Soc. *Quarterly*, III, 418.

forth literally on our guard. The warning was heeded, for not a night passed, from that time on, that a guard was not detailed to keep ward and watch over the faithful animals that were to carry us through the mountains.

Our route was along the north side of the main Platte, and continued on the same side of the North Fork of the river to its great bend near the South Pass—thus following the Platte for a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles.

Owing to the great overland rush in 1852, there was much difficulty in securing feed for the teams. Over a great part of the route there were well-marked camping places. Even at these places, however, it was often necessary to drive the stock back from camp one, two, and even three or four miles, to find suitable grazing. Advance, under such circumstances, was necessarily slow, from ten to fifteen miles a day being a good average. The chief inconvenience up the Platte, however, was a scarcity of fuel. Green willows and an occasional piece of driftwood were luxuries; for a good part of the way the sole reliance was buffalo chips. Here was a scene for an artist.—Camping ground reached—teams unyoked—and a delegation, self-appointed—five, ten, sometimes twenty men, each with a bag, hurrying out over the little low sand knobs that fringe the Upper Platte Valley, picking his way among the bristling cacti and gathering buffalo chips for the evening camp fires.

The region of the Upper Platte was the pasture ground and paradise of the buffalo at the time of which I am speaking; and yet in the brief space of forty years—thanks to the criminal recklessness of sportsmen and the negligence of the government—scarcely one was left upon our territory to tell the story of the treatment of his race.

It was only an occasional straggler from the ranks that we chanced to see along the road up the Platte—and these at a distance. The main herds kept well back from the river. But a rare treat awaited us at the great bend in the Platte

River, where, indeed, we parted company with that stream. The mountains here hug close to the river, but within the bend or angle is a rich little meadow where the herds came down at intervals to feed. We had halted here for nooning, and were in the midst of lunch when the shout of "Buffaloes!" was raised. As we looked across the river, a herd of more than a hundred full-grown fellows was seen coming slowly down the mountain toward the meadow. The Platte at this point has a swift current. But no matter; it must be crossed. A dozen men plunged into it, wading and swimming, as necessity demanded, with gun held overhead. Several shots were fired, but no game bagged. The herd when fired into made for the river, or rather for the mountain beyond. The very earth seemed to tremble beneath its feet. Not the slightest halt was made at the steep river bank, but plunging down and crossing the stream, the buffaloes made their way up the mountain and were soon out of sight.

We encamped that night a few miles out from the Platte on a sort of prairie-like undulating plateau. About daybreak next morning one of the night-guard came running into camp with the shout that buffaloes were coming right up among our cattle and that there was danger of a stampede. This at such a time and such a place was a very serious matter. A reinforcement was soon on the ground, but the buffaloes in the meantime had retired in good order.

I had a little experience of my own that morning, which I will venture to relate. I had wandered off about a mile from camp and was taking a little survey of the country and wondering whether civilization would ever reach out as far as this when turning I saw coming around a knoll about thirty rods away, and making directly toward me, five full-grown mammoth-looking buffalo bulls. My first impulse was to make for camp. But second thought was wiser. This was a golden opportunity and must not be lost.

Turning a little to the right and filing along one after another, these great bulls came up to within seventy-five paces, when they halted, giving me a broadside exposure, but at the same time turning full upon me their long-whiskered, shaggy-browed, sand-matted faces. They were magnificent looking creatures, in comparison with which, as they stood there defiant, upon their native pastures, the wretched specimens exhibited in menageries and zoological gardens look puny enough. Drawing a bead upon the leader, fortunately for me and unfortunately for the buffalo, my rifle "missed fire." That is, it didn't "go off," and neither did the buffalo. Picking the flint, or rather, putting on another percussion cap, the buffalo ague was given time to subside, and the next time I was more successful and brought down my game. He was a monster, estimated by good judges to weigh two thousand pounds. Another was killed the same morning and, selecting the choicest parts, we feasted upon "jerked" buffalo meat from that time on. Just as we were breaking camp that morning, there came in sight about a mile away a herd of at least five hundred buffaloes—little, big, old, and young, and their bleating and bellowing could be distinctly heard at that distance. What an opportunity would this have afforded sportsmen, a few years later! The temptation to tarry even at that time was very great, but as the summer was creeping by and the trying part of our journey was still before us, we were admonished to move on if we hoped to clear the Sierras before snowfall.

Following up the valley of the Sweetwater, a small tributary of the Platte, we passed over the backbone of the continent at the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains. This is one of the easiest passes in the whole chain of these mountains. The ascent at the pass is so gradual that one hardly realizes that he is scaling a mountain at all. We had been climbing and climbing for weeks, and for no little

part of that time had been scaling smaller chains and spurs until, even at this low divide, we were nearly eight thousand feet above sea level. Here one is literally at the "parting of the waters" and through the clear atmosphere, for a distance of a hundred miles east or west, one can trace the outlines of the streams as they make their way on the one side toward the valley of the Mississippi, and on the other to the Columbia and the Colorado. The journey to the South Pass was not difficult, but from that on, it was very trying to man and beast. There for three or four hundred miles the emigrant roads, instead of following the streams as heretofore, lay across them. This meant the climbing of one mountain after another, with water scarce and feed scarcer.

Crossing Green River—the chief tributary of the Colorado—then bending around Bear River and leaving Great Salt Lake and Mormon City to the south, then passing through Thousand Spring Valley, we finally reached the headwaters of the Humboldt.

The Indians thus far had given us a wide berth. In fact we had seen very few since we left the Pawnee camp at the Missouri. Occasionally one, more curious than his fellows, would come dashing from the hills on his pony, decked out in feathers and war paint (that is, the Indian, not the pony), as if curious to know when that long procession was going to end. The Indians along the Humboldt were known to be very treacherous. Accounts of their attacks upon emigrants in other years were fresh in our minds. Hence it was customary for trains to double-up a little here in self-defense. The Humboldt is a small stream in midsummer, but is bordered along most of its course with a thick growth of willows which afforded excellent hiding places for the Indians.

About twelve o'clock one day, as our train of a dozen teams was making its way slowly down this stream, two or

three gunshots were heard in quick succession just around a bend in the road. Suspecting trouble ahead and hurrying on as rapidly as possible, we soon came in sight of two teams that had halted for their nooning, and a little way from them and making off with a wounded companion were eight or ten Indians. There were but four persons with these two teams —two men and their wives—but they were genuine backwoodsmen, women and all, and were armed with trusty rifles which they all knew how to use. It was this that made them a little reckless in their way of traveling. The Indians had crept up close to them as they sat at their lunch and had fired upon them with a shower of arrows. They had been quickly answered with rifle-shots with the result already mentioned. Suspecting that the Indians had reinforcements close by, our teams were quickly corralled and everything made ready for defense. There were about thirty men in our company—all well armed—and perhaps one-third that number of women and children. In a short time about seventy-five Indians on ponies came in sight and rode up within a quarter of a mile of us, circling around, first in one direction and then in the other, as if carefully taking measure of our strength. This they kept up for more than an hour, and then slowly retreated to the mountains. This was the closest call to an attack by the Indians that we had upon the route. They succeeded afterward, however, in spiriting away some of our cattle—once upon the Humboldt River and again at the foot of the Sierra Nevadas.

Leaving the Humboldt about seventy-five miles above where it sinks into the sand, we followed the old Lassen Trail across the Black Rock Desert, striking the Sierras at the head of Honey Lake Valley. Honey Lake is one of several little sheets of water that nestle close to the foot of the Sierra Nevadas on the eastern side, and which were greeted by the thirsty, footsore emigrants like oases in the midst of the desert. The Nevadas by this route are not

difficult to pass, and they compensate in some measure for the weary waste behind by their wealth and majesty of forest, and by their buttes and lakelets and their thousand unique forms of nature.

We finally reached and crossed the Sacramento on the eleventh of October, having been more than five months making the distance now traversed in Pullman cars, with all the conveniences and luxuries that modern ingenuity has devised, in three or four days. To make such a journey with ox teams was trying on soul and body, but it was at that time the accepted way and was deemed by far the most certain and safe.

My experience in the mountains and mines of California was not essentially different from that of thousands of others, and I need not recite it at length. I spent three years in the northern mines—the first winter near Shasta City, or Reddings Springs, the next summer at the newly-discovered mines on the Pitt River, the chief branch of the Sacramento, and the remainder of the time in the Siskiyou-Klamath region, near Mt. Shasta, and close by the great Lava Beds, afterward made famous by the desperate stand of Captain Jack and his Modoc bands. The winter of 1852-53 was long remembered by Californians on account of its immense snowfall in the mountains, and its rains and devastating floods in the valleys. The Sacramento reached out to the very foothills, and moved with a current that carried everything before it. The capital city was under water. The flocks and herds from the ranches fled to the hills when possible, but thousands were swept away by the floods. Just one-half of the faithful animals which our own little company had so carefully guarded across the plains was buried in this sea of waters. All communication with the upper mines was cut off. Prices knew no bounds. Flour rose to two, three, even five dollars a pound, and soon none could be had at any price. Salt was sixteen dollars a pound,

potatoes twenty-five cents apiece—with little regard to size —and other things in proportion. The truth is, men gave freely as long as they had anything to give, and then submitted as gracefully as possible to the situation. I have a very distinct recollection of paying as high as a dollar a pound for flour, but being practically a penniless "pilgrim" (all newly-arrived immigrants were then called "pilgrims") I soon ceased to be a purchaser and settled down to more modest rations—baked beans.

Pack-trains, attempting to cross the mountains, were blocked by the snows and in some cases were compelled to winter on the spot, subsisting upon their animals until the snows melted. I remember passing one of these desolate camping grounds, high up on the Trinity Mountains, on the Fourth of July, 1853. It was a dreary spot. The drifts were not even yet melted away. A rude hut had been constructed out of the scrubby pines that grew even at that height, and the bleaching bones of the pack-mules lay scattered about it, telling a story of hunger and suffering better than words could do.

Mining on one's own account, whether for gold or for silver or what not, is largely a game of chance. As such, it has a sort of charm for most men who enter upon it, which it is difficult to break. Mining for gold has a peculiar fascination. It is like seeking at first hand that which in other industries comes through exchange, or it may be a series of exchanges. Here we go straight to the treasure vaults. "Gold-dust" is money with the miner, and among the "Argonauts" of '49 and the fifties always passed current with the merchant. Money, at best, is only a means to an end, but how many fully realize it? The notion that it is something more—that it is an end in itself—is one of the most difficult to eradicate.

The certainty of reward and the feeling that what one earns is his own has a magical effect not only upon his dispo-

sition to work, but even upon his powers of endurance. Nothing illustrates this better than the cleaning up of the "bedrock" of a rich placer claim, where the clear water, as it carries the sand and gravel down through "sluice-box" and "long-tom," reveals in the bright yellow metal that lags behind the exact contribution of every shovelful handled. There is no "striking" here, nor eight-hour law demanded. Men, under such circumstances, will work knee-deep in water and forget they are working at all. To many cheerful, impetuous, even intelligent men, the very ups and downs of mining life are full of fascination. If not always blest, they are always "to be blest." Anything to such men is better than dull monotony—even though it be the monotony of success.

Very many of the earlier "Argonauts" were naturally roving, restless spirits. Many more were made so by their environment. It is not in average human nature to see others run and hurrah, and not be tempted to join in the procession. The most extravagant stories were continually set afloat. Men were rushing pell-mell to "Gold Bluff," "Nugget Gulch," and "Lucky Canyon," and a hundred other as loudly trumpeted regions. They searched ridge and ravine southward to the desert sands, and northward to the barren lava beds. They explored the most difficult recesses of the Coast Range. The result of all this was a vast amount of territory soon imperfectly prospected, and a vast number of men kept financially "dead broke," while growing wealthy in experience.

In the beginning the mines put all men practically on a level. Social distinctions were swept out of sight. Letters of introduction counted for little—family connections, manners, money, clothes, for less. The whole community seemed to be given an even start. Every stranger found a welcome and was bidden to stake off his claim and go to work. The veriest greenhorn was as likely to "strike it rich"

as the wisest professor of geology; and the best claim on the gulch might give out without a moment's warning. No one who was willing to help himself was allowed to suffer or to go without the means to make a start.

There is said to have been a short time in California, immediately following the discovery of gold, when crime in the mines was almost absolutely unknown—when bags of "gold-dust" were left unguarded in tents and cabins while the owners were at work on their claims. This state of things was partly due to the rich surface deposits which were then rapidly discovered and to the consequent feeling that the supply was practically inexhaustible. It was easier to earn money than to steal it, and infinitely safer too. Miners at that time pitched their tents close together in clumps of chaparral and manzanita. The bonds of fellowship were strong and sincere. Leeches and parasites had not yet fastened upon the community. The wretch who could steal from his comrades in those busy, friendly camps was hopelessly hardened. An old pioneer speaking of these very early mining days once said: "In 1848 a man could go into a miner's cabin, cut a slice of bacon, cook a meal, roll up in a blanket and go to sleep, certain to be welcomed kindly when the owner returned." This Arcadian era lasted much longer, too, in the Northern mines, where the American element more largely predominated. When disturbances and conflicts did set in, their coming was often attributed to the influence of the lawyers. "We needed no law," many an old miner would say, "until the lawyers came"—a curious but very common confusion of ideas. As a matter of fact, there were plenty of lawyers all the time working as quiet citizens in the gulches, only waiting until there was a demand for their services. They made themselves known when wanted. Nine-tenths of the crimes and misdemeanors that appear on the docket of an ordinary criminal court were impossible in the mining camp, and a larger propor-

tion of the ordinary civil cases were equally out of the question. The best of lawyers would have starved in such a community. But there was "law" from the beginning, and for the time and place it was the only serviceable kind. It was unwritten, simple, and went straight to the mark. And there was a court to enforce it—an assembly of freemen in open council. All who swung a pick or held a claim—boys of sixteen and men of sixty—took part in its deliberations. No more perfect democracies ever existed than these early mining camps. They had government, but its three departments were fused into one, and that one was administered directly by the people.

One of the best illustrations of the gold-miner's method of settling serious disputes occurred on Scotch Bar—a mining camp neighboring to my own, in northern California. A discovery of some very "rich gravel" or mining ground was made on this Bar, and in such a way that two equally strong parties of prospectors laid claim to it at the same time. Each group was entirely honest in believing its own claim the better one. The contestants at once began to increase their fighting numbers by enlistments from the rest of the camp, until twenty or thirty men were sworn in on each side. The ground in dispute was so situated that it was best worked in partnership, and thirty claims of the ordinary size took up all the territory in dispute. So here were two rival and resolute companies ready to begin work, and no law whatever to prevent a pitched battle.

It began to look very much like fighting. Men were asked to take sides and bring their bowies, revolvers, and shotguns. The two opposing parties took up their stations on the banks of the gulch. There was some further and very excited talk, and at last eight or ten shots were interchanged, fortunately injuring no one. By this time the blood of the contestants was fairly roused. The interests at stake were very large, and neither side proposed to yield. It now

seemed that nothing could prevent a terrible hand-to-hand conflict. The next minute must precipitate it. But just at this crisis another power asserted itself—that which in every mining camp, and indeed in every pioneer Anglo-Saxon community, makes so forcibly for law and order. The very moment the first shot was fired, the camp, the neighborhood, the little community at large had taken the field. Dozens, hundreds of men who, five minutes before, were mere spectators of the difficulty, now insisted upon a parley, negotiated a truce, and urged a resort to legal methods.

The moment this compromise was suggested, the combatants laid aside their weapons. They knew there was no legal authority within twenty miles, and no force, even in the camp itself, able to keep them from fighting. It was a victory of common sense—a triumph of the moral principles learned in boyhood in New England villages and on Western prairies. Men more thoroughly fearless never faced opposing weapons. But the demand for a fair trial in open court found an answering chord in every bosom. Both parties willingly agreed to arbitration, but not to the ordinary arbitration of the miners' court. The matter in dispute seemed too serious. They chose a committee, sent it to San Francisco, had three or four of the best lawyers to be found there engaged for each party, and also engaged a judge of much experience in mining cases. It was a great day at Scotch Bar when all this legal talent arrived. The claims in dispute had meanwhile been lying untouched by anyone, guarded by camp opinion and by sacred pledges of honor, ever since the day of the compact between the rival companies.

The case was tried with all possible formality, and as scrupulously as if it had occurred within the civil jurisdiction of a district court. With a simple sense of fairness it had been agreed by the parties that the winners should pay all

costs. When the verdict came, there was no compromise about it. It was squarely for one side and squarely against the other. The defeated party accepted it without a murmur. Neither then nor at any other time were they ever heard to complain.

An eyewitness, speaking of this celebrated trial, said: "The whole camp was excited over it for days and weeks. At last when the case was decided, the claim was opened by the successful party; and when they reached the bedrock and were ready to 'clean up,' we all knocked off work and came down and stood on the banks, till the ravine on both sides was lined with men. And I saw them take out gold with iron spoons and fill pans with solid gold, thousands upon thousands of dollars." On the banks of the river, with the hundreds of spectators, stood the defeated contestants, cheerful and even smiling.

In the early period, mining interests took precedence of agricultural in the entire gold-field. Law was made by the miners for the miners. Even the state courts at an early date decided that "agricultural lands though in the possession of others, may be worked for gold"—that "all persons who settle for agricultural purposes upon any mining lands, so settle at their own risk." The finest orchards and finest gardens were liable to be destroyed without remedy. Roads were washed away, houses were undermined, towns were moved to new sites, and sometimes the entire soil on which they had stood was sluiced away from grass roots to bedrock.

Down in Grass Valley, one of the rich placer regions, two men fenced in a natural meadow. They expected to cut at least two crops of hay annually, worth one hundred dollars a ton. But before a month had passed, a prospector climbed their brush fence, sunk a shaft, struck "pay gravel," and in less than twenty-four hours the whole hay ranch was staked off in claims of fifty feet square, and the ravaged

proprietors never got a claim. Once grant that the highest use of the land was to yield gold, and all the rest follows.

But exceptions were sometimes as arbitrarily made and summarily enforced as the rule itself. In 1851 two miners began to sink a shaft on Main Street, in the business center of Nevada City. A sturdy merchant made complaint, but was promptly answered that there was no law to prevent anyone from digging down to "bedrock" and drifting under the street, and they proposed to try it. "Then I'll make a law to suit the case," said the merchant, himself an old ex-miner, and stepping into his store, he came out with a navy revolver and made the law and enforced it upon the spot, establishing the precedent that Main Street, at least in that city, was not mining ground.

The members of our party did not stick together after reaching the mines, although I was with Eaton much of the time. We found some gold, but none of us struck it rich. I had always looked forward to returning to Wisconsin and going on with my college course. I decided to do so when I received a letter from my grandfather telling me about one my family had received from Professor Emerson. In it he stated that my standing as a preparatory student at Beloit had been excellent, and lamented that I had sacrificed my prospects for a career, to become a gold miner.

I had had enough of crossing the plains and concluded to return home by the Nicaragua route. A group of miners were on the point of setting out for home, and I joined company with them. One of the group was a young man from Toledo, and with him I traveled the entire way. The first stage of our journey was made in a little democrat wagon, in which we crossed the mountains to Shasta City. At a place where we stopped for lunch, while descending the mountain, we came upon a posse of mounted men who were taking a murderer to Shasta City. We traveled along with them, and the next day were met by some officers

coming out to take the criminal into custody. He was lodged in jail, but I never learned what was afterward done with him.

From Shasta City we traveled by stagecoach and (later) by boat down the Sacramento River to San Francisco. Here we stayed over night; the next morning we embarked on the steamer, *Uncle Sam*, passed out through the Golden Gate, and began our voyage down the Pacific. Our company consisted almost wholly of miners returning, like myself, to the States. One incident of this stage of the journey I still recall vividly. While passing down the coast of Mexico, close in shore, another steamer came up from behind us, and the two vessels indulged in a furious race. There was great danger of our running upon some one of the many rocks which abounded in the vicinity; the incident frightened me more than anything I had encountered during my entire three years in the mines.

We landed at Juan del Seur, and crossed the Isthmus over the route which was long advocated for the inter-oceanic canal. From Juan del Seur a journey of about twelve miles over a low mountain range to Lake Nicaragua lay before us, and the transportation company offered us the choice of making this trip on horseback or in democrat wagons. I chose the latter, and set out with four other travelers and a native driver. Before we had gone far such a furious rainstorm as I had never witnessed before overtook us; night fell, and from time to time the passengers were compelled to walk ahead of the wagon to search out the road. At length we reached Lake Nicaragua; here we found but poor accommodations and spent the night on the floor. In the morning we took a little steamer across the lake, a distance of ninety miles. Then we entered the San Juan River. In descending it we had to leave the boat several times to pass around rapids, taking another vessel on the other side of them. The country was then perfectly wild;

parrots and monkeys were numerous on the banks of the stream, and to me it proved an interesting journey. At Greytown on the Atlantic, where we stayed all night, marks of the American bombardment the year before were still plentiful. Here we took passage on a steamer for New York where we arrived without special incident. At New York I stopped only long enough to exchange my gold (which I had carried in a belt) for coined money, and then set out by rail for the West. This was my first experience with railroad travel. From Chicago I took a train for Freeport, then the terminus of the Galena and Chicago Union, Chicago's first railroad. From Freeport to Fayette I traveled by stage-coach. It had taken me five months and eight days to cross the plains to California, and three weeks to return. Fifty years later I took the trip by rail, with my wife and daughter, in four days.

DOCUMENTING LOCAL HISTORY

JOSEPH SCHAFER

The following essay on the town of Newton is presented not as a finished piece of local history writing, but rather as an outline of significant facts derived from manuscripts and printed sources, which may serve as a skeleton to be clothed upon and rendered lifelike by a more or less extended process of local study. The criticism on local histories as customarily produced is that they are (a) unsystematic, illustrating only one, or a few, of the multiform interests which make up the complex of local community life; and (b) largely worthless, because the sources of information are chiefly vague recollections of the author or others interviewed by him, instead of being thoroughly documented. A third defect often noted is the absence of a feeling for general historical results, on the part of workers in the local field, which makes so much local history work comparatively barren.

With the vast collection of the primary sources of Wisconsin history filed at the State Historical Library, or available in Madison, it would be possible to prepare at that center an outline, similar to this one, on the history of every town in the state. In the first volume of the *Wisconsin Domesday Book*, now in course of preparation, we are bringing together the general materials on twenty-five selected towns. Some of these can be treated much more fully than I have treated Newton, for we have in the library much ampler data, and in most cases they will be in more extended form. There will be a plat or map showing the farms and farmers of 1860, with census data about the size, cultivation, value, and productions of the farms, also surveyors' notes descriptive of the land before it was settled; for 1860 there will be, also, a list of the inhabitants of

each town alphabetized according to heads of families as described in the census schedules, giving name of each person, age, nativity, and the occupations of adults. A general chart will supply comparative agricultural statistics, from the manuscript census schedules, for the periods 1850, 1860, 1870, and 1880. Another chart will display similar statistics taken from the printed state census for the periods 1885, 1895, and 1905. The main facts about the political history of all the towns will occupy another chart. There will be a general introduction in which historical problems emerging from the comparative study of the twenty-five towns will be discussed.

A reading of the subjoined sketch of Newton will convince the discriminating student that much remains to be done on almost every phase of the history. A part of the work will be in the nature of a study of local records—of the town, the school districts, the churches, and those nearby newspapers which reflected best, at different periods, the life of this community. Of course, the leaders in the distinctive lines of endeavor—farming, politics, teaching, and especially morals and religion—will have to be identified on the ground and studied as opportunity offers; here is a place for the interview with old men and women, also for the study of business records, private diaries, letters, and so forth. One entire section of the town history, and that by far the most important, will deal with moral, intellectual, and spiritual conditions. That is wholly left for the local researcher because general sources are too meager to help us much along these lines.

A splendid opportunity for good work will be found in tracing the antecedents of individuals or groups, making clear the conditions out of which they came, the circumstances inducing emigration from the old home and settlement in the new; the education and special training of the pioneer settlers, their personal characters and social ideals, are elements to be stressed in the study.

There are numbers of rural towns in Wisconsin, as well as villages and cities, whose history deserves to be written in the large and published for the benefit of their own children as well as for the benefit of the state. The time seems ripe for a movement to secure a good many individual town histories, especially since every community is anxious now to honor its soldiers, living and dead; and the State Historical Society is prepared to help in the manner indicated herein, and in all other practicable ways.

TOWN OF NEWTON, MANITOWOC COUNTY

MATERIAL CONDITIONS

The town of Newton occupies township 18 north of range 23 east, in the southeastern part of Manitowoc County, five miles southwest of Manitowoc. It lies in part on the shore of Lake Michigan, the lake cutting off portions of sections 36, 25, and 24, grazing also the southeast corner of section 13 (see plat). The surface is undulating and it is well watered throughout, the principal streams being Silver Creek, Yellow Creek, and Paint Creek, all flowing southeast into Lake Michigan.

Originally, the town was practically covered with a dense forest growth which included birch, linn, sugar maple, ash, cedar, elm, alder, beech, with some pine and tamarack in the swamps, also some oak, especially on the higher parts. The swamps were rather extensive while the country was still forest-covered, as shown by the surveyor's notes;[1] yet the township averages high in first-class land, and none of it was described as poorer than second-class. The soil near the lake was light, but yet fertile, while most of the balance was heavier and very productive when cleared. Much of the wet land was automatically reclaimed by removing the covering of timber.

[1] The township was surveyed in 1834 by Byron Kilbourn, who became famous as one of the founders of Milwaukee and president of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad Company.

But there were no prairies or "openings," the whole requiring the heavy labor and expense of clearing, which helps to explain the comparative slowness of agricultural development in the town. While most of the land was purchased as early as 1848, in which year seventy-seven entries were made, the census of 1860 shows that few of the farms were opened to more than half their acreage by that time, and that many were only well begun (*Wisconsin Domesday Book*—"Farms and Farmers of 1860"). Computations based on the agricultural statistics of the three census periods, 1860, 1870, and 1880, give the following results: In 1860 Newton had 228 farms, containing a total of 5,150 acres improved land and a total of 8,749 acres unimproved land. In other words, the average farm had 22 acres improved and 38 acres unimproved. This "average farm" would be valued at $541, its implements and machinery at $33. The suppositious average farmer owned one third of a horse, 1 ox, 1 cow, 1 head of "other cattle," 2 swine, one-third of a sheep, and his total livestock was valued at $64. He produced 16 bushels of wheat, 44 of rye, no corn, 46 of oats, 9 of peas, 45 of Irish potatoes, and 4 of barley. He made 57 pounds of butter, and put up 2 tons of hay.

In 1870 the number of farms was 218, a decrease of 10. The improved land amounted to 8,401 acres, the unimproved to 6,813, showing that more wild land was now included in the farms, even while the farms were growing fewer in number, thus increasing the acreage by a double process. The average farm now contained 38 improved acres and 31 unimproved. It was valued at $2,066. The value of implements and machinery was $86. There was, to each farm, on the average, 1 horse and half an ox, 2 cows, 1 "other cattle," 3 sheep, 2 swine,—a total livestock valuation of $315. The average farm now produced 110 bushels of wheat, 40 of rye, no corn, 109 of oats, 28 of potatoes, 24

of peas, 10 of barley, 10 pounds of wool, 195 pounds of butter, and it made 7 tons of hay.

By 1880 the number of farms had increased to 292 and the total acreage in farms had increased greatly also. This was the decade of local railway construction, the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western being completed to Manitowoc in 1873. The amount of improved land is given as 13,991 acres, the unimproved at 9,508 acres. The average farm now had 47 acres improved land, to 32 acres unimproved, and was valued at $2,738. Implements and machinery are worth $142 and livestock $197. The total value of farm productions, on the average, was $342. There were 2 horses, nearly 4 milch cows and 2 "other cattle," 2 sheep, and 2 swine. The wheat crop amounted to 216 bushels from 13 acres, rye 18 from 1 acre, oats 184 from 7 acres, and barley 36 from 1 acre. There was still no Indian corn. The average farm produced 86 pounds of butter and 499 gallons of milk. The total number of milch cows in the town was 1,155. The farms may be regarded as "made" by 1880, and all the land of the township, swamps included, must have been reckoned within the farms to make the aggregate acreage; even then the total seems excessive.

Averaging only 79 acres, the farms of this town were smaller on the whole than those of any other of twenty-two towns compared with it. But the acreage of improved land was greater than in Prairie du Chien and Sevastopol, though less than in the other twenty. The kinds of production and the annual value of the production both indicate that, as yet, no considerable specialization had occurred except in the growing of peas. This town led all in that particular, the total production amounting to over nine thousand bushels, or 30 bushels to the average farm. The annual value of the total productions was, however, the lowest of the towns compared, with the single exception of Prairie du Chien, and one is forced to look upon the community as

made up at that time (1880) of families who were generally in very moderate circumstances. However, the census shows us a few good-sized farms. Four had 100 acres or more of improved land each, and an annual production of $1,000. These four farmers were distinctly in advance of the rest pecuniarily, other incomes ranging usually between $150 and $500, with a few below the minimum and a few above the maximum. It would be interesting to know to what extent differing incomes were evened by the fact that some of the surplus labor of the smaller farms was employed for wages on the larger farms. There was actually paid out, in wages, from incomes aggregating $16,300, the sum of $3,900, or a little less than 24 per cent.

By means of the state census it is possible to trace the agricultural history of the town down to the year 1905. We find that in 1885 Newton was credited with 13,374 acres improved land, and 8,080 unimproved and wood land. The cash value of the farms was given as $495,640. One of the new productions appearing prominently in the 1885 schedule is cheese, Newton being credited with a total production of 564,781 pounds, valued at $51,150. The butter record was missed, the town being accidentally omitted from the schedule exhibiting that item. Peas continued to be produced in considerable quantities, but there were only 14 acres of corn in the town.

In 1895 the improved acreage had risen to 17,539, and the unimproved had fallen to 4,457. The value had risen to $1,123,550, an increase of more than 100 per cent in ten years. The cheese production was 141,661 pounds manufactured in 11 factories located within the town, which drew milk from 928 cows. The production of butter totaled 85,000 pounds. There was one creamery. The combined value of the butter and cheese was less than that of the cheese produced in 1885, so that one suspects errors in reporting or in printing the returns.

In 1905 Newton had 304 farms, only 12 more than in 1880. The total acreage was 21,114—improved 17,299, unimproved 3,815. The cash value of farms was given as $1,690,000. The town was producing a little wheat, but more rye, oats, and barley, and especially peas. Its chief wealth was in cattle, particularly cows, of which it had 2,039, valued at $50,880. It produced 78,739 gallons of milk, valued at $7,662; also 63,914 pounds of butter, valued at $13,498. Its 4 creameries, with 144 patrons milking 1,028 cows, produced 146,059 pounds of butter valued at $30,494; and its 5 cheese factories, with 181 patrons milking 1,150 cows, produced 349,170 pounds of cheese valued at $34,233. The combined value of the products of dairy, field, pasture, and poultry yard was $228,600; and this, divided among 304 farms, assigns to them an average income of $745—a decided increase since 1880, when the average was only $342.

The forested condition of the township, while a distinct hindrance to the agricultural subjection of the land, afforded opportunity to the settlers not merely to obtain fuel, which for many years was over-abundant, and to obtain free fencing material, but also to add to their limited incomes by getting out for the market saw logs, hoop-poles, cordwood, and railroad ties. The presence of sawmills in the town or on its borders also made building material cheap to those owning saw timber. "Persons engaged in clearing," said the editor of the *Manitowoc County Herald*, Jan. 11, 1851, "always find more or less valuable timber which has a ready market and is thus made a valuable source of assistance in promoting early improvements." As late as 1869, and doubtless for some years thereafter, the majority of the farmers were still marketing "forest products"—some of them to the extent of $200 to $300, and from these figures down to $10 or $15.

The great road to Green Bay entered the town of Newton at section 30, and running northeast emerged at section

3 near Silver Lake. A branch of this road led east to Manitowoc, and other roads reached the county town from the south. From early times there were piers near where later the village of Northeim grew up, and stores at that point (with later a creamery) made it a great convenience to the farmers living in the southeastern and southern portions of the town. The rail line of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway enters from the south at section 34 and leaves the town at the northeast corner of section 1. Its station of Newport is in section 34. This line was completed to Manitowoc in 1873. There was a mill in section 7, one at Silver Lake, one at Manitowoc Rapids two miles from the north line of the town, and of course others at Manitowoc about five miles away. Blacksmiths and wagon makers were located within the town, and from the year 1855 there was a post office at Newtonburg in section 8, with later one at Northeim in section 35. By 1878 the town had two cheese factories, one in section 5 and another in section 28. From that time, factory dairying gradually developed until it became the dominant industry of the people, as we have seen.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS

Newton is known as one of the most distinctively German towns of Wisconsin. Among the original entrymen of the land were a goodly proportion of American names. But some of these were speculators taking up numerous tracts for resale to settlers. The earliest entries, numbering ten, in 1836 were all by Americans. After that no more entries are recorded until the year 1847, when 36 were made by Americans, but a larger number—41—by persons with foreign names. In the year 1848 the number of entries was 77, mostly made by foreigners. The latest date of entry for any of the lands in the township is 1858. It is noticeable that, while Americans frequently took up scattered tracts, showing that they were taken

for speculation, the foreigners generally bought one, two, or three forties in compact form for home making. In the total, foreigners entered 110 tracts, as against 81 entered by Americans (at least by English-speaking persons).

An analysis of the population has been made from the manuscript census schedules of 1850, 1860, and 1870. The results may be tabulated as follows:

NATIVITY	1850	1860	1870
U. S., except Wisconsin	30	33	28
Wisconsin	29	409	965
Austria	.....	34	31
Baden	4	13	20
Bavaria	.....	52	39
Bohemia	.....	26	.....
Brandenburg	4	.....	.....
Canada	9	7	1
Denmark	.....	6	.....
England	1	3	3
France	1	14	4
Hanover	35	57	.....
Hesse	1	24	4
Holland	.....	13	4
Holstein	.....	8	.....
Ireland	38	61	52
Lippe	.....	.....	36
Luxemburg	.....	.....	6
Mecklenburg	.....	128	154
Nassau	.....	5	.....
Norway	112	3	.....
Oldenburg	.....	6	.....
Poland	.....	24	.....
Prussia	64	446	578
Russia	1	2	.....
Sardinia	.....	1	.....
Saxony	2	22	9
Scotland	.....	3	1
Sweden	.....	1	.....
Switzerland	.....	12	4
Württemberg	.....	2	7
Total, Foreign-born	272	973	953
Total, Native-born	59	442	993

Some of the facts which emerge from this investigation are rather astonishing. For example, it was found that in 1860 only two heads of families were of American origin, all the rest being foreign and, with few exceptions, German. Many of the children of German parents, of course, were of American nativity, which gave the town its total of 442 natives as against 973 foreign-born. The census of 1850 shows 272 foreign-born and 59 native-born, or only 20 per cent native. By 1870 a decided change has come about, the native element being now slightly in the majority. From this point we rely on the state census, which was taken at the middle of the decade, and we find in Newton in 1885 a total of 1,892, of which 597 were foreign-born, or 31.5 per cent of the whole number, while 1,295, or 68.5 per cent, were American-born. Ten years later, 1895, the figures stand: 1,607 American and 532 foreign, or a fraction over 75 per cent American and a fraction under 25 per cent foreign.

The last state census examined, that of 1905, shows a reduction in the total population of the town from 2,139 (in 1895) to 1,741. This is doubtless due to the high mortality rate among the older generation and the partial dispersion of families through the withdrawal of adult young persons, the trend to the city having set in strongly. The proportions of native and foreign now stand: 1,451 native to 290 foreign. In other words, only $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent of the population were of foreign birth, while the native element made up $83\frac{2}{3}$ per cent of the whole. Inasmuch as the entire state, in 1905, showed a native element which was only 77.34 per cent of the whole, it is clear that this town had been "Americanizing" at an exceptional rate, relatively to other communities.

A comparative study of nativities of twenty-five towns, including Newton, from the state censuses of 1895 and 1905 yields this result: In 1895 the town of Newton stood

number 14 on the list arranged to show the smallness of the percentage of foreign-born in the population, while in 1905 this town stood number 8. This proves that the process of change from foreign to native, as it proceeded in the town of Newton, was exceptionally rapid both positively and comparatively. To understand how this came about it is only necessary to contemplate the permanent occupation of the farms by the original German entrymen of the land, or the German emigrant purchasers of privately owned wild land. These emigrants, coming in the forties and fifties of the last century, were, as the census record shows, mainly young adults. Their children, so far as they were born in Wisconsin, would be natives and some of these children would inherit the lands on the death of the parents. When the older generation had passed away, the population would be entirely native, save for that comparatively small number of the younger generation who were born in Germany prior to the emigration of their parents.

That the above is essentially the process which changed the town of Newton in fifty years from an almost purely German to an almost purely American community is nearly, if not quite, demonstrable from documentary sources. It is noteworthy that, out of the 1,451 American-born in 1905, 1,434 (or all but 17) were natives of Wisconsin. Doubtless nearly all of them were born in the town of Newton itself. This view is strengthened by a comparison of the names of landowners in 1860 with those of later dates, as shown by the county maps. On the map of the year 1903 we identify 82 names of persons who owned land in the township in 1860. In most cases the land held was in the same sections and constituted in part or in whole the original farms. Recalling that the number of farm owners in 1860, according to the census, was 228, we see that the proportion of persisting families must have been very large. The biographies in the county history include

the names of 18 persons who resided in the town of Newton in 1910. In all cases they were then living on the farms on which they were born.

We implied above that the farms of Newton could hardly be said to be "made" until about 1880. And no doubt there was for a number of years some shifting about—some buying, mortgaging, and selling—among those holding inferior or small tracts. It would be more normal, therefore, to compare the owners of about 1880 with those of 1903. We have a county plat book for 1878, on which we identify 140 names appearing on the plat of 1903, twenty-five years later.[2] This shows that nearly one-half of the original farm makers' names cling to the soil of the township. Were we able to determine the cases where men from outside married daughters of the old families and substituted their own names, it would increase still further the roll of the permanent families. No comparisons with other towns have yet been made on this head, but one risks little in asserting that Newton has been socially one of the most stable farming communities in the state.

When we ask the reason for this stability, the answer will have to be sought partly in racial characteristics, partly in economic conditions, and doubtless largely in the facts of the early social organization. There is probably some truth in the oft reiterated assertion that the Germans "stick to the land" much more tenaciously than native Americans and most foreign immigrants. That would be more true, however, of those who live together in groups that are organized to practise their native speech, to enjoy their chosen religion and distinctive recreational and social life, than among those who are racially scattered dependently in the midst of an alien life to which at first they can but imperfectly adapt themselves. Now the Germans of Newton town, who were at first largely of the Lutheran

[2] Many names are badly misspelled but can be identified under their disguises.

and Evangelical Reformed faiths, had their own churches and parochial schools within the town, and at these doubtless much of the social and recreational life was centered. Stores, mills, taverns, repair shops, all existed locally at points convenient for the farmers, thus minimizing the necessity for frequent visits to towns, so unsettling to the habits of rural youth.

The fact that the land was hard to subdue to cultivation, but generously productive when cleared, may have had its effect. The original settlers bent themselves to the heavy task of "grubbing and breaking," devoting to it, with their families, in not infrequent instances as many as twenty or twenty-five years. Fields won by such persistent and prolonged toil, especially if they be rich and fruitful, are apt to be appreciated from a sentimental as well as an economic viewpoint. "I spent my life making this farm in order that my children may have a stake in the country," is an idea often heard among pioneer farmers, especially foreigners to whom landholding seems to confer social distinction and the founding of a family implies a landed property as a basis.

But there is another fact to consider in this connection. The period of farm making, which invariably deprives the children of those opportunities for education which become so abundant in later stages, and which readily fit youth to pursue almost any career, was here just about long enough to absorb the entire energies of the older children. These would be well trained to the routine of farm life, but having no other hope than to farm on the hard-won acres, would be very ready to take their parents' places. The younger children drifted easily into new occupations and fitted into new surroundings.

It will be interesting to determine, from comparative studies, whether the forest settler's family tends more strongly to persist than does the prairie settler's family,

or vice versa. Casual observation seems to suggest that the prairie family shifted much more readily. One important reason for this would seem to have been the habit and bent for wheat growing. No other form of early agriculture was so immediately remunerative under favorable conditions. Accordingly, whenever the lands in one region refused longer to produce good crops, the farmers who had been wheat growers and were equipped for that business moved west to new and ever new wheat lands. It is apt to be so with the growers of staple crops. It was so with the Virginia tobacco growers and the Carolina cotton growers. The devotee of a single crop, especially if his capital is invested in equipment to a greater extent than in land, because he dreads to make more change than he is compelled to make in his occupational habits and expenditure shifts his location and continues in the old lines of endeavor. The "mixed farmer," on the other hand, who learns to raise equally well a variety of products—"a little bit of everything"—is in much better case when new adaptations are demanded, for he can more readily modify his activities to suit the requirements. His training is more general and he is less bound by financial or social consideration to continue in the old path. So it is not surprising that the men of Newton, who "made a hand" with ax and mattock at the outset, drove the breaking plow through soil, grubs, and undergrowth, reduced the raw land to a high state of tilth, and grew all of the small grains indifferently, as opportunity, seasons, and prices suggested, meantime tending cows and other cattle, should be prepared when the right time arrived to stress more and more one of the old occupations—caring for cows—until that business became almost a profession.

Printed biographies of men and women who are natives of Newton tell us something about the early settlers, what manner of folk they were, what their worldly condition,

their training, and the mode of their entry into the community's life, with facts about their achievements. The *History of Manitowoc County* presents about forty such sketches. We have in them accounts of families settling on the heavily timbered wild land, usually beginning home life in a log hut—in one case, in a temporary shelter of bark—and gradually working their way to independence; of sons and grandsons who became business men, professional men, teachers, scientific farmers, inventors; of daughters and granddaughters who were the partners of successful men in all these pursuits. References to the pioneer ancestors reveal that the town of Newton was served by men of special training—that some who settled there were blacksmiths and worked at their trade, others wagon makers, others millers, others carpenters, and so forth. We learn that, while most of the immigrants were poor to begin with, a few came with appreciable sums of money, and these built grist mills, sawmills, taverns, and stores, and helped during the time of beginnings in promoting the construction of churches and schools, as well as in other public improvements.

The Civil War record of Newton is expressed mainly in the soldiers the town furnished. These apparently numbered forty-two,[3] as given in the *Roster*, of whom two were killed in action; two died of wounds received in battle; three others were discharged on account of wounds and disability; and six died of disease. Four earned the unenviable title of deserters. But it seems clear that these must have been "floaters," for their names—all non-German—are alien to the list of family names of the town in 1860. The amount raised by tax for bounties in the year ending May 31, 1865, was $2,100.[4]

[3] There may be a question about four of these. They are listed as from Manitowoc County, but their names seem to identify them as belonging to Newton families.

[4] Durrie, D. S., *Gazetteer of Wisconsin*, MS.

When the vast labor of compiling the records of soldiers of the World War shall have been completed in the form in which it has been begun by the Adjutant General of Wisconsin, it will be possible to give the results with measurable completeness.

Politically, the town of Newton was for many years overwhelmingly Democratic, which is normal for the period up to 1860, considering the prevailing nationality of its people. So nearly unanimous were the voters in the gubernatorial election of 1859 that Randall, Republican, received but one single vote, while his Democratic opponent, Hobart, polled 72 votes. Nevertheless, the next year, in the presidential contest, Lincoln was given a majority, 128, against 77 for Douglas and none for either Breckenridge or Bell. This was due, no doubt, to the powerful free-soil and antislavery sentiment which prevailed among the Germans. Manitowoc County gave Lincoln 2,041, Douglas 1,947, a result which astonished both Democrats and Republicans.[5]

Thereafter the county again voted regularly for the Democratic presidential ticket until 1896. The town of Newton, on the other hand, shifted from Republican to Democratic and back again in a most eccentric fashion, the causes of which call for investigation. McClellan received a majority of 44 in 1864, while Grant won by 36 votes in '68 and Greeley by 46 in '72. Tilden had a majority of 27 in '76, Garfield 25 in 1880, and Blaine 3 in '84. In 1888 Harrison and Cleveland each received 173 votes, as did the gubernatorial candidates also.[6] But in '92 Cleveland received 165 as against 98 for Harrison, the state ticket polling identically the same numbers. McKinley defeated Bryan 214 to 147 in '96, and 182 to 123 in 1900;

[5] See *Manitowoc County Herald*, Nov. 15, 1860.

[6] That makes the vote in 1890, for governor, appear on the face of it very strange. It stood: Peck, Democrat, 196; Hoard, Republican, 77. But the Bennett Law issue explains it.

while Roosevelt in 1904 received 207 against Parker's 109. At that election 7 votes were cast for Swallow, Prohibitionist; and 3 for Debs, Socialist. In 1908 Bryan obtained 132, Taft 182, Debs 8. Taft was leader in the town again in 1912, with 101; while Wilson received 77, Roosevelt 47, Debs 2, and Chapin 2. Newton was strongly Republican in 1916, giving Hughes 219 and Wilson 90, with no scattering votes, Philipp for governor running even with Hughes. The 1920 vote stood: Harding, 287; Cox, 27; Watkins, 3; Debs, 54.

INTELLECTUAL, MORAL, AND SPIRITUAL CONDITIONS

The biographical sketches we have of pioneers tell us something of the intellectual and moral qualities of the makers of Newton, but on this head a large amount of local investigation is demanded. This section of the history cannot be written from existing documentary sources.

A very little material can be gleaned with reference to the education of the young from the biographies of men reared in Newton. But we ought to know not only about the character of the public school and the parochial schools which existed in the town, and about the work of the most notable teachers who served them, but also about the young men and women who attended higher institutions of learning outside—normal schools, seminaries, colleges, and universities. A community's gift to the world lies largely in its trained young men and women.

A similar statement can be made relative to its religious leaders. We obtain a few facts from the printed records of churches, but only a few. It is known that the first church in Newton was of the German Reformed faith, and we have the names of several clergymen of that faith, but little more. The census of 1860 notes, among the families, that of John A. Salzer, thirty-seven years of age, clergyman.

He has a wife and four children, the eldest being a boy of ten. Mr. Salzer was a native of Wrttemberg, but since all the children were born in this country—in Illinois and Iowa—he must have come to America a number of years before. Presumably, Salzer was pastor of the church in Newton. A few years later we find the Reverend E. Wagner described as pastor of the Newtonburg church; and for at least ten years—1874 to 1884—the Reverend E. Strube occupied that post. The work of these men, their congregations and their school, for the moral and religious life of the town, deserves to be investigated.

By the year 1878, according to the town plat of that year, there were five churches. We know from the *Catholic History* that St. Casimer's congregation (Catholic) was organized in 1868 and a church built at Northeim the same year, followed by a parochial school in 1874. Whether or not all of the other four churches were Lutheran or German Reformed we have no means here of determining.

Nothing has been said about the fine arts, like music, carving, painting, sculpture, literature. The germs of these things are sometimes found in more unlikely places than such a rural community as Newton, and a complete historical survey would have to take them into account.

HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

W. A. Titus

VIII. ST. NAZIANZ, A UNIQUE RELIGIOUS COLONY

> Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
> Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
> Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the West,
> Where, free from strife for gain, the weary soul may rest?

Legend and history are strangely interwoven in the story of St. Nazianz, a religious colony founded in 1854 in Manitowoc County. The narrative begins in a foreign land in the middle of the last century, when Father Ambrose Oschwald, a priest in the Black Forest region of Baden, Germany, who had shown marked qualities of leadership, decided to bring the entire membership of his parish to America and there in the wilderness to found a colony in accord with his ideals. There were several reasons that contributed to their decision to leave the fatherland. The population had increased until the country was overcrowded so that it was difficult to secure profitable employment. Then, too, Germany had just passed through a period of revolution, and the country was seething with unrest. Many of the German people had already emigrated to Wisconsin, and this influenced Father Oschwald to plant his colony in the Badger State.

The group that left Baden for the New World numbered 113 persons; and as the entire community was included there were none of the heartbreaking separations so common in the cases of individual emigrants. By selling all of their property the community was able to raise 24,000 florins to pay the expenses of the long journey and to get a start in their new home across the sea. They left Strasburg in May, 1854, and after a voyage covering fifty-four days, landed in New York. Here they rested for

THE FIRST CHURCH BUILT IN ST. NAZIANZ

a time and then set out for Milwaukee, where they arrived in August and where they were greeted by the pioneer missionary, Archbishop Henni. While in Milwaukee the Reverend Oschwald purchased 3,840 acres of land in Manitowoc County at $3.50 per acre, on which he made a first payment of $1,500. An advance party of six men was sent to Manitowoc by boat and from there started westward on foot through the forests to the newly-purchased land that was to be their future home.

There is a legend that when they arrived at the eastern boundary of their tract, a white ox appeared before them and that they followed the animal in its winding path until it stopped on the spot where the first church was built and where it still stands. This story is supposed to explain why the streets of the village wind and wind without any apparent reason for their crookedness. The brothers of the community admit the existence of this legend but do not vouch for its authenticity. The statement made by some newspaper writers to the effect that Father Oschwald was commanded in a vision to proceed to America and found a colony on this exact spot is dismissed by the brotherhood of the present community as a fairy tale that originated in the mind of some outside narrator.

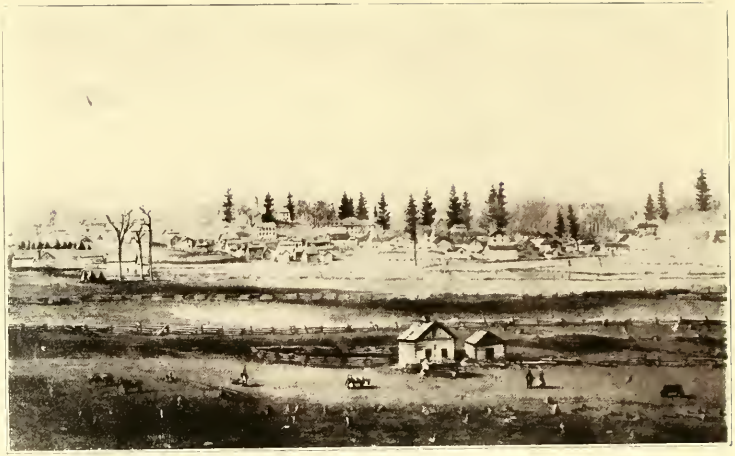
It was on a rainy Sunday that the advance party reached the site of the future settlement, and it is recorded that the first duty they performed was to fell a tree, fashion it into a cross, and set it up as a rallying place for their devotions. Next they cut trees from which to build a log hut, sleeping on the ground in the meantime, and subsisting on boiled potatoes without salt. As they were putting the roof on the first log house, Father Oschwald arrived with another group of colonists and, cheered by the presence of their leader, they set about their tasks with renewed energy.

The summer was cold and wet, and hardship and exposure brought on an epidemic of malaria from which

seven died and many others were greatly weakened. In spite of these handicaps, they cleared seventy acres and sowed them to rye during the first summer and fall. However, they were unable to raise any food during the summer to carry them through the succeeding winter. They lived for the most part on a thick potato soup; but, with the utmost economy, the cost of food amounted to $2,000 before they were able to harvest their first crop. Father Oschwald went to Milwaukee where he was able to secure a loan of $1800.

During this first summer they erected the old church which still stands, although it is no longer used for divine services. This church, which meant so much to the little community, was twenty-four by thirty-two feet and all the logs that entered into its construction were carried on the backs of the men. The records state that as many as sixteen men were required to carry a single log, and that twenty logs were thus brought together in a single day. Their devoted leader was always with his men, doing his share of the labor and encouraging his followers with cheerful conversation. At night they gathered around him while he told them stories and read to them from his scanty supply of books and papers. The primitive church was completed and the first service held in October, 1854. By Christmas day following, the colonists had completed four houses, a community kitchen, a stable, and a blacksmith shop.

The winter of 1855 was a severe one with much snow; very little clearing could be done, and the spring came so late that no grain could be sown. Twenty-two acres of corn and a considerable acreage of potatoes were planted, both of which crops yielded bountifully. During this summer a sawmill and several additional houses were built. The winter of 1856 was also a long one, and the crops of the following season were only fair. Ten acres of spring wheat



ST. NAZIANZ IN AN EARLY DAY

produced well and this supplied the community with bread for the next twelve months. Meanwhile a herd of twenty cattle had been acquired and a large barn for their stock had been built. The year 1857 was an unfortunate one for the colony. Fire swept through the village and destroyed several buildings, including the large stock barn. Six head of cattle were lost in a soft swamp where they had ventured for grazing, and the rest of the stock suffered much from lack of pasturage due to the dry season. Added to their other misfortunes the second payment on their land now became due and there were no funds with which to meet it. The land was advertised for sale by the creditors and the personal property was attached, but a wealthy man from Sheboygan advanced the money to meet all claims and the property was saved to the colonists. From a financial standpoint, 1858 was a satisfactory year and among other improvements a convent was built for the Sisters. In 1859 there was an almost total failure of crops, and the community had to be maintained by contributions from philanthropic Catholics throughout the country; but this was the last occasion on which the colony needed outside assistance. From this time the community was self-supporting; and a few years later it became very prosperous. In 1864 a tannery was added to the increasing industries of the village, and there were also installed two looms for the weaving of cloth.

It is interesting to note that during the first twenty years of the history of the colony all property was owned in common and all service was rendered without compensation other than food and clothing. Meals were served from a community kitchen, the unmarried women being assigned to this service. The married people lived in cottages, while the single men lived in the men's dormitory and the unmarried women lived in the women's home.

After the death of Father Oschwald in 1873, the bonds that had held the community together were to some extent loosened. The Reverend Peter Mutz, who had been restored to health by Father Oschwald and had later studied for the priesthood, succeeded to the leadership of the colony. Father Mutz felt that the married members and their children were entitled to the fruits of their labors, and he accordingly conveyed portions of the lands to these families. As none were bound to remain, some of the members drifted away from the neighborhood, and the colony dwindled until 1898, when its remaining property was taken over by the Society of the Divine Saviour, who, with the Sisters, now control about a thousand acres of the original holdings. Many beautiful buildings were erected by these two societies, and St. Nazianz today has an atmosphere that is decidedly ecclesiastical.

From the records of the colony, as well as the accounts of his contemporaries, it appears that the Reverend Ambrose Oschwald was an unusual character. His ability as an administrator was exceeded only by his piety, zeal, and devotion to his people. He was fifty-three years of age when, in 1854, he undertook the great task of transplanting an entire community from its native land to a wilderness home four thousand miles away. From that time until his death in 1873, the good priest never ceased to labor for the spiritual and material advancement of his followers. He was a skilled botanist with a special knowledge of medicinal herbs. There was no physician within twenty miles, and people, both Catholic and Protestant, came to him from long distances for medical treatment. He is said to have been remarkably successful in the treatment of cancer; his reputation spread far beyond the borders of Wisconsin. To those of the Catholic faith who were ill, he taught the efficacy of prayer as an aid to healing, and thus the idea became prevalent that he cured by faith. This

A WINDING STREET IN ST. NAZIANZ

was denied by his close friends; it seems clear that his familiarity with medicinal herbs enabled him to treat disease in a professional way, without resort to miraculous methods. Many still remember the kindly pastor who ministered unselfishly both to their spiritual and to their physical needs.

The St. Nazianz of today is a quaint rural community which, with a sufficient population, has never seen fit to become an incorporated village. There is about it a reminder of a part of the Old World transplanted to the New. It is surrounded by a wealthy farming section, has a bank, stores, manufacturing plants, and all of the other adjuncts of a prosperous village. It has an artificial lake that was formed by damming up the outlet to one of the ravines, and on its banks may be seen the black-robed brothers of the Order in meditation and study, or the students of the seminary who are candidates for the priesthood. We also find here the lay brothers who spend their lives in seclusion and work the lands that belong to the Order. The whole ecclesiastical quarter is, while a part of the world, seemingly apart from the world. The casual visitor who is interested in this unique community will find the brothers kindly, hospitable, and willing to give him information about their work. They are happy in their environment, and the restful atmosphere of the place is in marked contrast to the strife and turmoil of the outside world.

A TREASURE QUEST

Some men stalk big game, some seek for gold, while some pursue treasures of an historical character. The writer of the following article is an enthusiast of the last-named kind, a loyal member of the State Historical Society, who describes the difficulties and thrills attending one particular conquest.—EDITOR.

He was eighty-five years old and had in his possession a precious newspaper file which he had preserved, through many vicissitudes, for sixty years This I had learned through correspondence with him. At once a mighty resolution seized me. I must get that file and deposit it in the vaults of the State Historical Society, where it would be practically safe forever, and where its rich resources of local history would be available to the future student and research worker who might be interested in it. It was, I reasoned, probably the only file, at least of anything like its size in existence, as the paper when printed had a circulation of only a few hundred, if indeed more than a few dozen, at first, and most of the copies must long since have disappeared. I had accidentally come upon a copy of an early issue of the paper while preparing an article on the beginnings of the nationality press in this country. A good friend, who also answered to the description of being "a great hand at saving everything," had found it among the many interesting literary effects of his father and had sent it to me. I saw at once that it was much more than a mere newspaper of the time. It was a great repository of local history pertaining to the immigrants from the district of Voss, in that it contained many names of newcomers and their destinations, together with notices of marriages, births, and deaths among them, as well as like

data from the same district in Norway. It was also, as it were, a bridge between the old home district and its representatives in pioneer America, in that it contained short personal letters written on both sides of the sea to relatives who might not otherwise be reached by them. I realized what a store of interesting information would be found could more copies of the paper be discovered. The sense of its rarity was the more impressed upon me when I found that no mention was made of its existence by other historians. Evidently they had not known of it.

As yet, of course, I knew nothing of the existence of this file, but some time afterward I wrote to an interesting old man who as a young immigrant had been connected with the then intellectual life of the nationality, to get such recollections as he might have of the newspapers of the time. Incidentally I mentioned that I had a copy of the little Vossing paper and inquired if he knew anything of its history. Imagine my surprise and delight to receive a letter from him stating that he had a practically complete file of it covering the three years or more of its existence. It was somewhere among the effects in his old trunks in the attic and some day, perhaps, I might see it.

When, later, the old gentleman came to a local sanitarium for treatment, I lost no time in calling on him and learning more about the precious file in his possession. Again he repeated his promise that he would let me see it sometime if he ever had an opportunity to unearth it. He informed me that he had a mass of other material, old books, letters, clippings, and scrap books in the same attic, a further interesting revelation. Doubtless in this accumulation were many other treasures of value, but for the present my heart was set upon that file.

The more I reflected upon the subject, the more urgent it seemed to me that some one should act and that it was up to me to do so. At his age, I reasoned, he might drop

off at any time, and with him might go his treasured trifles, so ridiculous from one point of view, so rich and valuable from another. His sons and daughters at home were active, energetic people of affairs, conducting a large farm and other activities, living distinctly in the present. They might take little time disposing of such effects, once he were gone; at any rate, it seemed the part of wisdom to deal with the aged owner of them himself, since his interest in them could not be doubted.

At last one beautiful summer afternoon I knocked at the door of his fine farm home, and happily enough was received by the patriarch himself. A delightful afternoon was spent with him. Tale after tale of early days in Chicago was told; how, when the future metropolis had but two lines of railway—one entering from the south and one from the northwest—the people went daily to meet the incoming evening train; how he had packed water from a pump on the prairie; of his musical studies and his ventures as a publisher of music; of the Great Fire, etc. He also showed me over his place and through his gardens, and treated me to grapes fresh from the vine. Three times, he said, he had been the victim of disastrous fires, first in the Chicago conflagration of '71, when all his plates and stock of music had been wiped out; next when his house, which stood on the site of the present one, had been destroyed; and lastly when all his grain-stacks and barns had once been burned up by a spark from a threshing engine. That the object of my quest should have escaped all these dangers seemed somewhat remarkable to me.

Having thus thoroughly ingratiated myself into his confidence, I finally broached the object of my visit, which was to see and, if possible, borrow his old newspaper file. Again he told me it was buried somewhere in the recesses of the attic, but that some day he would resurrect it and let me see it. I offered to help in the search for it, but was asked to wait until some more convenient time.

This, of course, did not get me anywhere; but, being a newspaperman and trained to get the essential thing wanted, I did not wholly give up. There was an afternoon train for home, but my host informed me that there was also a later night train, and if I would stay for supper he would himself drive me in his top buggy to the station. Here might be another chance. I accepted, and we continued our visit.

As we sat in the shade of the porch, looking out upon the lovely landscape where we could almost hear the heart of summer beating in the sunbathed fields and meadows, a bank of black clouds came suddenly rolling up from the west. In a few moments there was a dash of rain. Then one of the daughters came to the door and asked him if the skylight in the roof was closed. He believed not, and said he would go up and close it. "Would you like to see the view from our roof?" he asked me. "It is most charming." I should be delighted. So we climbed the stairs to the second floor, then up another into the attic, where at last, it was given me to see the numerous boxes and trunks which I knew contained the family relics and mementos and the particular object desired by me. From the attic floor a ladder ran up perpendicularly to a hole in the roof. Up this ladder we went in the rain and then stepped out upon the roof where we beheld a beautiful panorama spread out before us. I trembled with apprehension to see the old man climb this ladder, and more so when he stepped out upon the slippery roof and closed the window. It seemed to me that a misstep or a slip would send him sliding from the roof to a sudden death, and my quest and my pleasant visit have a most tragic result. But he was more sure-footed than I had imagined him, and we descended safely to the attic floor.

Now, I felt, was opportunity making her traditional and irrevocable knock at the door. I resolved not to quit

that attic empty-handed without a struggle and without exhausting every resource to attain my end. I engaged the old gentleman in conversation, and the consuming interest I showed in everything about me rekindled his own enthusiasm, and almost before he was aware of it I had thrown open one trunk after another and hauled out pictures, books, old watches, knives, rings, albums, faded manuscripts and letters, whose history one after another he told me. Finally, from the bottom of one of the boxes, he brought up himself the old newspaper file. At last I had it in my hands, and I never surrendered it until he indulgently agreed to let me take it along for safe-keeping in the great library of the state. Ordinarily I would have fled the house at once and the steaming supper awaiting us, but my story was not spoiled when I took the chance by remaining. My confidence was not misplaced and the file remained with me.

DOCUMENTS

SOME WAR-TIME LETTERS

Eldon J. Canright, the author of these letters from the front in the great war, was a graduate of the Wauwatosa high school with the class of 1912. For several years thereafter he was in the employ of a wholesale grocery establishment of Milwaukee. In March, 1917, he became a salesman for a firm of manufacturing chemists of Chicago; in May of the same year he enlisted in the First Regiment, Illinois National Guard, which unit was shortly afterward mustered into United States service as the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Field Artillery, which in time became one of the units of the famous Forty-second, popularly known as the "Rainbow" Division, of the American Expeditionary Force.

Canright received his preliminary training at Fort Sheridan during the summer of 1917, and sailed with his regiment for France in November of that year. He was soon promoted to the rank of sergeant and stationed as a dentist's assistant back of the line; but dissatisfied with this situation he asked to be relieved and joined the men as a private on the firing line. Save for a few days of illness, he was with his regiment on the firing line a total of one hundred and eighty days, during which time the Forty-second Division was several times commended for bravery by the French government and by our own. Upon the conclusion of the armistice Canright's unit was sent into Germany, where he remained throughout the winter and spring of 1918-19. His period of service covered, therefore, the entire period of American participation in the war on the Western Front. For copies of the letters, as well as for the facts here presented, acknowledgments are due Miss Amy M. Brown of Fairmont, Minnesota, a cousin of the writer. In printing the letters, entries of an intimate or inconsequential character have not been reproduced.

On Active Service with the
American Expeditionary Force
November 5, 1917

My dear Folks: I suppose you have been wondering why I haven't written, but this is the first opportunity that I have had, as we have been traveling since I wrote you last.

We had a lovely voyage across the ocean. The weather was ideal. There were many exciting and interesting events, but I cannot tell you about them. We saw flying fish, dolphins, etc., too, but nevertheless we were very glad to see land.

I am very much in love with France and with the French people. The refined or better class are *very* good looking. They have dark hair and eyes and olive complexions, but there are a few fair complexioned people. They think the American soldiers are kings—everywhere we are treated with the utmost respect and courtesy, although they cannot understand us. But they have a rather embarrassing habit of kissing you on both cheeks. (Of course, when some pretty French girl kisses you, you don't mind!)

Needless to say, I am in love with the children. They are all very cute and pretty, and I've made several friends, although we can't talk to each other. We just make motions and you'd laugh to see me trying to make them understand.

Of course everything here is very different from the good old "U.S.A." The streets are very narrow and so are the sidewalks, and the houses are all built of brick or stone and the poorer classes have thatched roofs but some of the houses are very pretty although, of course, all of them have high stone fences around them. They have lovely yards and gardens and everything is clean—much cleaner than in the cities or country in the United States. There is really no country here; we think of it because the farms are very small, not much larger than a truck garden, but are intensively tilled.

Fruit is very cheap. You can buy apples or pears, all you can eat for fifty centimes (10c), but other foodstuffs are expensive. Pie is three francs (about 60c in our money) and ice cream and candy bars one franc, etc.

The time here is six hours earlier than yours so I am getting ready for bed when you are eating your dinner. (I go to bed early here for reasons that I can't tell you.)

Mail is very irregular and uncertain so I don't know when, if ever, you will receive this letter.

I cannot buy good cigars here, at any price, so for Christmas all I want you to send me is *cigars;* send either Tom Moore or Robert Burns brand of cigars.

With heaps of love, I am

Yours,

Eldon,

149th Field Artillery, Sanitary Detachment, A.E.F. Via New York

Somewhere in France

December 14, 1917

My dear Folks: I received your most welcome and interesting letters just a few days ago, and am hastening to reply as this is the first chance I have had to write. Please excuse pencil and bum stationery. It's all I have.

Mail is very irregular here as we only receive mail once or twice a month. I am sure if our friends and relatives at home knew how much letters from "The States" mean to us, and how anxiously we await mail day, they would not "count" letters with us and would feel well repaid for their trouble.

Blanche asked me if this country looked different from ours. Well, it certainly does—no matter where you go, in the city or small towns or country. And the French people are just as lovely and charming as they have been reported to be.

I was fortunate enough to get a few days' leave last week, so I went to one of the large cities near here and was a gentleman of leisure once more, and *believe me* it sure did seem good! I stayed at one of the nicest hotels in the city—had a lovely room too. You cannot imagine how good it seemed to sleep in a real bed once more and have clean sheets and a pillow! And to be able to sleep as long as I wanted to in the morning instead of getting up at reveille every morning. My room had a great big fireplace in it, too; so it was always warm when I got up, as the

"bellboy" (an old man) always came in and started the fire before I got up. The hotel was steamheated, too, but nevertheless they used the fireplace.

They have some very queer customs in this country. For instance, no matter where you go, even the most modern hotels and restaurants serve you a *whole* loaf of bread with your order, and you are supposed to cut off a slice as you want it, which would be bad enough if the loaf were small like ours; but they are great long affairs, about two and a half feet long (we say they must sell it by the yard), and shaped about like a baseball bat. So you can imagine how graceful (?) "yours truly" looked cutting (or rather trying to) a huge loaf of bread. And with the dining room filled with French people looking on! They never serve coffee with your meals, but you have all the wine or champagne you want. They also consider roast snails a delicacy but excuse me! However, I wish you could have some of the lovely French pastry, as they sure do know how to make delicious pies, cakes, etc.

The trains here are very different from ours. The coaches are divided into sections with side doors entering into each section. There are about eight sections to a car and each section seats six persons—three ride facing forward and three backward. The section, of course, extends the entire length of the car, just as our open street cars. The conductor does not come through the train when it is in motion, but climbs in or rather sticks his head in while you are at the station. The sections (first class) are very beautifully upholstered and are about the same size and the side doors are just like the doors to a limousine. They even have the strap for raising and lowering the window! They do not have any dining cars on their trains, as they stop at certain towns along the way, and everybody gets off and goes to a hotel or restaurant. Nor do they have any sleepers. They generally stop off at some town over night or just sleep in the sections. Their engines are not like ours either, but I'll not attempt to describe them except to say that they look like a 1618 model instead of a 1918. But nevertheless it is very comfortable riding on their trains. Oh! yes, I forgot to say that while their roadbeds are very well made, still they are not laid out like ours,

but wind in and out, and instead of cutting through a hill or filling in a low place, they just climb up over the hill and coast down into the valley, so one minute the old engine is puffing and tugging up hill (sometimes you think she isn't going to make it), and the next minute you are going "hell bent for election" down hill! I wish you could travel through this country as the scenery is very beautiful and so different from ours. The French are very religious and every city or town has a large church or cathedral right in the middle of it. Their churches and other buildings are very beautiful—have wonderful carvings, paintings, etc. As you go through the country you pass the farmhouses—always small, stone affairs, but whitewashed and very clean. You will see the French peasants plowing with oxen, or perhaps driving to town in a great, high, two-wheeled cart with a brake on it operated by a crank, just like our old-fashioned street cars. It looks funny to see the guy spinning that crank when he comes to a hill. Perhaps the car is drawn by two oxen (horses are scarce) but, if so, they are not hitched side by side as we do but one in front of the other. I rode to a small town near here in one last Saturday and was terribly afraid I'd fall out of the old thing, but I hung on all right. And always you will see the cider press, a huge old-fashioned thing. The poorer people drink cider instead of wine and they just dry out the part of the apple that is left after the juice has been taken out and cut it into squares and use it as fuel in their fireplaces. (Wood is very scarce, you know.) Every house has a huge fireplace extending along one whole side of the room. Oh! and I forgot to tell you that the house and barn are all one building. Sometimes the family lives upstairs, over the stable, or else they live in one end of the building and the cattle in the other. But no matter where you go the French treat you with the utmost respect and courtesy. They are very polite, even the children.

I have met and made friends with a very fine young French soldier. He helps me with my French and I help him with his English. You should hear me (or rather see me!) trying to talk French.

France is a beautiful country and the French people are charming; but for all that, there are too many thousand miles

separating me from the good old U.S.A.! We are "strangers in a strange land" and there is nothing can take the place of home and friends, you know.

Our camp is situated on a high hill or young mountain and we get a very good view of the surrounding country. You can see down the valley for miles, and see little towns here and there. The houses look like little white spots with the inevitable church spire in the center. And you can see the roads winding in and out, too. The roads in this country are very good. The trees are covered with bright holly berries and also mistletoe. It makes me think of the holidays and that makes me homesick. Gee! I sure will be lonesome this Christmas.

One of our men was buried the other day with military honors. It was sure impressive. The coffin was wrapped in the American flag and placed on a gun carriage drawn by six black horses. The entire regiment marched at half time behind the gun carriage. The band played a funeral march and the regimental standards were reversed. At the grave a volley was fired by his and one by the French firing squad. As the coffin was lowered the bugler blew "taps." Did I tell you I had taken out $10,000 life insurance for Margaret? Have you received any notice from Washington?

With much love, I am
E. J. Canright,
149th Field Artillery
Sanitary Detachment
American Expeditionary Force
Via New York

Somewhere in France
March 8, 1918

My dear Folks: We are now and have been for some time many, many miles from where we were when I wrote you last. We are now at the front and are doing our "bit" for sure. Some of us are stationed in the trenches and some of us in a ruined and deserted village just behind the lines. There is no one in the village but the soldiers and lots of rats. We sleep in empty buildings and at night the rats run away with our shoes (at

least it sounds that way). We sleep on the floor, too. However, I am detailed as dental assistant, so am located in a larger town, a little farther back. There are civilians living in this town, although it has been bombarded several times and many buildings have been destroyed.

We are within range of the guns and can hear them pounding away day and night. At night you can see the flashes of the guns and when the "Big Toms," as they call them, open up, you think sure the buildings are coming down because they shake so much. There are no lights in the town at night, all windows, etc., have heavy shutters and there are no street lights. Day and night the French scout machines fly over the city, constantly on the lookout for any German airplane that might try to come over. We have had two or three pretty exciting air battles already.

We wear our gas-masks at all times, or rather I mean, carry them, as they can throw gas bombs in this town, too. It is a funny experience living in constant danger of shell fire, etc. But for all that the civilian population goes about its daily work or pleasures, very much as it does in times of peace. You can go out into one of the beautiful parks here, any Sunday afternoon, and you will see many French civilians strolling through the parks and probably an American band will be giving a concert; but along the drive where in times of peace automobiles would be going, you will see long rows of the "Big Toms" (the large guns drawn by motor trucks), and as I have said, you will hear the "purring" of the airplanes overhead and also the roar and rumble of the guns, and in almost every direction you will see buildings that have been destroyed by shell fire.

There are many beautiful homes and châteaus, as well as towns and villages along the front, that have been destroyed by the shells. It just makes you sick to see them, and you wonder what has become of the people who lived in them before the war.

Of course, the manners and customs of the people in this part of France are just like they were where we came from, with the exception of a few minor details. For instance, here, instead of making their bread in long loaves, as they do in the other part of France, they make them round with a hole in the center,

just like a huge doughnut. You can picture me most any afternoon strolling along the Rue de ——, with a loaf of that bread around my arm. You carry it by shoving your arm through the hole. Savy? The bread is very good and I eat lots of it. Another funny custom they have is of locking their doors, by simply stepping outside and unscrewing the handle to the outside doorknob. They take the handle in with them, of course. You see in that way they can open the door from the inside readily enough but not from the outside.

And you should see the way the poor peasants do their washing. They carry the clothes to the river and they have a board a good deal like our ironing boards. They dip the clothes in the river, then lay them on the board and soap them well. Then they take another board shaped like a paddle and pound the clothes with this board (of course they are spread out on the other board). Isn't that a funny way to wash? It's so much easier to take a scrubbing brush and use that on them. (I know from experience, as all soldiers wash their own clothes. It's great sport. Nit.)

If this war lasts much longer I may bring my sisters a young French girl for a sister-in-law! There surely are some charming ones here. They have the most beautiful complexions. (They are not artificial either.) And their manners are perfect. Oh, I'm hard hit all right.

Love,
E. J. Canright,
Sanitary Detachment
149th Field Artillery
A.E.F. via New York

Somewhere in France
March 14, 1918

My dear Mrs. Pierson: I am going to try and describe to you what it is like in the trenches. Understand, of course, I cannot describe any certain battle, but what I am going to describe can and does take place anywhere along our front.

Try and imagine yourself standing in one of the trenches on the "fire control" step, or in one of the advanced "listening

posts." It is a beautiful evening, with the stars shining overhead and everything is so calm and peaceful that it is hard to realize that there are hundreds, nay thousands, of guns and tens of thousands of soldiers lying waiting and watching. Perhaps you have been on duty for some time and you are tired and as everything is quiet you look at your watch and it is between two and three o'clock in the morning. Your thoughts turn toward home, and you wonder what your friends are doing as it is early evening there. You wonder if they can see the same stars that you can see overhead. Then all of a sudden a rocket goes up, bursting over "No Man's Land," casting a red or perhaps a green light. That is the signal and then "Hell breaks loose." (That describes it so pardon the word.) Guns begin to roar and pound on all sides of you—the noise is deafening. You can see the flashes of the guns as they fire and you can hear the "whine" of the shells as they go through the air. In fact, you can tell when a shell is coming toward you as you can hear it "whining" as it comes toward you and all you can do is to crouch down and pray God it will not strike where you are. If it does it will be "taps" for you (as we say), or rather what is left of you! You can tell a "high explosive" shell from a "gas shell" because when a high explosive shell bursts it gives a sharp "crash," destroying everything near it, while a "gas shell" explodes with a "pop," very similar to the sound a bottle makes when breaking, as a gas shell is filled with a liquid (i.e.—gas condensed under high pressure, which instantly vaporizes on bursting). Of course, if a gas shell bursts near you, you must stop breathing instantly, until you have put on and adjusted your gas-mask! Then you may have to work for hours with that on. I could write whole pages about the various gases used in this war and their different effects on the human body, but just let me say that they are all horrible and cause a lingering and painful death. I pray God that if I have to give up my life in this war it will be with a bullet and not gas! At intervals between the roaring of the big guns you can hear the "spit" of the rifles as the infantry open fire and high over head you will hear the purring of the airplanes as they go up to make observations, range corrections, etc. And the enemy airplanes go up to give battle and you can hear the

"drumming" of their machine guns as they fight, too. At about five minute intervals star shells are sent up. They burst away up over "No Man's Land," and hang suspended in the air, casting a very bright light over "No Man's Land." And in the town behind our lines you will see the powerful searchlights sweeping the sky for any enemy airplane that might slip through our lines. If one does, their anti-aircraft guns open up, too, and then more airplanes come up. And so it goes.

A day battle is just the same, only our hardest fighting is at night. And what makes me sick is to see the wounded horses and mules; they do not understand it all and are perfectly innocent anyway. So you see it is all a game of chance; if no shell strikes near you, or no stray bullet finds you, you are lucky, that's all.

Of course you can only stand the strain of the trenches a certain length of time. Then you go to a town behind the lines, but even there you can hear the distant roar, like thunder, of the guns; and the airplanes are constantly scouting overhead. There are no lights allowed at night—all the windows, etc., have heavy shutters, and there are no street lights. It seems very funny to stroll through the town in early evening and not see a light anywhere—big buildings, etc., but all dark. It makes it hard to find one's way around; however, thanks to you, I have the flash light you gave me, and I use it constantly. I don't know what I would do without it. There are no amusements here, and unless one drinks he is out of luck. There are plenty of cafés, but as I do not care for that stuff, I spend most of my time exploring old ruined châteaus of which there are several on the outskirts of the city. They are very beautiful and old-fashioned, some of them even have "moats" around them and great iron gates, etc., just like the castles you read about in olden times. I often wonder what has become of the people who lived there before the war. I also like to go out into the woods and fields and gather flowers. There are many beautiful ones here. Some that we do not have in America. Or perhaps I take a stroll through one of their beautiful parks, or play with the children. I know nearly every little French kid in town. The little boys love to put on my steel helmet and belt, etc., and play soldier, boylike. When they have

a gun on their hip they think they are "it." But I wish you could see them stand at "attention" and salute. Believe me, these little children know what war means!

Sincerely,

E. J. Canright

Sanitary Detachment 149th Field Artillery

A.E.F. via New York

Somewhere in France

March 21, 1918

My dear Blanche: I just received your letter dated January 30, so you see how irregular our mail is.

You asked me if I had seen any signs of war, etc. I have seen many thousands of German prisoners. I saw them the very first day I struck France, as they were working around the docks. And there are thousands of them in every camp I have been in. They do all the building, repairing, etc., around camp. Of course there are no prisoners here as we are too near the German lines, and they might escape too easily. As for wounded—well, I have seen wounded soldiers of every nationality engaged in this war (including our own). And you speak of guns and airplanes. Gee, I can see and hear them even in my sleep! I have seen all kinds of airplanes and also guns of every size and description! And besides all of these I have seen many beautiful homes and villages destroyed by bombs or shell fire.

Last night the enemy tried to break through our lines, but I am glad to say he did not succeed. However, I wish you could have been here and seen and heard the fighting.

That reminds me of a little incident. Saturday afternoon I was going up town and as it was a beautiful day the aviators were out in full force. There had been several rather exciting air battles during the day. Well an enemy airplane squadron attempted to come over. They succeeded in getting over the town so the "alert" was sounded. (That is the signal for everyone to get off the streets and seek shelter in the buildings designated for that purpose.) Of course, everybody immediately ran for shelter and so, just to see what it was like, my friend and I also went down into the cave. But we couldn't stand that very

long; we wanted to see the fun. So we "beat it" altho the people thought we were crazy. We ran up the street to the Square so that we could get a good view, and really you would have laughed if you could have seen us. All the streets were deserted. You couldn't see any French people anywhere, but here lined up in a row, like a bunch of "hay seeds" just arrived, were the American soldiers all breaking their necks to *see* the fight. The airplanes, of course, were right over us but fortunately our airmen were keeping the enemy busy so he didn't have time to notice us. High overhead, so high that they looked like black specks, were the airplanes. You could not, with the naked eye, distinguish our planes from the "Boche," but we could hear the rattle of their machine guns and could see the bursts of the anti-aircraft guns, breaking all around the airplanes. Some bursting in front, some behind, some falling short, etc. It was very exciting. Our airmen soon drove them back.

It is the same in the trenches. When the Americans fire a shot everybody sticks his head over the gun pit to see if it hits the mark—if it does, we cheer, and if it doesn't, we swear—while the French all duck their heads when firing. Every American soldier over here comes from "Missouri," I guess, as they all have to see everything that goes on, even though they are apt to get "picked" off by some "sniper" when they stick their heads up.

We have not had a very cold winter—some snow but not much. It is very springlike now.

Love,

E. J. Canright

Sanitary Detachment

149th Field Artillery

A.E.F. via New York

Somewhere in France

May 2, 1918

My dear Jane: I am conceited enough to think that you would not recognize me now, as I have been for the past few days just covered with mud from head to foot. But, if you could see what we have been doing and how we are living, you would understand that it is impossible for us to pretend to keep clean.

I am stationed with one of the most advanced batteries. We live, of course, in an abri many feet below the ground. The abri is lined with steel and heavy beams and is covered with many feet of rocks and earth. It is always cold and very damp. The floor is covered with slimy mud and water, even though we try to bale it out every day. And, of course, our quarters are very cramped as we sleep in tiers, one above the other. You cannot sit up straight in bed. If you try to you will bump your head against the bed above you. And it is very dark as, of course, there are no windows and only one small door, and that does not let in much light as it leads down from the trench above. However, we have been so busy giving the Hun hell (pardon me), that we have very little chance to sleep, and when we do we are so tired that we just pull off our boots and crawl into bed and go right off to sleep, even though the big guns all around us are pounding away so that the air is constantly filled with their "shrieks" and "whines" and even way down where we are, one can feel the earth tremble from the shock of the guns as they fire. Of course, I am here to take care of anyone that gets hurt, and that is all I am supposed to do, but nevertheless I take turns "standing at the guns" and hauling ammunition, etc., and that is no easy task when you consider that we have to walk along a long, narrow trench, running from the abri to the gun pits. The trench always has six inches to a foot of water in the bottom, and on the bottom there may be some slippery, slimy boards or rocks, and the sides of the trench are just wet clay and mud. And then, to add to your difficulties, it is roofed over, which makes it dark as a pocket, and in places it is not deep enough to allow you to walk standing straight up, so unless you are pretty well acquainted with the position you are apt to get some awful cracks on your "dome," but thanks to your steel helmet it won't knock you out. You'll just "see stars" for a few minutes. One has to be pretty careful when carrying ammunition through there. It kind of gives you a creepy feeling when you think what might happen if you should slip when carrying a big shell in your arms and it should strike on a rock just right! You would be "pushing daisies up in skeleton park, tout de suite."

And then we take turns standing guard on the guns at night. We have to watch and be ready to fire instantly in case the signal for a "barrage" should go up. I was on watch night before last from three o'clock in the morning to six; and last night from eleven o'clock to three o'clock this morning. It is very interesting when you are on guard as you can see the flashes of the guns in the different batteries around you and in that way you discover batteries that you could not *see* in the day time. And you can see the star shells rise and burst over "No Man's Land" every few minutes; and when the big guns stop firing for a few minutes, you can hear the bursts of the machine guns. One will "open up" away off on your right; then another will start in, off on the left, etc. And one feels well repaid for all his hardships by the thrill that goes through him when *we* get the signal to fire and the men jump to their posts. Each one knows just what his work is. For instance, one cleans the shell and passes it on to the next man, and he greases it; then the next one screws in the fuse and shoves it in the breech, etc. This all takes only a matter of a second or so, and then the gun is fired. The order may call for a certain number of shells per gun per minute "at such and such a range," but it's great sport to stand there and watch our guns give the Hun hell (pardon me again). You have to plug up your ears with cotton, because if you didn't the terrific noise and concussion of the guns would break your ear drums. But, nevertheless, that's when I'm happy. Didn't I tell you that I was made a dental assistant right after we left Fort Sheridan and kept it until just a few weeks ago? I gave it up because I want to be here where I can take part in killing off the Huns. This is the life, in spite of all our hardships. It's lots of fun to watch when the Hun gets scared. You can always tell because he keeps sending up star shells so we can't surprise him. Now, that I have seen how he has destroyed beautiful little towns and villages and made innocent little children suffer, he gets no mercy from me.

Love,

E. J. Canright,

Sanitary Detachment, 149th Field Artillery

A.E.F. via New York

In the Land of the Barbed Wire
May 12, 1918

My dear Folks: Sometime ago, when I was in one of the largest cities in this part of France, I met a very charming young French girl. Needless to say, we became very good friends and when I left that beautiful city she gave me a little "charm" which she said I should wear, always, and no harm would come to me; so I let her pin it on the inside of my coat, just for fun. But I am almost inclined to believe it is a charm. When I went on guard at three o'clock this morning it was very dark and foggy—in fact so dark that you could not see an inch in front of you. I was not in the trench but walking on top, and of course you cannot have a light—not even a flash-light, because if you did, a German "sniper" might see you and take a "pot shot" at you. (During the daytime you cannot walk up there at all.) Well, I lost my direction in the dark and the first thing I knew I felt myself falling—I had walked right on to the camouflage over the trench. The trench in that spot was about eight feet deep and lined with rocks. On the bottom was about a foot of mud and water. And on a short trestle, to keep it out of the mud, was a little railroad track—used for hauling ammunition. My steel "derby" protected my head from the rocks, and by a miracle I missed the railroad track and just hit the mud—so I had a nice mud bath. I was soaked through and my clothes were just covered with that awful, sticky mud! But I was lucky at that. I could easily have broken my neck. Of course, I was mad and had to "let off steam" by swearing! Here I was soaked to the skin and covered with mud and I had four hours more to stand guard. You cannot leave your post when you are on guard, no matter what happens. Your life as well as the lives of your comrades depend on your sticking to your post. It was a cold, raw morning, too, but I guess because I was so "hot" mentally I did not catch cold. So you see I was lucky all the way around, and perhaps the "charm" did help, and when I was relieved in the morning I could not build a fire in our abri as you cannot build a fire during the day because the Huns could see the smoke coming from the chimney, and then they would discover your location and you would soon be receiving some of

their "greetings," i.e., high explosives, gas shells, etc. You see this is a game of hide and seek—but it's great sport, believe me. However, to return to my story, the fellows took a knife and scraped the mud off of me and the sun came out about noon, so I soon dried off. Now I feel fine.

We have quite a few shell holes around our place, as the Germans shell us once in a while. But really they are doing us a favor (although they don't know it) as we have no way of washing here exeepting in those shell holes. Every time it rains they get full of water and we use them to wash in (providing they are not shell holes made from gas bombs, as then the water would be poison). We do not even cook our meals here—our "mess" is brought to us each day. Nor do we have our horses here. They are back of the "horse lines." I had occasion to go somewhere in a hurry the other day, and I managed to find a bicycle—it seemed awfully funny to ride a bicycle after riding a horse so much.

There is, or rather was, a pretty little village just a little way down the road from here; but now it is nothing but ruins and deserted. It just makes you sick to go through here and see what was once a peaceful little village, with pretty and comfortable homes, etc., and now all ruined and desolate—nothing but rats living there. You can even see the furniture, and the pictures, etc., still hanging on the walls—where there are any walls left.

It is because of just such scenes as this, that I am the happiest when we are giving the "Hun" hell—and we have been giving it to him, too, I can assure you. Sometimes when we have been firing very fast our guns get so hot that we have to pour water down the barrel and place wet sand bags on them, etc., to cool them off. But even then you could fry eggs on the breech.

Sincerely,
E. J. Canright
Sanitary Detachment,
149th Field Artillery A.E.F.

Somewhere in France
May 24, 1918.

My dear Jane: They say that all good things come together and I guess that must be true because yesterday we got paid and

got brand new uniforms and had a nice, hot shower bath and a shave and a haircut—all of which I was sorely in need of. And today we received mail from the States!

A few days, or rather nights, ago we were relieved by another battery. As soon as it got dark they brought up our horses. (You see we had to move at night so the enemy wouldn't see us.) It was a beautiful moonlight night—a full moon. We could see the road like a ribbon winding down in the valley, below, and the woods and fields all bathed in moonlight. It was a wonderful scene and one that I will never forget. The road was fine—just like a boulevard and lined with beautiful trees. All roads in France are like that. I had a good horse and he was feeling good, too, so I trotted a little ahead of the rest. We were all feeling good just then as we had done some very good work with our guns that afternoon. I cannot tell all that we did but I will say that there were a few less Huns in the world when we got through. And then the beauty of the night affected us, too—why you could even smell the flowers growing in the fields and along the road—the air was heavy with their fragrance. We rode in silence, of course, but you could hear the tramping of the horses' feet and the rumble of the gun carriages and every now and then we could hear the distant "boom" of the guns or see a star shell go up, away off to our left. Shortly before dawn we arrived at our destination, just outside of a little village. I just rolled up in my blankets and slept out in the field the rest of the night. And believe me it sure did seem good to sleep out in the open where I could see the moon and the stars and smell the perfume of the flowers and breathe plenty of fresh air, after living in one of those dark, damp, musty, rat-filled abris. In fact I was enjoying it so much, I didn't go to sleep for a long time but just lay there and "took it all in."

I could hear the clock in the church tower, in the town, toll off the hours. But I did not get up for breakfast. I slept, instead. However, when I did get up, I found to my joy that there is a river running through here. The water is clear and cold, as the current is very swift; but nevertheless we lost no time "getting in" and we sure did have some fun swimming around. I go swimming every chance I get. Then after I had got all

cleaned up, I went up town. It seemed mighty good to see stores and houses and people again and children playing in the streets and people strolling along the walks. You see I hadn't seen anything like that in weeks as there are no civilians or stores or houses at the front. (The stores and the houses are all destroyed.)

As I told you in the beginning of this letter, I got all "dolled up" yesterday and I had also been given a gold service chevron, so I went up town again last night and had a French Madame sew my gold chevron on my sleeve (left), and while I was up there I met Bill Tursman (one of our fellows), and as we hadn't seen each other in a long time, we went in a café and sat down and told each other what we had been doing and our different experiences, etc. It was just getting dark when I left him and started back to camp. When I was walking through the field I noticed a little boy and girl driving some cows through the field and all of a sudden I heard a terrific crash and saw a puff of smoke, just a few feet in front of me! My first thought was that the Germans were shelling us; but then I knew that couldn't be it because I hadn't heard the whine of a shell. So then I looked up in the sky to see if any Boche airplane was dropping bombs, but I couldn't see or hear one. However, by that time the smoke had cleared away and I saw a little boy lying all huddled up in the grass. I ran to him and saw that he had evidently found a hand grenade and picked it up and it had exploded. A piece of it had gone clear through his little body, entering just below the stomach and coming out the back. I knelt down to see if I couldn't stop the flow of blood and to feel his pulse. When his little sister saw him lying there all covered with blood she began to scream; in a minute the little fellow's mother and another little sister came running. When his mother saw him she, too, screamed and threw herself on him and started kissing his face. But I stopped her and told her she mustn't do that. Then she threw her arms around my knees and looked up at me with the most agonizing expression I have ever seen and just begged me to say "non mort" (not dead) "non mort." She kept saying that and his little sisters stood there crying as though their hearts were broken. I knew there was no chance of saving the little fellow's life, but I picked him

up in my arms and started to carry him to the ambulance, but he died in my arms; one of his little hands (he was only four) was fastened tight around my fingers! He had blue eyes and soft, silky, light hair—made me think something of John, his little neck was just as warm and soft. I will never forget the little fellow as long as I live! My hands and clothes were covered with blood and when I looked at it I thought, Oh, why couldn't it have been *me* instead of him. He had his whole life before him, but was one of the innocent victims of this awful war.

The news of the accident had spread by the time I got back to camp, and the fellows were pretty thoughtful and sober, that night. They all began talking about their little brother or sister at home—it almost seemed as though they all had one.

Little children over here ought to be taught not to pick up things like unexploded shells or hand grenades, etc., as they are very dangerous. I have seen soldiers injured by the same thing.

Although I have seen wounded and dead soldiers, nothing has ever affected me as this little fellow's death—it was so sudden and unnecessary.

But enough of this—I shouldn't have told you about it, only it had made such an impression on me—so excuse me.

Love,

E. J. Canright,
Sanitary Detachment,
149th Field Artillery
A.E.F. via New York

Somewhere in France
June 18, 1918

Cher Ami: A few days ago I received a very nice letter from your mother and also one from your father—both of which I enjoyed very much and will answer in the near future.

We have been very busy of late, and what little spare time I have I use to try and catch up on lost sleep! I think I have become quite expert now on sleeping as I can sleep at any time and anywhere and under any conditon—I even think I could sleep standing on my head! But it's a great life, nevertheless, and I wouldn't take anything for the experiences I am having.

The other day we took some guns away up near the front line trenches. There was a little town down in the valley, and we were on the side of the hill, just outside of the town—right out in the field with no protection at all (no abris or trenches)! I wish you could have heard the German machine guns firing at one of our airplanes that flew over their lines. It sounded like New Year's Eve and the Fourth of July, combined! But that didn't scare us—we "opened up" and sent over a nice shower of high explosives, shrapnel, etc.! It was lots of fun. The old Germans got "mad as a hornet" because, I guess, our shells were "handling" them pretty rough—putting some of the Huns out of commission, etc.! So pretty soon we heard the whine of his shells coming our way! But fortunately he thought we were on the other side of the town, so he shelled the hill on the opposite side of the town! (It was one of those little "one street" towns that are so common in France.) I can assure you it was very interesting and very thrilling to watch those shells bursting across from you and knowing that they were intended for you! There was one house standing a little farther up the hill than the rest and I expected every minute, to see a shell strike and destroy that house, as they were bursting all around it—shooting up mountains of rock and dirt! The Germans kept that up until, I guess, they thought they had completely "wiped us off the earth"; then they stopped.

However, just about sunset and after our airplanes had come down, several "Boche" airplanes went up and began circling around way up over our heads, and in a few minutes we heard the "whine" of shells again, and this time they were bursting on our side of the town—just up the hill aways, in front of us! At first we thought the Boche airplanes had located us and were directing the fire, but I guess they were just trying to find us because they began sweeping the hill (as we say), but stopped before they hit us.

I was real good last Sunday night and went to church for the first time in months! It was some church too! It was held in an old and deserted stone quarry—the rocks and walls of the quarry were covered with moss and there were even flowers growing in the crevices! It was very picturesque. The soldiers

sat around on the rocks and ledges—some of them even climbed way up near the top. The sermon was delivered by a Y. M. C. A. man. It was good, too.

Sincerely,
E. J. Canright,
Sanitary Detachment,
149th Field Artillery
A.E.F. via New York

Somewhere in France
July 1, 19 8

Cher Ami: We have been touring the country for some time now, and I have not received any mail nor had time to write for a long time.

This certainly is a wonderful country and the more I see of it the better I like it. There are beautiful winding roads with quaint and picturesque little towns dotting the roads, here and there, with their red tile roofs and white plaster walls showing through the trees. The houses are all built together—that is, one is built right on to the end of the other. But there is no uniformity as to size—one may be anywhere from a foot to a whole story higher than the one next to it, or anywhere from a foot to ten feet wider. This gives a very funny appearance—like a house built on the installment plan—as it really looks like one long house on each side of the street. And always there will be one-half of the house occupied by two or three cows and a horse or so and perhaps a few pigs and chickens, too. One might think from such arrangement that the people would be dirty and untidy, but such is not the case. When you enter their homes you will find the "pots and pans" all polished and shining and the floors, etc., all spotless. In some of the houses they have queer tile floors, something like our bathroom floors.

The French are a very hard working people. Those peasants are up early in the morning and work until late at night, some of them in the fields and some making willow baskets, etc.

We were billeted awhile ago in a very pretty little town right on a canal. It was very picturesque—like the ones you see in the movies. Great big trees on either side and a path on each

side for the mules or oxen to walk when pulling a barge along the canal. I was even fortunate enough to spend an afternoon on one of these queer barges. The bargemen live right on their boats with their wives and families—it is their home. There was good fishing in the canal too, but I didn't catch any.

In our wanderings we have picked up and adopted three little French boys that we found half starved and only half clothed and with no friends or relatives left. They are wearing our uniforms, although they are large for them, as the youngsters are only about ten or twelve years old. And we have also picked up a whole flock of the cutest little puppies you ever saw. So you see we are doing our share. I wish you could see the little French boys standing in mess line with their "kits" or see them strutting around town wearing spurs and "lording it" over all the other little French kids in the town. I'm sure the other youngsters envy them. We always give them our odd change so they can have a little spending money, too.

E. J. Canright,
Sanitary Detachment, 149th Field
Artillery, A. E. F. via N. Y.

Somewhere in France
July 8, 1918

My dear Folks: I believe I have told you in another letter that because of the fine record we have made since we have been at the front we have been chosen for "shock troops." Well, we sure are being *shocked!*

Try and picture the very worst thunderstorm you have ever seen; then multiply it by about ten thousand and you will get some idea of the battle that has been and still is raging along this front and in which we are taking a very active part! The battle started shortly after midnight a few days ago and has been raging ever since! It started with a very heavy bombardment all along the front, and as the country here is very level and prairielike you can see for a long way, and I can assure you that it is some sight at night to see the blinding flashes of the guns all along the line—and even away off on the horizon you can see the pink glow flare up and die down and flare up and die

down again—very much like a city burning in the distance would look—and the roar and crash of the guns just seems to tear the air into shreds, and the concussion shakes the ground. And to add to the confusion you have the whine and shrieks of the shells, some coming and some going! And signal rockets of all colors and all descriptions are constantly shooting up into the air, as that is the way the army "talks" at night. It's a wonderful sight! The first night a shell struck an ammunition dump and rockets went shooting in every direction; it lasted for several minutes and was very thrilling!

Of course every little while the "gentle Hun" sends over gas, so that we have to be constantly on the alert for it and wear our gas clothes most of the time—and carry our gas-masks all the time!

We all have cotton in our ears, but, nevertheless, the concussion of the guns has made some of us temporarily deaf. We have not taken off any of our clothes or gone to bed since the battle started. When it slows up a little we just lie down on the ground, right by the guns, and get what little rest and sleep we can. Our meals are brought to us, as we may not leave the position long enough to go and get them!

The first day they brought down an observation balloon right near us. An aviator attacked it and hit it with an incendiary bullet from his machine gun. The balloon came down in flames, but the observer jumped and came down in a parachute! However, about a minute later, and even before the observer had struck the ground another airplane had rushed up after the machine that "got" the balloon. It was partly cloudy that morning and he was trying to get away and hide behind the clouds, but the aviator brought him down and he came tumbling out of the clouds with his machine a mass of flames. That happened three days ago, and the burned and broken airplane is still lying there, and so are the two aviators! They are an awful sight as all the clothes and nearly all the flesh is burned off of them. (And what little is left is all charred and cooked!) And when the wind is in the right direction (or rather wrong direction) we get a very disagreeable odor, as there are several dead horses, etc., lying out there, too; no one has had time to bury them yet!

During the daytime there are a great many airplanes flying overhead, constantly trying to "see" what the other side is doing. We have witnessed some very exciting air battles. It is nothing unusual to see anywhere from two to two dozen airplanes fighting and chasing each other in and out of the clouds as they maneuver to get into position to fire—we can hear the "spitting" of their machine guns as they fire; sometimes you can hear them fighting when they are above the clouds, too! And twice a very daring German aviator flew down over our position and turned his machine gun on us! We could hear the "whang and spit" of the bullets as they struck the ground within a few feet of us! He flew so low that we could see the black cross on the plane and see the aviators shooting at us! But they didn't stay long. They would just shoot down and fire and then away they'd go before we had a chance to shoot back at them. You see we are right out in the open with no trenches or abris to protect us and so are an easy mark for anything like that! And the Huns have been sending over "beaucoup" shells, too! So the field around our position is all torn up with shell holes—some big ones, too, as they have shelled us with their big "220." One of those big shells makes a noise like the rumble and roar of a freight train going about a thousand miles an hour! When we hear them coming we say, "Here comes another of the Devil's fast freights!" And when they burst a mountain of rocks and dirt shoots up in the air higher than the trees! They make a hole about eight feet deep and about fifteen feet in diameter. And shell fragments scatter for about three hundred feet! A shell fragment makes an awful wound, too, as it just tears a great hole in you, while a bullet just drills a clean round hole! So you can imagine what would happen if one of those shells should get a "direct hit" on our position!

There is or rather was a little town over in a clump of trees near here—now there isn't even a wall or a piece of a house standing. There are just broken bricks and pieces of plaster scattered around.

Another thrilling sight is to see the ammunition caissons bringing up ammunition. Each caisson is drawn by six horses hitched

in teams of two, and a man rides the left horse of each team. They generally come up just before dark and you can see the long line of caissons stretching away down the road, and coming at a gallop. The horses are covered with sweat and lather when they get here! We unload the caissons in a jiffy and then they start back again, at a gallop, as the Huns are apt to shell the road at any time—so they are running for their lives! In fact the other night the road was shelled when they were bringing up ammunition! The driver swung off the road and came through the fields, spurring the horses to even greater speed!

This kind of warfare means a great many killed and wounded, but nevertheless I prefer it, as it is the only way to even end the war—just kill off all the Germans!

I have given you details and described disagreeable things, but I just want you to know what war is and what it means for us and for everyone!

But I think it's great sport and certainly am glad I'm here and taking part in this—one of the greatest battles the world has ever known.

Love,

E. J. Canright,
Medical Department
149th Field Artillery
A.E.F., A.P.O. No. 715

Somewhere in France
August 1, 1918

Cher Ami: To say that I am tired would be putting it mild, as we have been advancing right on the heels of the Germans! And that means, of course, that we have to travel over shell-torn roads and through woods and fields—any old way—so long as we get there! The weather has been bad lately, too, and the roads are very muddy and slippery, and the heavy caissons sink way in the mud, and they bump and slip and slide into the shell holes—sometimes you think they will certainly tip over or get stuck, but we always manage to get out some way—if a caisson gets stuck the men all take a hold and help the horses pull it out. It is very hard on the horses and on the men, too, and

especially at night because then it is so dark that you can't see where you are going—or even see the road! Twice my horse slipped in a shell hole but fortunately I felt him going in time, so I just took my foot out of the stirrup and slid off of him when he rolled over, so he didn't get on top of me. And in some places the roads are shelled so bad that we simply can't use them but turn off and travel through the woods and that is bad, too, because it is even darker there, and you have to watch out or some limb or branch of a tree will knock you out of the saddle. And so it goes! And when we get into "position" we fire until the Huns have retreated out of range of our guns and then we advance again, so you see it's pretty wearing on everybody and everything. But nobody complains—in fact we are all eager to keep going and drive the Huns back.

We are and have been for some time in territory just recently occupied by the Germans. The woods and fields—in fact the whole country around here—are full of dead Germans and dead horses—the stockyards in Chicago cannot smell any worse than the woods we are in right now! Most of the dead Germans here are either very young or quite old (the Germans retreated too fast to bury them). I have seen some rather pathetic sights, too. I found one German who had been shot in the knee and he was lying there with a photograph, evidently of his wife and two little daughters (they were nice-looking, too) still in his hand. But such is war!

When the Huns retreated they threw away some of their equipment—the woods are full of German ammunition of all kinds, hand grenades, rifles, bayonets, steel helmets, mess kits, canteens, and even clothes! So at last the "souvenir hunting" Americans can get all the souvenirs they want. The Huns must have stolen everything they could carry from the towns they captured as there is everything from baby carriages to sewing machines lying around in the woods and all kinds of civilian clothes, dishes, etc., and even tables and chairs.

Of course, we have a great deal of artillery here and keep pounding away at them day and night—the noise is deafening. The Hun aviators are constantly trying to slip past our aviators and drop bombs on us and swoop down and empty their machine

guns on us! I wish you could be here and see the fun when one does get through. Our machine guns open up on them of course, and we all have German rifles and "beaucoup" German ammunition that we have picked up and we get behind a tree or lie on the ground in the open and blaze away at them, *with their own ammunition*. It's great sport, I can assure you. The aviators never stay long, you may rest assured, as we make things pretty warm for them.

The other morning just as I was shaving, the Huns shelled the woods we are in. Oh Boy! but they sure did send them fast and one hit a tree just next to my bunk (we sleep on the ground) and cut the tree right in half. The concussion of the explosion made my ears ring for hours, and limbs and twigs and leaves fell all over me! I'll admit that for a second I thought it was "taps" for me. And do you know what flashed across my mind that instant? I thought of the good dinners I have had with you and now I would never have another. (You see our rations cannot keep up with us very well, so we are hungry all the time—that's why I thought of "eats.")

I used to fear death; but now I've seen so much of it that I do not fear it. Of course, I am young yet and enjoying life so do not want to die; but if I should be killed I would not be afraid.

Another very interesting sight was the towns we passed through coming up here that had not been shelled, as the Germans had not taken them; yet the people had gone away, as they feared the Germans would come—that was before we stopped their advance. We stopped in some of the towns and the place would be absolutely deserted, and yet the doors to the houses were unlocked and when you walked in you found everything just as the people had left it—dishes and silverware on the table and clothes hanging in the closets and sheets and pillows on the beds and pictures on the walls, etc., and stoves with the pots and pans and cooking utensils in the kitchen! And the big old "Grandfather" clock in the dining-room, too! The people who lived there will find things just as they left them when they return—we didn't take anything. Of course farther up towards the "front" it was the same old story—houses, churches, etc., all in ruins!

There are French officers and soldiers here with us too. I wish you could see them. They are a fine type of men and good soldiers, too. For instance, for the last day or so we haven't had any bread—and what little we did have was green with mold—so this noon the French gave us their bread. They will do anything for us! And they sure can fire their guns fast! And they "stick" to their guns and keep firing just as we do even when the shells are coming our way; and when you hear one coming it sounds as though it was going to hit right where you are standing—that takes nerve, too! You see we have no protection from shell fire and when they shell us, we just drop flat on the ground when a shell bursts near us, to avoid flying shell fragments as much as possible; and, believe me, they make a "*wicked*" whang and thud when they go over you and bury themselves in the ground! But the next instant we are on our feet and "feeding" the guns again!

Now have I explained enough why I do not write oftener? You see what little time we have, when we do not fire, we just drop down and sleep right by the guns (we have to sleep sometime you know). And we can sleep, too, even though the batteries right around us are firing—the roar and whine of the shells can't wake us!

Sincerely,
E. J. Canright,
Medical Department,
149th Field Artillery, A.E.F.
A.P.O. 715

August 2, 1918

Cher Ami: I wrote you a letter yesterday P. M. but have not had a chance to mail it yet. However I am glad of it, because last night we had the good fortune to bring down a Hun airplane. Several of them flew over just before dark and fired at us with their machine guns and we "opened up" on them with our machine guns and the rest of us seized our German rifles and ammunition and also fired at them and believe me it was some noise. But it's great sport and very exciting. Well, you can

imagine our joy when we saw one turn around and start to come down! I saw him just skimming over the tree tops and saw where he was going to land, so I started after him on the run. They lit in a field but purposely skimmed along the ground and ran the machine into the woods to damage it so that we couldn't use it—See? Of course, it hit the trees and broke the wings and propeller, altho the engine and body were all right. A Frenchman and I were the first ones to reach them, and the aviators, there were two of them, stepped out of their machine and held up their hands. They started to walk towards us but one of them staggered and fell. I saw that he was wounded so I dropped down to examine his wounds and give him first aid, while the Frenchman kept the other one covered with his rifle, as you can't trust a Hun—he might have shot me altho I was giving first aid to his companion. The pilot was wounded in several places, I discovered, after I had taken off his leather headgear and goggles and leather coat, etc. He was shot in the shoulder and on the leg and then I dug a shrapnel bullet out of his back. You can imagine my surprise when he started to speak to me in English! He said he used to live in Philadelphia. He told me he was twenty-nine years old and asked me if I thought he would die, and when I told him "No," he grabbed my hand and thanked me over and over again. Then he unpinned and gave me his aviator's badge—he said they would take it away from him anyway. I have it and shall keep it as a souvenir. I'll show it to you when I get back. Well, after I'd fixed him up, I saw that the observer had been wounded, too—shot just below the knee. It seemed funny to be giving first aid and trying to save their lives when just a minute or two before they had been shooting at us with their machine guns, trying to take our lives. But I consider that if I didn't do all I could to save them that I would be no better than they were. Of course a big crowd gathered in a few minutes and we sent the two aviators to the hospital in an ambulance, and under guard. As I said before, if they had been dropping bombs on some city and injuring innocent people, and I had got to them first, I would have shot them instead of giving them aid; but they were only shooting at us, and we are "fair

game," so it was a fair fight, and they should be treated accordingly. Wish you could have been here and seen it—you may see it anyway because they took pictures of it all.

As before,
E. J. C.

THE QUESTION BOX

THE MEANING OF MONDOVI

I notice in the December number of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY an inquiry regarding the name of the city of Mondovi, Wisconsin.

As near as I can learn, this name was given to the pioneer settlement on Beef River (called by the early French traders Rivière de Boeuf) by Elihu B. Gifford, who was born at Scott's Corners, Saratoga County, New York, and who came to what is now the city of Mondovi in the year 1856.

Mr. Gifford was well educated, considering the time in which he lived, and was an incessant reader. Like a few of the early settlers, all of whom were eastern Yankee stock, he was a subscriber to the New York *Ledger*, a weekly paper at that time edited by Robert Bonner. This paper was a voluminous publication, and in addition to current news always contained a few spicy novels, and generally devoted considerable space to history, and it is said that Mr. Gifford, in reading an account of the Napoleonic wars in this paper, was struck by the name Mondovi, a town in northwestern Italy where a battle was fought on April 22, 1796, in which the Sardinian forces were completely defeated by Napoleon.

Any American visiting Paris and making a careful inspection of the inside of the Arch of Triumph will find the name Mondovi in fourth place from the top, said list of names being the important battles fought by Napoleon in his Italian campaign.

Mr. Gifford went overland in an emigrant wagon to Spokane, Washington, in May, 1878, along with about forty others from the little village of Mondovi. Later he named the village of Mondovi, Washington.

D. A. WHELAN,
Mondovi

THE LANDING PLACE OF JEAN NICOLET

I would like to ask if you have an idea where the spot is where Jean Nicolet made his visit to a Wisconsin Winnebago Indian village in 1634. Was it on the shore of Lake Michigan or Lake Winnebago, and how can it be reached? I am a descendant of the Winnebago and would like to pay a visit to the place.

ULYSSES S. WHITE,
Greenwood

So far as historians know, Jean Nicolet was the first white man to visit Wisconsin, and at that time (1634) the Winnebago

were in possession of most of eastern Wisconsin. It was not until after Nicolet's visit that the Winnebago, in a fierce war with the tribes south of them, lost a large number of their warriors. Historians are not able to say definitely just where Nicolet first saw a Winnebago village; there seem many good reasons to suppose, however, that it was at Red Banks, on the southeast shore of Green Bay, that the village stood where Nicolet landed. We have only the briefest description of his voyage, given from hearsay by a Canadian historian. He reports that Nicolet came up the Ottawa River, crossed into Georgian Bay, and skirted Lake Huron to the Huron villages then on its southeast border. There he obtained a canoe and five Huron guides, and pushed north and west until he found the "men of the sea," as the other Indians called the Winnebago. These Indians received him as a god, since he carried thunder and lightning (two pistols) in his hands. They made a great feast for him of many roasted beavers, and entertained him with the best they had. He made a peace between the Winnebago and the Huron, and then returned the way he had come.

SOME WINNEBAGO CHIEFTAINS

We have a local county historical society of this county (Blue Earth) and have been gathering what material we can with reference to its early history. For some eight years during the fifties and early sixties a Winnebago reservation was located in this county, and some of the chiefs of that nation have bequeathed their names to various localities in the county; there is a village by the name of Good Thunder, a township by the name of Decoria, and a small stream called Winneshiek, and we have been trying to find some data with reference to these chiefs. The only one that we can find anything about at all is Chief Decoria; we can find nothing about Winneshiek or Good Thunder. They left this county for their reservation in South Dakota but only stayed there a short time, and I understand that they returned to Wisconsin, to their old hunting grounds there, and that the descendants of their bands are still located in central Wisconsin. Does your library contain any data with reference to these chiefs or any of them?

THOMAS HUGHES,
Mankato, Minn.

If you have access to the *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, you will find much about these Winnebago chiefs. The Decorah family was the best known of all the Winnebago. (This name is

spelled in various ways; we have settled on the above form.) The oldest Decorah, head chief of the tribe, died in 1836. He had several sons, brothers, and cousins. Waukon Decorah, or Snakeskin belonged to the La Crosse band. He was living in 1867; probably his family was the one for whom your township was named. His descendants still live in Nebraska. Angel Decora, an artist from this family, died last year in New York.

Winneshiek was another prominent chief, with sons of the same name. They belonged to the Mississippi River bands. Young Winneshiek died in 1887 near Black River Falls. He was what was known as a "good Indian." He returned from the Nebraska reservation to Wisconsin about 1872. Descendants of his live near Black River Falls.

Good Thunder's Winnebago name was Wakuntschapinka. He was in the Black Hawk War, apparently on the side of the whites (*Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XIII, 465).

If you will write to Dr. N. P. Jipson, 4310 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, he will tell you where you can obtain more information about these chiefs. He is writing a history of the Winnebago Indians and knows several of the present members of the tribe.

BRITISH OFFICERS AT MILWAUKEE

In working up the history of Milwaukee, the Milwaukee Historical Society has been making research for information as to whether England ever had a civil or military officer located at Milwaukee, and also, whether England ever had a war vessel on Lake Michigan.

C. M. Scanlan,
Milwaukee

There certainly was considerable activity at the Milwaukee Indian village during the Revolutionary period, although whether an officer was stationed there or not it is difficult to say. Charles Langlade and his nephew Charles Gautier de Verville were both officers in the Indian department and were frequently at Milwaukee when raising Indian auxiliaries and supplies. There were also at Milwaukee a trader named St. Pierre and his nephew Marin (Morong), who aided the British officers at Mackinac during the Revolutionary years. Whether either of them was an officer or not does not appear. The British had

several small sailing vessels on Lake Michigan, partly armed as ships of war. One named the *Welcome* was sent out in 1778 (*Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XI, 120); another, a sloop named the *Felicity*, was commanded by Samuel Robertson in the autumn of 1779 (its log is in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XI, 203-212). You will find a brief notice of Milwaukee in the Revolution, in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XVIII, preface, also note p. 375. The index volume, XXI, under the caption "Milwaukee," subhead "in the Revolution," gives references to all the material on the subject we have been able to find.

During the War of 1812 conditions were reversed. The Milwaukee Indians, who during the Revolution had inclined to side with the "Big Knives" (Americans) were in 1812 strongly pro-British. Robert Dickson had a subordinate officer at Milwaukee named Chandonnet. Dickson's letters show that he had a great deal of trouble with the Milwaukee Indians (*Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XI, 278, 281-82, 289, 293-96, 298, 302-305, 309). Thomas Forsyth, Indian agent at Peoria, attempted to influence the Milwaukee Indians to side with the Americans (*Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XI, 324, 328, etc.), but with very little success. Dickson and his men controlled their activities.

To speak of British officers without qualification as being at Milwaukee would be somewhat misleading. The men employed in the West both in the Revolution and in the War of 1812 were traders, both French-Canadian and British, who were employed by the Indian Department and given pay to use their influence with the Indians. However, Langlade, Gautier, Dickson, Chandonnet, and such men were certainly in the service and had their names on the pay rolls. The *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections* publishes more of the documents from the Canadian Archives than we have done. You might find additional material on these supplementary officers in their files.

EARLY KNOWLEDGE OF THE DELLS OF THE WISCONSIN

Can you give me any information as to when the Dells of the Wisconsin first became known to white men, and what are the earliest references to them in print?

H. E. Cole,
Baraboo

The early history of the Dells is quite obscure. The Winnebago term for the Dells was Neesh-ah-ke-soonah-er-rah—Where the Rocks Strike Together. We have been trying without success to determine who was the first white man to see the Dells. The Green Bay traders had trading posts on the upper river by the twenties of the last century. We find letters dated from the upper Wisconsin (*Au haut du Ouisconsin*) in 1827 and from that onward. Among the earlier traders were Jacques Porlier, Jr., who at one time had his family with him; Charles Grignon and his younger brothers, Paul and Amable. The latter seems to have made the upper Wisconsin his permanent home from 1829 onward. He was the youngest of Langlade's grandsons and was for some years a clerk for the Hudson's Bay Company in the Athabasca region. He returned home in 1823, just too late to see his mother, she dying in October of that year. At that time he brought a bride from Mackinac, Judith Bourassa, a kinswoman of his grandmother Langlade. It is said he took his wife and family goods in a boat up the Fox River to Portage, thence up the Wisconsin to Grignon's bend in northern Juneau County. Before this there had been considerable passing up and down the river for trading purposes. Amable opened a small farm on the upper river and sold his surplus produce at Fort Winnebago. Morgan L. Martin offered to go into partnership with Amable Grignon, to build a sawmill. Grignon secured permission from the Menominee, and Morgan from the War Department Indian Bureau. But they were anticipated by the shrewd Yankee Daniel Whitney, who got his permit and built his mill in 1831. In all this enterprise on the upper river we find no mention of the Dells. Trading on the Lemonweir River was older, apparently, than that on the upper Wisconsin. In 1810-11 Louis Beaupré wintered on the Lemonweir (*Wis. Hist. Colls.*, III, 268); and in 1820 the Grignons were among the Winnebago there (*Id.*, XX, 156-57).

All indications point to an early knowledge of the difficulties of navigation in the Dells, and to the name having been applied by the French traders of Green Bay and the Portage, but apparently without being recorded in any document.

The earliest document in which we find the locality mentioned is a letter of J. M. Street, Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, who August 28, 1832, wrote to the Secretary of War announcing the capture of Black Hawk. He says (we have a photostat copy of his letter): "The Black Hawk was taken about 40 miles above the Portage on the Wiskinsin River near a place called the Dalle." At the same time Chaetar boasted "Near the Dalles on the Wisconsin I took Black Hawk" (*Wis. Hist. Colls.*, VIII, 316).

The maps are even later than the documents in indicating the Dells. The earliest map we have found giving any sign is that constructed by George W. Featherstonhaugh in 1835 for the Topographical Bureau. He has placed upon the upper river the following caption: "A narrow passage with lofty mural sandstone banks." Featherstonhaugh did not in person visit the Wisconsin above the Portage. His report was thus from hearsay. Lapham, in his *Topography of Wisconsin* (1844), under Portage County, says: "At the 'Dells' the river runs for three miles between Perpendicular cliffs of rock about three hundred feet high and only forty feet across. It is said that the gorge is so narrow at the top in some places, that one may easily jump across it." Lapham's map of Wisconsin, 1845, has "The Dells—perpendicular Rock Bluffs 300 ft. high River 40 ft. wide." The earliest permanent settlers at the lower end of the Dells were Amasa Wilson, C. B. Smith, and R. V. Allen from Galena. Allen was living there as late as 1878; he was a famous river pilot. For some years Allen's was the only house between the Grignons' on the upper river, and Portage. When Kingston went to the Lemonweir in the first part of 1838, he speaks of the Point Bas trail as being then plain and much used, whereas the trail crossing the river at the Dells was untrodden.

THE ORIGIN OF VIROQUA

Please give me the name of an authentic history of Wisconsin. I wish all possible information concerning Viroqua, the Indian maiden for whom the county site of Vernon County (formerly Bad Axe County) was named. Was she instrumental in the winning of the battle of the Bad Axe? When and where did she die?

J. C. Kenyon,
Royal Oak, Mich.

We have found an explanation of the name Viroqua in the Draper Manuscripts 12F114. Viroqua was the name of a Mohawk princess, sister of the distinguished Dr. Oronhyetetha. She lived in Canada, near Brantford. In 1886 she was giving entertainments in the opera house at that place. An early settler of Viroqua, Wisconsin, came from Canada, and no doubt had heard the name among the Mohawk on Grand River.

THE HOME OF THE INVENTOR OF THE SELF-KNOTTER

In or near what Wisconsin city is the farm house of John F. Appleby, inventor of the first twine-knotter for a self-binder reaper? Are there any of the original buildings on the farm which were in use during his days?

ALLEN P. CHILD,
Kansas City, Mo.

John F. Appleby was brought up on the farm of his stepfather, Marshall Newell. In 1857 Mr. Newell owned two hundred and fifty acres on section twenty-three of the town of Lagrange, Walworth County. The nearest large town is Whitewater, where Mr. Newell died. Before 1873 his farm had passed into the hands of John Taylor, whose descendants still own the place. If you will write to John Taylor, farmer, Lagrange, Walworth County, Wisconsin, you will probably get an answer concerning the buildings on the farm.

Young Appleby early left home, and was living near Mazomanie, Dane County, when on August 5, 1862, he enlisted in Company E, Twenty-third Wisconsin Volunteers. We do not find that he owned a farm near Mazomanie. He is not listed as a farm owner in the census of 1860, nor in that of 1870. It seems probable that his boyhood home was the only farm on which he lived.

THE NAMING OF NEENAH

Can you give me any information as to the origin and history of the name Neenah? Am I right in assuming the word Neenah to be the name of an Indian girl, and if so is there any possibility of obtaining a likeness or picture of what represents her, for reproducing same?

HARRY F. WILLIAMS,
Neenah

The word Neenah is the Winnebago word for water. The story is told that Governor Doty was once traveling with a

Winnebago guide, and pointing to Fox River asked its native name. The Indian, thinking the governor meant the word for water, replied "Neenah." Doty supposed it was the native word for that river, and always spoke of the Fox as Neenah River. Afterward, liking the name, he used it for the town. Other authorities apply the story to an engineer who was surveying for the government in early days, and who in his report gave the name Neenah to the Fox River. So far as we are aware, no tradition associates the name with an Indian girl.

HONEST AMASA COBB

The First National Bank of Lincoln has just been printing a semi-centennial souvenir. Amasa Cobb, who, as you know, represented our old Wisconsin district in Congress for four successive terms, was the principal founder and the first president of this bank. He was a member of the Wisconsin Senate of 1855-56. I remember the story that he exposed on the floor of the Senate an attempt to bribe him, which won him the sobriquet "Honest Cobb." It was said also that this was the legislature of the "forty thieves." I supposed that the occasion was the exposure of the bribery of the legislature by the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad Company; but that came later. I am unable to find any references to the incident in question in the publications of your historical society. I think it will not cause you much trouble to illustrate the incident in question very briefly on my behalf.

I remember also that General Cobb was criticized for his alleged drawing of two salaries—one as member of Congress, the other as colonel of the two regiments which he organized for the Civil War. If the information is easily available, I should like to know whether or not he spent much of his time in Congress while the war lasted. I should like to know also the date on which he organized each of the two regiments of which he was colonel, and the names of the regiments. I have data covering these points, but I am not sure of their reliability.

ALBERT WATKINS,
Lincoln, Neb.

With respect to the early career of General Amasa Cobb we have found some interesting material. Cobb was a member of the state senate for 1855 and 1856. In the latter year a special session in September and October was called to accept the Congressional land grants for railroads. There was a powerful lobby for the Milwaukee and La Crosse Railroad present, and it was openly charged that bribery was the order of the day. We do not find that Cobb made an open protest in the senate sessions;

but when the bill was finally passed, October 9, 1856, he "moved that the senate adjourn for the purpose of prayer." In the Legislature of 1858 an investigation was ordered, and Cobb was called before the investigating committee and sworn. His testimony was as follows: (Appendix to *Assembly Journal*, 1858, 113-15).

AMASA COBB—SWORN

Question.—Were you a member of the Legislature of 1856, and if so were you present during the adjourned or extra session in September and October of that year?

Answer.—I was a member of the State Senate for the years 1855-6, and was present at the adjourned session, in the months of September and October, of 1856.

Question.—Were any offers of any stock, bonds or other valuable things made to you by any person or corporation during such adjourned or extra session, to influence you to support or oppose, or to give your aid influence to procure the passage or defeat of any measure pending before the Legislature, relating to the disposition of the lands granted by Congress to this State to aid in the construction of railroads? If so, state when, where, and by whom such offers were made.

Answer.—Some five or six days before the final adjournment of the said adjourned session, Mr. William Pitt Dewey, who was then the assistant clerk of the Assembly, invited me to take a walk with him, and while walking around the capitol square in the city of Madison, he (Dewey) introduced the subject of the bill granting the land which has been granted to the State of Wisconsin to aid in the construction of certain railroads, to the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad Company, and which bill was then pending before the Legislature. During said conversation he informed me that should said bill pass, he would get a quantity of bonds. He stated the amount that he was to receive, and to the best of the recollection of this deponent, it was ten thousand dollars. He asked me what amount would induce me to cease my opposition and support the bill, or come into the arrangement. I asked him why, or by what authority he made the inquiry? He replied that he had come right from Kilbourn and was authorized by him to say that I might make my own terms. He further stated that "we had had a consultation at the Capital House, and concluded that I, (Dewey) being well acquainted with you (deponent), and we having been around together a good deal, that I could be more likely to come to an understanding, or arrangement with you, than any one else could." He further stated that "they were bound to carry it through anyhow, and that I might as well make something out of it, as the rest of them." This, as near as this deponent can remember, was the language used.

Question.—What reply, if any, did you make to his proposition?

(Deponent declined to answer this question; but upon the same being pressed by the committee, under protest, he answered.)

Answer.—I asked him what was the amount of the capital stock of the company? He replied, ten million dollars. I told him to say to Byron Kilbourn, that if he would multiply the capital stock of the company by the number of leaves in the Capitol Park, and give me that amount in money, and then have himself, Kilbourn, Moses Strong, and Mitchell *blacked*, and give me a clear title to them as servants for life, I would take the matter under consideration. I was strongly solicited several different times during the pendency of said bill before the Legislature by the Hon. Wm. Chappell, then a member of the Assembly, to support the bill; and on one occasion he stated to me, that if the said bill passed, he, Chappell, would make $20,000 by it, or out of it, and that he wanted to see me do the same. I asked him how I could make it? He replied that my position as a senator would command that sum from the La Crosse Company, or words to that effect. He did not pretend to be authorized by any one to make any proposition, but did give me to understand that there was an arrangement to the effect, that those senators who came into it should receive that amount.

Question.—Did you, while a member of such Legislature, or at any time afterwards, receive or accept, either directly or indirectly, or did any person receive or accept for you, from any person or corporation, any stock, bonds, money, or other valuable things in consideration, or as a reward for your official vote, or your official or personal influence in favor or against any such measure or measures, or as a gratuity, gift, or present? If so, state when, and from whom.

Answer.—I did not at any time.

Question.—Did you have, during such session, or have you since had any conversation with any, and what members of that Legislature, relative to accepting or receiving, or having accepted or received, or having been procured, or expecting to receive any bonds, stock, money, or other thing in consideration for voting, or using their influence in procuring, or opposing the passage of any measure or bill relating to the disposition of lands granted to this State to aid in the construction of railroads? If so, state with whom such conversation occurred, and what was the substance of it?

Answer was in the affirmative with bill of particulars.

This testimony certainly entitles him to the sobriquet "Honest Cobb."

Cobb was speaker of the Assembly in 1861 when the war broke out, and as soon as the session closed he began enlisting men, and speaking through southwestern Wisconsin in favor of volunteering. It is said that he urged an early adjournment of the Legislature for the purpose of recruiting, and that his example and enthusiasm had much to do with Wisconsin's prompt response to the call for troops. May 28, 1861, he was commissioned by the governor, colonel of the Fifth Wisconsin, sworn into the United States service July 12, 1861. The Fifth Wisconsin Infantry drilled at Camp Randall, Madison, throughout the summer of 1861, and in September was forwarded to Washing-

ton, where the regiment soon became part of Hancock's brigade. Its colonel was acting commander of the brigade at the battle of Antietam and during other lesser actions. December 25, 1862, Colonel Cobb, having been elected to Congress from the third Wisconsin district, resigned his command. He entered Congress in January, 1863; during the recess in 1864 Cobb returned to Wisconsin and actively engaged in recruiting another regiment. Of this, the Forty-third Wisconsin, he was commissioned colonel August 10, 1864, sworn into United States service September 29, 1864. During the autumn of 1864 he was in the field, returning to Congress for the session beginning in December. March 13, 1865, he was assigned to the command of the Third Brigade, first district of Middle Tennessee, which he held until June 17, being mustered out June 24, 1865. This record of his military service is combined from the Wisconsin roster and Heitman's register. It is evident that he did hold two positions under the government from August 10, 1864, to June 24, 1865—Congressman and military officer.

HISTORICAL NOTES

ADDITIONS TO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

During the three months' period ending October 10, 1921, there were fourteen additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. Five of these enrolled as life members, as follows: Walter D. Corrigan, Milwaukee; Claude Hamilton, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Dr. Ludvig Hektoen, Chicago; Mrs. William S. Hills, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Henry D. Laughlin, Ashland.

Nine persons became annual members of the Society: Edgar G. Doudna, Wisconsin Rapids; P. P. Graven, Menomonie; Elmer S. Hall, Madison; Walter B. Kellogg, Superior; Judge Jeremiah O'Neil, Prairie du Chien; J. W. Pryor, Barneveld; Mrs. Mae Ella Rogers, Crandon; Rev. E. Benjamin Schlueter, Markesan; Edward H. Smith, Madison.

KENSINGTON RUNESTONE

A volume, in French, of the miscellaneous historical papers of Benjamin Sulte has been published by G. Ducharme, Montreal. The special interest of the volume to readers of this magazine, is a paper entitled "Au Mississippi en 1362," which is a discussion of the Kensington runestone, about which several papers have been published in this magazine. The reviewer of the volume for the *Canadian Historical Review*, volume 2, number 3, says that the article on the runestone "is mainly remarkable because it appears therein that Dr. Sulte is now convinced of the authenticity of the runestone, and believes that the Norsemen actually penetrated to the headwaters of the Mississippi by way of Hudson Bay in the middle of the fourteenth century."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Professor John B. Parkinson ("Memories of Early Wisconsin and the Gold Mines") himself discourses interestingly of his early life. His later career, for more than half a century, has been identified with the University of Wisconsin in the several capacities of student, professor, vice-president, and vice-president emeritus.

Joseph Schafer ("Documenting Local History") is superintendent of the State Historical Society.

W. A. Titus ("Historic Spots in Wisconsin: VIII. St. Nazianz, A Unique Religious Colony") continues, in this issue, his interesting series of local historical studies.

The author of "A Treasure Quest" prefers to remain anonymous.

GENERAL CHARLES KING

From a photograph taken in the summer of 1921 at the close of the Wisconsin National Guard encampment

VOL. V NO. 3 1921-1922

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN. JOSEPH SCHAFER, Superintendent, MILO M. QUAIFE, Editor

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Paid for out of the George B. Burrows Fund Income

MEMORIES OF A BUSY LIFE

General Charles King

BOYHOOD IN OLD MILWAUKEE[1]

It may be of interest to refer to the cost of living in the fifties in Milwaukee as compared with present day prices. Milk was delivered at our kitchen door by a worthy Irish woman, Mrs. Powers, at five cents a quart measure. It cost considerably more in blood and bodily wear and tear on those occasions when I was required to venture down to the Third Ward[2] to get it when supplies ran short. The Irish to a man seemed fond of my father, in spite of differences in politics, the sons of the Emerald Isle being of the Democratic persuasion; but between young Ireland and young America there was perennial warfare.

Vegetables, as a rule, were bought at the German Market, or at Reed's or Harshaw's on East Water Street, nearly opposite the old Walker, now Kirby House. Alexander Mitchell and Hans Crocker raised the best fruits to be found in or about the city, those which came up by boat from Chicago being scarce and high. Munkwitz and Layton were our two butchers, and a quarter of a dollar, cash in hand, would enable me to carry home enough mutton chops for the family dinner. Mother's rules sent me early to bed, and I started in life as an early riser. When I found a dime on the corner of the little washstand in my room, it

[1] In a biographical sketch of his father, General Rufus King, published in the June, 1921 issue of this magazine, the author has told of his ancestry and of the establishment of his father's family at Milwaukee in 1845. The opening installment of the present article, relating memories of boyhood days in Milwaukee, is but a portion of a much longer statement which General King has dictated, dealing with recollections of this period in his career.—Editor.

[2] The old Third Ward was preëminently the resort of Milwaukee's Irish population and was familiarly characterized as the "Bloody Third." In 1850 there were slightly more than three thousand natives of Ireland in Milwaukee, in a total population of twenty thousand. The Irish at that time far outnumbered every other alien group in Milwaukee except the German-born.—Editor.

meant whitefish for breakfast, and as soon as I had dressed I would trudge away to the head of Mason Street, and there find the fishermen's boats just in from Whitefish Bay. That dime would give me the choice of the biggest and finest fish, many of them still flopping about in the bottoms of the boats. The fishermen would run a stout cord through the gills, loop it over the end of the big stick I carried for the purpose, and then with that stick over my shoulder, I would lug homeward the prize of the lot. Three dollars would hardly buy such a fish today.

Before quitting the old King's-Corner crowd,[3] let me tell you how they "sized up" in later life. It is worth the telling. "Rude" were we, perhaps, "in speech" and sports, neither blasphemous nor obscene, but certainly unpolished, and many a time did mother point out to me the inelegance of our language. One day a discussion, somewhat heated, was going on, and in the midst of it a dear old lady descended upon the group. She was my Sunday-school teacher and I honored her, but most of the crowd knew her only by name. Earnestly and impressively she addressed herself to the gang in general, to the excited debaters in particular, whereat, in his mingling of chagrin and embarrassment, the curly-headed future lieutenant general[4] of the Army burst into a guffaw of laughter, and the main culprit, the blue-eyed, fair-haired future rear admiral[5] of our Navy stuck his tongue in his cheek, twiddled his thumbs and dared to wink at his nearest neighbor. It was too much for our lady's dignity. Turning abruptly, she entered our house and, addressing my mother by the name only Albanians and intimates called her, said, impressively, "If you don't get your boy away from this Godless, graceless gang and send

[3] The family residence, which gave name to "King's Corner," stood at the northeast corner of Mason and Van Buren streets.—Editor.

[4] General Arthur MacArthur.—Editor.

[5] Rear Admiral James K. Cogswell. As executive officer under Captain Clarke, he brought the *Oregon* around South America from San Francisco to Santiago to share in the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet in the battle of July, 1898.—Editor.

him where he can be among gentlemen, you will rue it to your dying day."

In September '58 I was divorced from the "gang," so-called, and in course of time entered Columbia College, New York, and of the forty very excellent young gentlemen matriculated with me at Columbia, not one, either in national, state or municipal affairs, ever won distinction; whereas, of the "Godless, graceless gang" who gathered day after day at the old corner, or were in close touch with us, one rose to be a senator of the United States, four of them generals in our Army, one of the four (MacArthur, my chum and next-door neighbor from '54 to '58) becoming lieutenant general, the highest rank then attainable. Two became rear admirals of the Navy, one became head of the Society of Physicians and Surgeons of Connecticut. Three became eminent in the law (one of them a judge at Duluth); one a great insurance man, a prominent author and leader of affairs in New York City. Three others, gallant fellows whose names should not be forgotten, fell, heading their companies ("Mandy" Townsend and Billy Mitchell) or as regimental adjutant (Wilkie Bloodgood). Still another was shot dead in the charge at Fredericksburg (John Parkinson). Another still (one of the staunchest fighters of our number in boy days), after serving as lieutenant of artillery in our great war, became eminent in science, especially biology, George Peckham. Others prospered in business and social affairs, as did the Cramers, and only two or three never seemed to amount to much. Now, how do you account for that?

In connection with days at Anthon's school[6] in New York, where I finished my preparation for Columbia, there is one point worth mention. My allowance, spending money, etc., was fifty cents per week, paid on Saturday, out of which

[6] Professor Charles Anthon, a noted classical scholar of his day, was professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia and head of the grammar school then attached to the college.—Editor.

I was expected to buy my shoes, gloves, and luncheons. If it had not been for the thoughtful kindness of a young uncle, one of the first of our tribe to give his life in the Civil War days, I should have fared very ill. As it was, I seldom wore gloves, I speedily wore out my shoes, and my luneh was often only a doughnut; but we had famous breakfasts and dinners at my grandfather's table,[7] and my grandmother wondered at my appetite.

Returning, however, to those Milwaukee days, before saying good-bye to them as far as boyhood was concerned, I should say that documentary evidence in our possession goes to prove that before my fifth birthday maternal castigations were frequent and deserved. In a letter to father, who was in Washington in April, 1849, written presumably by request, but from my dictation, by Norman J. Emmons, it appears that I had been soundly whipped the previous day, "which made me a good boy ever since." As this covered a period of twenty-four hours, the reformation lasted apparently longer than usual. There seemed to be no limit to the mischief into which my propensity for exploration would lead me, and in father's absence, nurse, cook, even my Spartan mother, were sometimes too few to frighten such an arrant young vagrant. On the other hand, when he was at home, all that father had to do, no matter how furious a tantrum might be going on, was simply to order "Attention," and kicks and screams ceased at the word. I owed instant soldier obedience to my soldier father and accorded it to no one else.

Continuing that letter: "Yesterday I ran away, taking the two Cady boys wiv me way down to Higby's pier. I took them wiv me so I would not get lost." And as Higby's pier was about opposite Huron Street, and we lived on Mason, the adventure called for stern reprisals. Yet it wasn't forty-eight hours before the next excursion, and this

[7] Charles King, president of Columbia College.—Editor.

time I was seized by father's partner, Mr. Fuller, aided by the Mr. Emmons aforementioned, and borne kicking and struggling into the cellar, and there headed up in an old apple barrel, an episode the neighborhood did not soon permit me to forget.

Two months later we were at West Point—father, mother, sister, nurse and I—and then came the change, possibly for the better. Between General Scott, the tallest and most martial figure at the Academy, the stately drum major, and the soldierly cadet adjutant (Quincy A. Gilmore) I could not quite decide, but one of the three it was my daily habit from that time on to personate, I am told, for several years thereafter. It was 1851 before I could care for anything else except the fire department. Then Alexander Mitchell gave me my first lift in life—to the back of a villainous, little, black Shetland stallion, who had more tricks and vices than any four-legged brute I ever afterward knew. Beppo and our beautiful black Newfoundland, Nero, came to me about the same time.

In those days New Year's calls were made by every wide-awake citizen on all the ladies of his acquaintance, beginning somewhere about midday, and keeping it up, sometimes repeating, until dark. Housewives made ample preparation for this annual visitation; a bounteous table was generally set and a sideboard or table with its bowl of punch, its decanters of sherry, Madeira, and spirits. Whiskey was too cheap and plebeian a drink for such occasions (it retailed for something like forty cents a quart and cost less, probably, than ten cents a gallon), but old Otard brandy was much in demand. Father had some rare old Madeira that had been in the cellars of his grandfather when the latter was United States minister to England. By early afternoon on New Year's day many prominent citizens would be able no longer to distinguish between sherry and Madeira or between good wine and bad, and mother did hate to see that

fine Madeira wasted. A few years and it was all gone, all but two boxes of a dozen bottles each that had been especially set aside and labeled, never to be opened until the weddings of myself and my sister, and nothing would induce mother to permit that wine to be used.

She might just as well have done so, for, with father's books, papers, and some of the old family relics, those boxes were stored on the second floor of Mr. Emmons' barn, which stood in the alley way between Mason and Oneida streets, and Van Buren and Cass, when, father being with the Army in Virginia, mother and sister in New York, and I at West Point, the King's Corner residence was occupied by Robert Eliot. One wintry night thieves broke into the barn from the alley way, dumped into a sleigh such of the books and belongings as they thought they could sell, drank what they could of that priceless Madeira, and then in sheer, brutal wantonness, dashed the other bottles to bits against the walls. There was no wine at our weddings, at least at mine, that could compare with that hundred-year-old Madeira.

WEST POINT YEARS

About my appointment-at-large to West Point in 1862 various versions have been published in Wisconsin papers. I had almost begged in 1860 that grandfather should ask President Buchanan for me, as the President was permitted that year to name rather an unusually large number to enter in 1861. I longed to go. I was just sixteen and fully fit to pass the examination, but grandfather and mother had had their visions of the law, and certain elderly, maiden aunts of mother's had long been insistent that I should be educated for the ministry, whereas the only career for which I ever had the faintest aptitude was that of the soldier.

They might far better have yielded in 1860. It would have made a vast difference in my future fortunes, because between the graduation of the classes of 1865 and 1866 the

Army was filled up with volunteers from civil life. In '65 the West Point cadets were all graduated as first lieutenants and several of them became captains in two years. We who were graduated in '66 entered at the foot of the list of second lieutenants, and many of our number marched meekly in the line of file closers until they were grandfathers. Some men in my class did not receive their captaincy until they had served as lieutenants for thirty years or more. Had my mother dreamed of this, I have not a doubt she would have consented long before she did. Father, however, would say nothing, because he and I both realized that we were under obligations to my grandfather, who was preparing me for and sending me through college. All the same, he knew my longing and sympathized with me.

The war settled it, and after my few months with brigade headquarters at the front,[8] grandfather and mother both changed their views, and Lincoln was importuned on my behalf at a time when he had thousands of applications for the ten cadetships in his gift. Nevertheless mine was promised me through Secretary Seward late in the fall of '61, yet when the names were announced in March, '62, that of William H. Upham, of Wisconsin, appeared instead of mine. Upham had been shot through the lungs and left for dead on the field of first Bull Run, when his regiment, the Second Wisconsin, fell back with the rest of the defeated army; was mourned as dead at his Racine home, yet after a time in Libby prison, he recovered of his desperate wound; was sent back to Washington, exchanged, and with Senator Doolittle to champion his cause, begged the President to send him to West Point. He would be twenty-one in August. He must enter in June or not at all. Such was the law. I was only seventeen and could afford to wait three years, if need be, and what was my claim

[8] On this service see the writer's account in the June, 1921 issue of this magazine.—Editor.

beside that of a wounded hero of our first big battle? Father was then commanding his division far out at the front, but the President knew what his answer would be if the case were referred to him: his boy would step aside at once that the more deserving applicant should have the prize.

It almost broke my heart, but I wrote a glowing, boyish letter to Secretary Seward to say that if it had to be done again, I would never stand in the way of any Wisconsin soldier who had such claims as Upham; that letter was shown to the President, what he said I shall not record here beyond this: "That boy goes to West Point the first chance I get," and that chance came in May. It was found that one of his appointees was just too young. Instantly he turned to Mr. Seward, as he said, "Get the address of General King's youngster." Long years afterwards there was found in the files at the War Department and sent to me, in Secretary Seward's own handwriting, the original of the despatch: "To General Rufus King, Fredericksburg. Send your son's full name and address to General Thomas [General Thomas was then the Adjutant General of the Army] for West Point." Two days later my grandfather delightedly handed the formal War Department document to me. And so it resulted that among Lincoln's ten appointees that beautiful June, Wisconsin had two representatives, and Upham and I entered together. Moreover, we were graduated higher on the final roll in '66 than any others of that immortal ten, several of whom, however, failed entirely, among them the son of one of Lincoln's cabinet,[9] another the son of a famous admiral,[10] another the nephew of a most distinguished senator, another still a wonderful fellow, who, it was claimed, had walked barefoot all the way from Lake Champlain to Washington, to see the President in person and tell his story of years

[9] The allusion is to Attorney-general Bates.—Editor.

[10] Admiral Worden.—Editor.

of hardship and struggle. But, poor fellow, though he got the appointment, he never could "see any sense in Algebra," and had to drop out.

President Lincoln's only visit to West Point was paid one beautiful day in June, before his appointees were in uniform. He came to the Point, he said, to pay his respects to General Scott, who was living there in retirement, then he strode over to the barracks and sent for his ten boys. Tall, angular, and ungainly, as said some spectators, with a silk hat of exaggerated height, nevertheless, when he put his great hand on my head and looked kindly down into my flushed and boyish face, saying, "Well, son, you have got your wish at last," I could well nigh have worshipped him. It was my last look at that indescribable face. But on a mild April morning three years later, I stood on the stone post of the old sun-dial in the area of the cadet barracks and read aloud to the corps of cadets the details of the President's assassination the night before at Ford's Theater. One or two officers had passed among the boys saying, "Go to your quarters. Go to your quarters. This is all irregular"—as it was. It was the first and only time in my life that I ever saw an instance of an officer or instructor at West Point being utterly ignored by the cadets. The word had gone round that Lincoln had been assassinated, and at last an officer handed me the newspaper, saying, "Read it to them." I shall never forget the scores of white and grief-stricken young faces staring up at me as I read through those three columns; but at the end I broke away, ran to my room, and throwing myself down upon my bed, cried like a child.

The end of June found us Fourth classmen in camp, most of us in uniform. The entrance examination in those days was a bagatelle, so far as mathematics, geography, grammar, and knowledge of English were concerned—purposely so that the poorest lad might have an equal chance with

the son of the wealthy; but on the other hand, the physical requirements were exacting. Army life in the old days called for a sound constitution and sturdy physique.

In July my dear old grandfather made his appearance, and beamed with delight to see how well I looked. "It is the very place for you," said he. How I wished he might have been able to realize that two years before! Then in September my mother came. It was her first visit to West Point since '49; but the old hotel was unchanged, and the band was almost as good as it had been in days when it was not so easy to lure our best musicians away, with promise of better pay and employment. The old leader had greatly admired her piano playing, and had arranged for her two of the finest marches that were in great vogue at the end of the Mexican war, but in '62 they were out of date and forgotten. "It is the very place for you," were her words, before she had been there half an hour, and yet how long she had fought against my going!

Her greatest concern was whether the cadet pay of $30 a month was going to be sufficient to keep me out of debt. Before the war a cadet could live on it in spite of the fact that out of that $30 he had to pay for barbers, baths, belts, bedding, board (never less than $15 a month), books, brushes, caps, clothing of every kind, dancing lessons, gloves, gauntlets, shoes, shoe-blacking, drawing instruments, colors, crayon, paper, everything in fact, except room rent, fuel, and medical attendance. We were taxed for the band fund, barrack furniture, lithographing, hops (the evening dances held thrice a week in July and August only); and as prices began to bound in '61 and to soar in '62, while gold reached $2.90 in '63 or '64, mother's fears were well founded. Our uniform coats cost $11 in '62 and $33 a year later—an inferior gray cloth at that. Uniform shoes were $2.66, made to order and a perfect fit, in '62, but were up to $6 and $7 within another year. Mother had reason to worry.

Nothing but her wonderful economy and management had carried us through the dismal year or two that followed the panic of '57, which wrecked the *Sentinel* and my father's fortunes. Indeed, throughout all the years that followed it was her clear vision and business head that enabled him to meet the cost of a diplomatic career at Rome on a salary of $7,500 a year. We owed everything to her, as father wrote, admiringly.

By the autumn of my second year at West Point, $30 a month would no longer begin to provide for the needs of a cadet on military duty. Two-thirds of the corps were so much in debt that they could not even buy shoes, and had to be excused from all military duty. Parades and drills had been suspended because of this fact, and for the first time in the history of the Academy, cadets were authorized to send for and receive money from home, to help them out of their financial plight.

The pinch of poverty had begun to be felt the previous year, when a strange occurrence marred the rigid routine of West Point's military system. Our doors had no locks. We lived two in a room, in the gray stone barracks, some rooms, indeed, had but a single occupant. No one but cadets, the officers on duty over them, the Irish servitors who scrubbed out the floors, and the drum boy "orderlies" were permitted to enter the barracks, yet in the autumn of '62 thefts of money, watches, drawing instruments, etc., were of frequent occurrence. A kleptomaniac was at work in "A" Company; it was not long before he was caught, confessed, and, under the care of a guard of three or four dragoon troopers, was escorted to the south dock. There he was overtaken by a daring party of a dozen cadets, of the First, Second, and Third classes, headed by the cadet adjutant—a splendid, soldierly fellow from Indiana. The guards were overpowered, the prisoner taken from them, tarred and feathered, and turned loose. It created a profound impres-

sion at the time and bore fruit later. The adjutant, my great admiration then and to his dying day, was reduced to the ranks, and became my file leader in Company "A." The cadet who succeeded him as adjutant was a devout Christian, and became one of the professors of the Academy and was long one of its leading spirits as well as one of my warmest friends. He followed the culprit by letter, urged him to conquer his propensity, aided him in the gradual restoration of every dollar's worth he had stolen, brought about his entire reformation, and several years later saw him again upon his feet, a respected citizen, invited to West Point to receive the right hand of fellowship of certain officers there on duty who as cadets had been the victims of his malady in '62.

In the spring of 1863 two members of my class were suddenly and summarily spirited off the post and dropped from the rolls of the Academy, one of them for having helped himself to some note paper, the other for more varied bits of petty larceny; and then it was two years or more, the summer of '65, after Appomattox and peace before we had to face that situation again. During the summer encampment, the complaints of stolen money and valuables became so frequent that the commandant finally sent for the five cadets highest in rank in the battalion, the four captains and the adjutant, and impressively addressed them: "This thing is a disgrace to you," he said, "and in my time we never would have rested until we had discovered the culprit and given him a coat of tar and feathers." It stung us to renewed effort. All manner of devices were resorted to. A number of treasury notes contributed for the purpose, five and ten dollar bills, were secretly marked, and these left as bait, promptly disappeared, still we found no trace of the culprit. It was not until the corps returned to barracks in September that the thefts ceased for a very short time, and then later in the

fall began again; once more the commandant harangued some of the cadet officers, when again our efforts were renewed. Again we marked a few five and ten dollar treasury notes, and left them on the open shelves of our soldier's substitute for bureaus—the clothes press—and they quickly disappeared.

"If you young men cannot discover the culprit," said our commandant, "no one else can." Then came to me one of the most painful experiences of my life. I had marched as rear rank man from the early autumn of '62 until June, '63 of the model soldier of the cadet battalion—he, who as adjutant had been the leader in the tarring and feathering episode of September, and had suffered reduction to the ranks. I was now, as adjutant of the corps in 1865 to follow still further in his lead.

With the class that entered in June, '63, came a few young men who had seen service with the volunteers at the front. One of these throughout the two months of camp had occupied the tent next to mine in the street of Company "A." In those days the newcomers were always required to make up the tents and bedding of the upper classmen, to see that the water buckets were filled, the rifles and brasses polished, etc.; this particular "plebe" had to do his share, but never for me. Having been at the front myself, I could not exact service of such men. He was a burly fellow, strong and heavily built, and toward the end of the camp had quite a following among his classmates.

In July we had had an excitement. The great draft riots were in full swing in New York, and such regular soldiers as we had in the engineer, cavalry, and artillery detachments had been hurriedly sent to the threatened city, leaving the Academy to be guarded by the First, Third and Fourth classes of the cadet corps, and a score of superannuated veterans. The Second class was away on cadet furlough, the Fourth not yet fully in uniform. The First

was only twenty-seven strong, the Third was only about sixty, when the commandant received the startling news that a number of Southern sympathizers had chartered a steamboat in New York, and, several hundred strong, were coming up the Hudson that very night to burn and destroy the Academy. They were to be aided by the draft-resisting miners at Cornwall, just above us, and the foundrymen at Cold Spring, across the river.

Our 12-pounder "Napoleon" guns were at once run down to the north and south docks, with shell and shrapnel in abundance. Cadet Captain Allen was detailed to command the north, and Cadet Lieutenant Mackenzie (Wisconsin born) selected for the south dock, each authorized to pick the cadets to the number of one corporal and twelve privates, to man these guns and guard the docks, while the rest of the little battalion remained midway between them at camp, furnished, for the first time in West Point history, with ball cartridges for action. The corporal chosen by Mackenzie was Arthur Cranston, who had served in an Ohio regiment in western Virginia. The corporal chosen by Captain Allen, to the surprise of almost everybody, certainly myself, was myself, about the youngest looking lad that wore chevrons in the cadet battalion. We had a night of thrilling expectation, but the attack was called off. The incident, however, started me upward on the ladder of promotion, and to my surprise, seemed to anger the new cadet in the adjoining tent. I had treated him with entire courtesy, but his manner to me became ugly and truculent, if not threatening.

Three months later, a number of young officers and noncommissioned officers of volunteers were selected by the generals at the front to fill the vacancies of the southern congressional districts. Many of them came in uniform, and among them, along in October, to my delight, was Charley Powell, whom I had left at Chain Bridge, a corporal

in Company "B," Fifth Wisconsin (the Milwaukee Zouaves), who, after all the fighting on the Peninsula, at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, had risen to be sergeant major of the Fifth; in the uniform of that grade he reported at West Point, and the very night of his arrival I sought him out and took him to my room for a chat. Fourth classmen in those days never entered the room of an "old cadet," except by invitation, and I was astonished and indignant when presently there burst into my room three or four Fourth classmen, led by this truculent next-tent neighbor of camp days, and it was he who ordered this sergeant major, his superior still in military rank, for they were "conditional" cadets only, and the guest of their senior in the cadet battalion, a non-commissioned officer at that—to stand attention and salute his betters. In an instant I had hustled them out, giving the leader an especial tongue lashing, which he bitterly resented.

"I always hated you," he said, "from the day they made you a corporal," and yet to classmates of his own who pointed out to him that he had been treated with far more consideration than he deserved, he admitted that he could give no reason for his antipathy.

Except when on duty, I never spoke to him again. A year later I had become first sergeant of that company wherein he was still a private; by that time he had made many enemies in his own class. A number of them "cut him dead," as was the expression, and when he came back from cadet furlough in 1865, he could find no man to live with him. He had deliberately forced a quarrel upon one of the most courteous and gentlemanly of his classmates, and in the fight that ensued, with his brutal strength had hurled his slight opponent to the floor, and then, applying an epithet that is never tolerated at West Point, had said, "Now I have got you where I've been meaning to get

you for a year past," and was proceeding to hammer him, when dragged off and in turn set upon by a man of his own weight, and from that day stood degraded in the eyes of the entire corps; his classmates, especially, held him in contempt.

Then one day when the battalion was at dinner, a member of his class searched that unfortunate's room and found some of the marked money secreted between the leaves of his dictionary. The cadet officers, except the officer-of-the-day, were instantly assembled, and selected a captain, a first lieutenant, and an especially popular and prominent cadet private of the senior class to confront the friendless man with the evidence and hear his defense, if he had any. I could have wished that the council had chosen three of our brainiest—the men highest in scholarship and in years. But in ten minutes the examiners were back, all excitement. The man was guilty beyond all doubt, they said. He had denied the thefts, but had contradicted himself in a dozen ways and had obviously lied over and again. Then came the recollection of the commandant's words, and then a report, later found to be true, that already the Second class had learned what was going on, and were making preparation to seize and tar and feather him. Older heads warned the council this would never do. Hating him as they did, the chances were that they might seriously injure him. It was decided that the Second class should be kept in check and the culprit drummed out, army fashion, at evening parade. This ceremony was, in winter, held in the area of barracks, the four companies simply closing on the center, with the adjutant in command. The field music played the "retreat," the evening gun was fired, the adjutant published the orders, read out the delinquencies, and then dismissed the command.

And that dull, dark afternoon, just as usual, the drums beat, the rolls were called, the companies closed on center,

the retreat was sounded, the gun fired, and calling the battalion to attention I read the orders of the day, and then looked along that rigid, silent, gray-clad line. Whether I fully believed in the guilt of the poor fellow could make no difference now—the cadet officers in council had so declared him and adjudged "drumming out" as his punishment. I, as adjutant, was their executive.

In a voice distinctly audible to every man in ranks, I announced as warning to the Second classmen, who were many of them quivering with eagerness: "In the event of anything of an unusual nature taking place at this formation any man who attempts to leave his place in ranks will at once be placed in arrest by any one of the cadet officers." At this the captains and lieutenants stepped to the front of their companies and faced their men. Only once had I ever seen those young faces turn so white, and that was the April morning months before, when it had been my lot to read to the stricken corps the details of our beloved President's assassination.

The door of the third hall opened, and in civilian dress, with the placard "Thief" on his back, the accused cadet was led by his three inquisitors to the right of the line; the drums and fifes struck up "The Rogue's March," and down the front of those quivering ranks they led him around to the left and rear until nearly behind the center, then bade him go, and as though in dread of his life, he darted away down the hill to the south dock, while, with a voice that must have trembled a bit, I read the two pages of delinquencies, holding the battalion to silence and to ranks until the culprit was safe from pursuit. Then and not until then, I ordered, "Dismiss your companies."

With something almost like a scream, the whole Second class and many of the Third sped madly in pursuit, but were brought up standing by the sight of the superintendent, General Cullum, coming up the road. I, meantime, had

gone to the quarters of the commandant and briefly reported: "Sir, the thief was found at half past one, drummed out at parade, and is now probably across the river." He, looking dazed for a moment, said: "You have taken a grave responsibility on your shoulders, and then, perhaps, recalled what he had said as to what the corps would have done in his day, for not another word did he utter, but, taking his cap, went forth in search of the superintendent.

That night an officer with a guard was sent in pursuit, and brought the terrified victim back. A court of inquiry was speedily ordered, counsel assigned the accused, and the report after full investigation was to the effect that the evidence was inconclusive, and their recommendation was, as a matter of course, that the "ring leaders" be brought to trial before General Court Martial.

That was a solemn Christmas-tide for me. It was decided that only four cadets should be made examples of, the adjutant, of course, and the three who escorted the prisoner down the line, "as a degraded criminal," said Mr. Secretary Stanton, in his ominous order. The details for the court named nine distinguished officers, with Colonel William Sinclair as judge advocate. We felt that no sentence less than dismissal could be awarded, yet believed with reason that it would be accompanied by a recommendation for clemency. We determined to plead guilty to the charge and throw ourselves on the mercy of the court; half of the members, at least, knew the circumstances that had led to our action, and, come weal, come woe, we vowed that no one of our number, even in self-defense would bring into the case the inciting words of our beloved, but most impulsive commandant.

An odd thing was that though one of the "escort" was a cadet captain, and another a cadet first lieutenant, they were arraigned simply as cadets. I alone, having been in command and responsible for all that took place, was tried in my official grade as adjutant of the battalion of cadets.

It was midwinter when the court assembled. Mine was the first case called, and I pleaded guilty to the charge, called on the superintendent and commandant to testify as to my character and bearing as a cadet; read my statement to the court, in the presence of quite a number of spectators; took all the blame; expressed the sorrow and humiliation I felt at having administered this degrading punishment to a man declared innocent of the crime attributed to him, and said nothing about the actual offenses which had made him the Ishmael of the corps. To my surprise there were tears in the eyes of two members of the court and of some of the spectators.

Then followed a very unhappy month in spite of the fact that several officers took it upon themselves to come to me with cheering words. By this time most people on the Point and not a few at Washington had heard through cadet relations the inside facts, so to speak, of the victim's previous record, and, in some way, that we were not entirely without the urging of superior authority in the course that we took. But by this time I believed that a far worse man, some desperate criminal in the corps, had hidden that marked money in the dictionary in order to throw suspicion from himself and fix the crime on the man whom the corps would be most ready to believe guilty of anything. In my self-reproach and humiliation I had, as I say, come to believe him innocent. This, however, his class absolutely refused to do. To the day of their graduation and many of them to the day of his death, long years later, held to it that he was the thief.

But a reaction had set in that was of vast aid to the four cadets who had been made the official burden bearers—the scapegoats of the corps. Secretary Stanton was said to have been exasperated because the courts, the superintendent, and the commandant had actually pleaded for mercy for us. I fully expected at least to be suspended from

rank and pay an entire year and so did Frank Soulé of California, the handsome captain of Company "D." It seemed a long time before the orders came from Washington but they finally arrived. All four were sentenced to be dismissed from the military service of the United States, but in the case of the three committee men, having acted under orders of the adjutant, and having received the favorable recommendation of the court, the execution of the sentence was suspended until further orders. They, also, remained on probation in the meantime. In my case, said the Secretary of War, because of the earnest recommendation of the court, concurred in by the superintendent and commandant, "based upon high character and hitherto excellent conduct the sentence is remitted." "But," said the Secretary, "however honorable may have been his motives, Cadet King has been guilty of a grave offense, and it is ordered that he be deprived of his position as Adjutant." So Soulé went back to the command of his company, Wright to the second in command of his, and I following the lead of my admired adjutant of the winter of '62, now, in '65 my instructor in civil and military engineering, went back to the ranks of Company "A."

There was quite a little feeling about it in the corps, a disposition to make me a sort of martyr, but though long saddened and humbled by the consciousness of having wronged a fellow-man, I knew that my punishment was light. No matter what "Old Harry" had said in his excitement and exasperation, I should have had sense enough to know it was contrary to law and order.

Now, strange things resulted from that episode. First, the victim himself lived the life of a recluse to the day of his graduation, eighteen months thereafter; execrated and often abused by his classmates, he would resent no insult. He lived dumbly, meekly, and alone, and he must have gone through hell or purgatory. He became a totally

changed man. Solitude, self-examination, and study did their work. He was assigned to a regiment, married, and took his young wife to a far western station, where the story followed him, and the few West Pointers at first would not speak to him. But he became a model duty officer, reserved, dignified, studious. He lived to win the respect of his fellow-men, and to die a devout Christian.

It is believed also that shortly before his death he was made aware that two or three West Pointers actually knew the real villain in the tragic story. Strangely enough, he was the only other cadet with whom I had a lasting difference. From the summer of 1865 I had refused to speak to him. He was secretly married, it seems, and the woman blackmailed him. He was driven nearly mad by her threatening to announce their marriage unless he kept her supplied with money. This would at once have ended his career as a cadet and his future as an officer. He had to steal to meet her demands. He went stark mad one wintry night, a year after the drumming-out affair; he had given indications of insanity twice before. He wandered off cadet limits, and was brought back exhausted, and while in hospital, under pledge of secrecy, told his miserable story to a fellow cadet, and killed himself a year after his graduation.

An odd sequel to that distressing affair came in June. There was a great shortage of young graduates of West Point, so many had been killed or crippled for life in the war, so many promoted, that the superintendent found it necessary to ask of the War Department that he might select two of the graduating class for duty as instructors in tactics during the summer encampment. It was granted, and the two cadets selected to reappear as officers and instructors within a fortnight of their graduation were the man who took my place as adjutant and my dethroned self. I hardly knew how to thank the superintendent and commandant, for it was the latter who made the choice.

It was a beautiful detail and a very delightful duty, but it might have been better had I spent that summer on leave, as I had planned, in Wisconsin, for I had not seen my home since 1860 and longed to be there again. Father, mother, sister, and grandfather and his family were all in Italy, father being still minister to Rome, but there were a few of my kith and kin, and many a dear old chum, living in Milwaukee, and I wanted to see the "graceless, Godless gang" again before going in the autumn to join the light battery, to which, as second lieutenant I had been assigned. Matters had become turbulent in New Orleans. There had been a "massacre" of negro legislators at the Mechanics Institute, on Dryades Street, where the Gruenewald Hotel now stands, and the battery commander urged my joining without delay. The trouble was over, but he was short of officers. I spent only a week in Milwaukee that fall; but in the fall of '67, while the great epidemic of yellow fever was in full blast, I was on sick leave in the North, forbidden by the War Department's orders to return until frost set in. Living at Alexander Mitchell's commodious home, where the Wisconsin Club now stands, I had a most enjoyable visit until near Thanksgiving, when ordered to New York to accompany by sea a big batch of recruits going to Louisiana and Texas to help fill the gaps made by the fever.

Then came a rather lively year in New Orleans, the political campaign of '68 and a series of riots in the Crescent City between the whites and blacks. It was that fall of '68 that Gatling guns, though invented during the Civil War, were first mounted and put in use in the Army, two of them, with their carriages, caissons, harness, etc., and complete equipment being sent to our battery, where they were duly horsed and manned, and the command fell to me, the junior lieutenant on duty. It got to be great fun

after a while, when we had learned the use of these "bullet squirters," as they were called. We were moved into the city and stationed in a big, abandoned cotton press out on Canal Street, when the election drew near and the rioting became frequent, our orders were to hitch every evening and stand to horse, ready for business. It wouldn't be long before somewhere in the downtown districts, the sudden crackle of revolver and shotgun would announce that a riot had broken out, and send us at swift trot, rattling away over the block pavement, for all the world like four fine fire companies acting as one, bound for the scene of disturbance. Never once had we to fire, though often it was "Front into battery" at the gallop. The rioters, black and white, had an idea those guns would belch lead that would sweep the streets from curb to curb, and the crowds scattered like sheep at the sound of our bugle, and the cry "Here come the Gatlings!" All the same we were glad when it was over, and early the following spring I was ordered to Fort Hamilton, New York harbor, acting as post adjutant for a while, and in August being for a second time detailed in the department of tactics at West Point—duties that I rejoiced in and that kept me actively employed drilling, drilling, riding and afoot, day after day, and rowing between times on the Hudson, developing health, strength, and physique that stood me in good stead in trying years that were before me.

When Congress cut down the Army in '69, I grabbed at a chance to transfer into the Cavalry, the service I best loved. In the fall of '71 I joined the Fifth Regiment on the plains of the Platte Valley, had a glorious hunt or two with Buffalo Bill, our chief scout, then when our colonel was ordered to New Orleans to command the reëstablished Department of the Gulf, with his old volunteer rank of major general, he took me with him as aide-de-camp, possibly because he thought I knew more about affairs in Louisiana than any other of his subalterns.

Then came three very eventful years and duties that were far from agreeable. The "carpet-bag government," so-called, was in full control in Louisiana, and presently split into two factions—two legislatures and, almost, two governors.

It is too much like ancient history to go back to those troubled times. We are unlikely ever again to see states divided as was Louisiana, with the old residents, impaired in fortune in almost every case, disfranchised and holding aloof in dignified silence and retirement. We had riots between the factions, a few assassinations, and no end of excitement. My chief, Major-general Emory, was perpetually being applied to, first by one faction, then by the other, for protection against armed forces, which both maintained. All the while their clashings were going on in Louisiana, and others in Mississippi, there were social activities in which the general and his staff were able to take part, and which afforded him and them many opportunities of meeting people we were glad to know, including a very few of the old residents, some of whom had been Emory's friends in the old army. Perhaps the most unique experience that came to me was that of serving at one time as *liaison* officer, between my chief, General Emory, and no less a personage than the famous former Confederate, General Longstreet, by that time wearing the uniform of a major general of the United States Army and commanding the Louisiana militia. I always had a great admiration for him as a soldier, and this brought us into very close relations. He interested me more than any other man I met in those days in Louisiana and I was glad of the opportunity.

The old opera house with an excellent orchestra, led by Calabresi, with a very capable company and chorus, was a joy to me. Mardi Gras was celebrated in famous style, our Nineteenth Regular Infantry, on one occasion, furnish-

ing all the oriental guard of the carnival king, just as in 1868 the horses and men of my old battery had appeared in the pageant of Lalla Rookh. Another great parade which annually took place in New Orleans was that of the firemen on the fourth of March, a spectacle never to be missed. Then, for a lover of baseball as I had been since we began playing it at Columbia in 1858, there were excellent nines in the Lone Star, the Robert E. Lee, and the Excelsior Club. I joined the last named, but found I could no longer bat and field as in '69, when being for some months on recruiting duty in Cincinnati, I had joined that famous club, the Red Stockings. It was that year, '69, that our team made the tour of the eastern states without losing a game, in spite of the fact that in Martin, of the Unions of Morrisania, New York, they were up against a curved pitcher, though he and they knew it not. Martin himself could not explain his strange power of baffling such batsmen as George Wright, Leonard, McVey, and George Gould. In '71, however, I had to take to wearing glasses and my baseball days were over.

But on the other hand, I was riding more than ever; it was the last year of the famous old Metairie Jockey Club, of which General Paul O. Hebert was president, and I saw the last four-mile heats ever run in the South, with Sanford's superb Monarchist as the champion. That spring of '72 was made rather interesting in New Orleans by the arrival of two young gentlemen riders, Captain George Rosenlecher of France, and the Count de Crenneville of Austria, who challenged any officers to an international race on Ladies' Day, April 9. A Mr. Stuart, formerly of the British Hussars, was eager to take up the challenge, a Mr. Ross, who had been in the Inniskilling Dragoons, was accepted to ride for Ireland, and Generals Hebert and Westmore of the Metairie Club, picked me to ride for America. I weighed 147 then, too heavy a weight for jockey work. Furthermore, the beautiful silken jockey dress, with white cord breeches,

and the dainty top boots (they and their spurs tipped the beam at less than 14 ounces when made) cost money that I could ill afford; but when even my general, Emory, said, "It's your duty, sir, to ride for the regiment," the matter was settled. The ninth of April was a gorgeous day. The crowd was big and the ladies' stand was filled as I never saw it before or since. I had had just three weeks in which to train—rising each morning at 3:30, walking briskly the six miles out to the track, mounting and riding two or three thoroughbreds, practising starts, etc., and training down to a weight a good five-year-old racer would not find too burdensome for the mile and eighty yards prescribed. The race was a beauty, and I won it against my belief, for both the Kentucky filly, Rapidita, and General Buford's beautiful Kentucky four-year-old, Nathan Oaks, had beaten my Natchez-bred Templo before and beat him after our contest. But what made that event something more than a mere episode in my life was the fact that two New Orleans girls were brave enough to wear a Yankee officer's colors that day. There were many who appeared in the gorgeous hues of Crenneville's and Rosenlecher's "casaques," and not a few were out in Stuart's cerise and blue, as well as a dozen in the green of the Emerald Isle; but it was too soon after the war, and Columbia's colors (my college before West Point) of bright blue and white, were worn, as I say, by only two.

The dainty, gold-mounted prize whip was presented by General Hebert immediately after we dismounted, and in less than five minutes thereafter it was laid in the lap of one of those two—the only daughter of old Captain Louis S. Yorke, of Carroll Parish, La., a famous sailor in his day—and within another year it had come back to me, with its new owner. It is here in Milwaukee now—so is the lady. We were married in late November, '72, and a year or so thereafter I had to leave her and our baby

daughter at the old plantation, all because the Apache were raising the mischief in Arizona. My troop was in the thick of the fighting, and I forsook staff duty in New Orleans; hurried over by way of San Francisco, then the quickest way, and from that time on it was Indian campaigning or Indian fighting for five memorable years.

There was service that called for everything a soldier had to give. In that warfare, whether officer or man, he had nothing to gain and everything to lose. There were no honors, no rewards, and in the actual fighting we had to win or die, mercifully if killed outright, by slow and fiendish torture if taken alive. I have written very much on this subject, and will not weary the reader with details. In command of thirty-five troopers and a pack train of hardy little Mexican mules, with a dozen Indian scouts, our young officers were sent into the mountains after the renegade Tonto Apache, and I had three or four lively brushes with them, in which we came out ahead, for my men were veterans by the time I reached them, and I eagerly sought and took the advice of the senior sergeants until sure of the ground myself.

By the autumn of '74 I felt quite at home in northeastern Arizona, and when one afternoon messengers came riding in to Camp Verde, with the news that a band of Tontos had driven off a herd of beef cattle from near the Agency, twenty miles north, I was glad to receive the orders of the post commander to take one lieutenant and thirty men, all he could spare, follow the trail, get the cattle and punish the Tontos. We started that evening, groping through the cañons up into the Black Mesa, hiding by day and trailing by night, and on the fourth evening, away up at Snow Lake, recovered the herd, after a brisk little skirmish, and the next day fought it out with the Tontos, away up in Sunset Pass.

This proved to be my last fight in Arizona, for one arrow nearly ripped out the left eye, and a bullet smashed the saber arm close to the shoulder. That is why baseball, boxing, rowing, and the sports I delighted in came to an end, and why even golf and tennis have proved impossible. For eight long years that was an open suppurating wound, discharging fragments of bone and proving a severe drag upon the general system; yet in spite of it, I managed to go all through our greatest Indian campaign, that with the Sioux and Cheyenne in 1876, in which Custer and so many of the Seventh Cavalry lost their lives, and even to be very active, for I had command of the advance guard the morning we surprised the Southern Cheyenne, near the War Bonnet Creek, close to the Wyoming, Nebraska, and South Dakota line, on the seventeenth of July. This was the fight in which Bill Cody, our chief scout, killed the young chief Yellow Hand, and we had to do some sharp riding and charging to save him from the vengeful dash of the chief's enraged followers. We had just got the news of the great Indian victory over Custer's command, and the Indians were in their glory. They fought with superb skill and confidence at first, but it ended in a general rout and stampede back to the shelter of the Agency, our seven troops (companies) close at their heels.

Two weeks later we marched clear to the Big Horn Mountains and reinforced General Crook, who had found the enemy far too numerous on the seventeenth of June. Later still we pursued to the Yellowstone and east to the Little Missouri, where our horses began to starve, and then came our turn, for the Indians—Sitting Bull's entire array—headed south toward the Black Hills and the unguarded settlements, and Crook led us, ragged and starving, after them. We had to eat our horses, three a day to each battalion or squadron, until we pounced on an outlying camp, with a big herd of fat ponies, near Slim Buttes, Sep-

tember 9, and fought all Crazy Horse's band and many of Sitting Bull's people, but had no more to eat our poor scarecrows. Fat, grass-fed Indian pony isn't half bad when men are hungry, as we were, without a hardtack or a slice of bacon left in the entire command.

At the close of that campaign General Merritt made me regimental adjutant, and as such I rode with him through the Nez Percé war the next year; that was as joyous as the other had been exhausting, for we had abundant supplies and gorgeous weather and marched through a most picturesque and beautiful country. But in '78 the surgeons said it was useless to try to keep up the fight. I could never pass the physical examination for promotion, could never swing a regulation saber again. The War Department was most kind and let me hang on until I reached my captaincy, and then placed me on the retired list for "disability from wounds in line of duty." The next year I was back in Wisconsin and its University took me in as professor of military science and tactics.

(*To be continued*)

THE SERVICES AND COLLECTIONS OF LYMAN COPELAND DRAPER

Louise Phelps Kellogg[1]

Thirty years ago last August died a man to whom Wisconsin owes much, yet of whom many of its sons and daughters have never heard. None the less, with the passing of the generation to which he belonged his fame among scholars has grown clearer and his benefactions are more appreciated than they were during the half century of his residence in Wisconsin. Lyman Copeland Draper, the secretary of the State Historical Society from 1854 to 1886, was a singularly quiet man, almost a recluse in habit, modest and unpretentious in manner, with no capacity for self-advertisement, but with unmeasured ability for hard work, and a self-sacrificing determination to render service both to the past and to posterity.

Wisconsin was fortunate in securing him to reorganize the Historical Society, to become the founder of its fame, and the first architect of its great library. "The whole Society," wrote Judge Walker of Detroit fifty years ago, "is a monument to him." Like Sir Christopher Wren in the Cathedral of St. Paul, we may declare of Dr. Draper—"If you wish a memorial of him, look around you."

It is not with the purpose of enlarging his fame that this account is written; it is with the desire of unfolding to the newer generation the elements of his character and the nature of his services, that we push back the curtain of memory and look deeply into those distant days when the State Historical Society of Wisconsin was a vision and a hope, and its success a problem to be solved. The fulfillment into which we of the present enter is a complex of many forces, of unselfish effort and communal interest

[1] Address delivered at the sixty-ninth annual meeting of the Society, Oct. 20, 1921.

LYMAN COPELAND DRAPER, LL.D.

First Secretary of the Society, 1854-1886

on the part of many of the fathers of Wisconsin. Even before the state had set its star upon the flag of our common country, an historical society had been discussed and its advantages proclaimed. Most of those, however, engaged in *making* history were neglectful of *saving* history, and it was not until the machinery of the state had been assembled and had begun to function that a public call was issued to meet at the state capitol in January, 1849, to organize a Wisconsin historical society. Many of those who were present contributed to the development of the state. First in prominence, probably also in weight of years, was William R. Smith, later the official historian of early-day Wisconsin. General Smith was a gentleman of the old school, fully conscious of a distinguished ancestry; his grandfather was Provost Smith, first head of the University of Pennsylvania, distinguished for his early espousal during Revolutionary days of the colonists' cause; his father, William Moore Smith, was a poet and an author of more than local distinction. William Rudolph himself had been educated at an English university; he came to Wisconsin in 1838 to make his home at Mineral Point. General Smith, as he was called from his militia title, was tall and finely formed; he customarily wore the stock and high cravat of the elder fashion, carried himself with military precision, and expected a certain deference from his associates. Being in Madison at the call for the organization of an historical society, he consented to serve as secretary of the meeting. Its chairman was the Honorable Eleazar Root of Waukesha, first state superintendent of public instruction, a gaunt-faced Connecticut Yankee, with the look of a dreamer in his deep-set eyes. Mr. Root was a graduate of Williams College, a lawyer by profession, and had spent several years in the South. He was the father of the state's school system; a man appreciative of all spiritual values, full of faith and vision.

The third of the trio of organizers and first officers of our Society was the Milwaukee scientist Increase A. Lapham. In person Dr. Lapham was a complete contrast to his two colleagues, being a small, neat man, almost dapper in his habit. He had, moreover, a genius for industry, and it was his good offices as corresponding secretary which kept the Society during the first five years of its existence from complete inanition. Upon its reorganization and revitalization in 1854, General Smith became the first president of the newly chartered Society, an office he retained until the first year of the Civil War. His successor was Dr. Lapham, who presided over its destinies during the succeeding decade. General Smith and Dr. Lapham were thus the two prophets of progress, who like Aaron and Hur supported the Moses of our chosen Society, and were largely instrumental in making Draper's early administration successful.

The first conception of the Society was that it should be an institution for the delivering of discourses and addresses upon historical subjects. "The speech was the thing," the idea of a gathering of historical materials was subsidiary. General Smith was invited to deliver the first annual discourse, in the Senate Chamber of the capitol, in January, 1850. At this first annual meeting the address was said to be "classical in tone and pervaded throughout with a spirit of accuracy and of beauty." Ranging over history sacred and profane, the origin of the North American Indians was discussed, the Spanish and French discoveries of our continent rehearsed, the American organization of the Northwest Territory and the beginnings of Wisconsin's history set forth. General Smith deplored a narrow view of the mission of the Society, considered the state in its relation to the great valley to which it belongs, and closed by suggesting that future discourses should elucidate the early history of our region. Few of the succeeding

addresses were as practical in their bearings as that of General Smith. "The History of the Peoples as Illustrated by their Monuments," "The Influence of History on Individual and National Action," "The History and Development of Races," were some of the sonorous subjects oratorically presented to the early attendants upon the annual meetings. These addresses, to present-day scholars, are curious examples of our forefathers' taste. Criticism of this kind does not apply to that honored pioneer of Green Bay, Morgan L. Martin, who in the second annual address made a real contribution to our knowledge of first things in Wisconsin; as did likewise Henry S. Baird in 1856.

Because of this early conception of the Society as a medium for delivering addresses, so little attention was paid to collection that a single bookcase with less than fifty odd volumes of state documents contained all the material assets of the Society at the end of the first five years of its existence.

A new conception of the rôle of an historical society was the result of the choice, in 1854, of a new secretary. Not only were new energy and new ardor put back of the Society's efforts, but the idea of an historical workshop to provide the raw materials and the tools for future workers became the dominant aim of the new administrator. For the first time the fate of the Society was placed in the competent hands of an historical scholar, with a talent for organization and a genius for collection.

Among those present at the first meeting of the Society in 1849 was a young pioneer named Larrabee. Originally from Ohio, Larrabee attended there Granville University, where he had for a fellow student a slight, frail youth, whose antiquarian interests were already well developed. The attraction of opposites seems to have acted to draw Larrabee and Draper into a notable friendship. School-days ended, the two young men formed a partnership for the

publication of a weekly paper in the town of Pontotoc, Mississippi. After a few issues *The Spirit of the Times* suspended, and the two partners tried for a few months to live upon the land. Sweet potatoes not proving financially profitable, Charles H. Larrabee drifted to Chicago, and eventually to Wisconsin, where he became an able judge; and with the call to arms in 1861, doffed the ermine for the uniform and commanded a Wisconsin regiment on southern battle fields. Judge Larrabee frequently visited Madison in the interim between the first and second organizations of the Society; quite as often he spoke to his acquaintances of his boyhood friend whose reputation as an historical scholar had been growing to fair dimensions since Pontotoc days. Among others whom Larrabee interested was Governor Farwell, a man of enterprise and foresight. Farwell believed in the use of the expert; to him it was clear that an historical society should be somebody's business. He joined with other state officials in inviting Lyman C. Draper to transfer his home and family to Madison and to undertake the cause of the undeveloped historical society. Draper accepted and at the annual meeting of 1854 was elected corresponding secretary and provided with a state appropriation of $500.

The effect of the new régime was immediately apparent. The first year a thousand volumes were added to the fifty of the Society's possessions. These volumes were not obtained without much hard work; without any of the modern appliances for correspondence, the new secretary wrote with his own hand, during that first year, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three letters. By his personal influence most of the volumes were secured either as donations or exchanges for Wisconsin state documents; only a few were purchased, and those by judicious investments. The next year the library was more than doubled; at the end of the first five years of Draper's administration seven

thousand and fifty-three substantial volumes represented the Society's treasures. Success begot success; the legislatures slowly recognized the value of the work being done, the appropriations crept up, the collections broadened in scope and variety, checked somewhat by the exigencies of the Civil War. Yet, when at its close the Society removed to the south wing of the capitol, it arranged twenty-five thousand volumes in its enlarged quarters; and when at the end of 1886 Draper retired from office he left to the state a library of 118,666 titles.

It is one thing to gather books; it is another to build a library. Taken as a whole, we may confidently say that our Society's library contains less "dead timber," fewer useless books, than any library of its size and kind in the country. This condition is due, in the first instance, to the scholarly acumen and nice discrimination exercised by our first secretary during the formative period of library building. Draper knew books, and he knew how to obtain them. It is not too much to say that during his administration of thirty-two years no book was placed upon the Society's shelves of whose contents he did not have considerable knowledge. He knew a permanently useful book from the ephemeral kind; his wide acquaintance with American historians and his own experience with historical publishing made him a judge of current publications. He seems also to have had an almost uncanny sense of the value of Americana. He prized no book merely for its rarity, for its reputation, for its binding, or for any adventitious circumstances; he bought books for their contents. Thus like a skillful architect he built a library, volume by volume, set by set, fitting one part to another as portions of a great edifice towards whose completion all efforts were bent, whose artistic growth and fair proportions were ever kept in mind.

Neither was it books alone for which Draper successfully sought. He was one of the earliest in this section of the

country to appreciate the value of periodicals and newspapers. As one instance of his indefatigable efforts in this department, among his correspondence there are answers to over fifty letters which he wrote in search of a few missing numbers of a Southern historical magazine, published before the Civil War, and during that catastrophe widely scattered and destroyed. By supplication and persistence he persuaded reluctant owners to complete the Society's file. It seems almost a miracle that a man working at such distance from literary centers could in the middle of the nineteenth century secure such a newspaper collection as our Society contains, comprising many of the oldest journals ever published in England or America.

Draper also desired to found an historical museum. From the beginning of his administration he urged the importance of securing portraits of the men of mark in the state. Personally he solicited governors and ex-governors, pioneers and officials, to donate their portraits. He obtained from the renowned Virginia artist Robert Sully replicas of the portraits of the chief Black Hawk and his companions, painted from life while they were in the dungeons of Fortress Monroe. So interested did Sully become in the development of our museum, that he prepared to remove to Madison to be ready for orders from those who wished to present their portraits to the Society. Unhappily the artist died en route, and the state lost a man of skill and talent. Few of the early portraits have artistic merit; they are, however, in many cases the only representations existing of the pioneers of Wisconsin. The collection as a whole also gives an opportunity for the study of the development of portraiture in the West.

So many-sided were Draper's activities it is difficult even to summarize all his plans for the Society. To him obstacles were but a spur, a challenge to his energy and persistence. Hampered by poor health, small means,

the indifference of the community, the lack of appreciation by the state at large, he kept in mind a single aim, to make the State Historical Society of Wisconsin the peer of similar societies in the East, and to make it unique in its relation to Western pioneering, and to the growth and progress of the Mississippi Valley.

With that end in view he persuaded the legislature to make an appropriation for publishing some of the Society's manuscripts. The first of the series appeared in 1855 as the *First Annual Report and Collections*. In it appeared a unique document, the diary of Lieut. James Gorrell at Green Bay from 1761 to 1763, the only English commandant of a Wisconsin post. This manuscript Draper obtained through the good offices of Francis Parkman, who had secured it when writing his *Conspiracy of Pontiac*. The second and third volumes of the *Collections* appeared respectively in 1856 and 1857. From this it will be seen that Draper's ambition was to issue a yearly volume. In volume three appeared his interview with Augustin Grignon, in which the French sources of our history were revealed.

Draper's editorial plans were checked first by the failure of appropriations, which necessitated a biennial volume in 1859; then by the Civil War, when former history seemed to history-makers of the day unimportant. Not until 1866 was the Society authorized to recommence publication, and then by successive parts, so that the fifth volume did not succeed its predecessor until almost a decade had passed. Thereafter five more volumes appeared before the close of Draper's administration, rounding out his contribution to the Society's *Collections* to ten volumes, and providing a mine of historical information for future students of Wisconsin's history. So thorough and scholarly was Draper's editing, so wise his choice of materials, that the *Wisconsin Historical Collections* became the model on which other societies have undertaken similar issues.

Recognition came to him from his contemporaries. The following is a University boy's description of him in 1874: "A slightly built boyish man, an unequal match in bodily strength for most lads of twelve, who has carried for twenty years the care of a Society of learning upon his shoulders, until at the present it has attained an honorable place among the institutions of its kind in our country. Never faltering in his task, facing legislators and governors with his cherished projects, obtaining their aid in spite of indifference or fierce opposition, caring not a straw for personal abuse or misrepresentation, and now wearing his merited honors with the same ease and grace with which he has borne his responsibilities. Such a man in the best sense of the word, has what we mean by broad shoulders."

A few years later John Bigelow, minister to France, veteran editor of the New York *Evening Post*, himself a trustee of a great library foundation, wrote in a private letter: "Your collection is the obvious fruit of great zeal, industry, tact and discretion. . . . It is an honor to your state if not a reproach to every other. What your Society is doing to accumulate and preserve memorials of the pioneers of civilization in the North West deserves and will receive the gratitude of a constantly widening circle of students from generation to generation." Of the fulfillment of that prophecy we of the present day are witnesses.

Draper himself sums up most completely his toil and ambition for our Society in a letter written in 1873 to Governor Washburn: "You will, I know, permit me, in this private way, to indulge in some closing remarks, partially personal, and partially connected with the Society's interests. I came here a little over 21 years ago, on the personal invitation of Gov. Farwell, Col. Larrabee, and Judge Orton. For two years I labored for the Society, in getting it started & showing wh^{t} c^{d} be done, for no pay whatever—using some of my own means, & providing stationery & postage:

And since then my salary has ranged from $500 to 1200: I have never clamored for large pay—contented to live in an economical way, if I could only be useful, & do our goodly State service. Though repeatedly tempted to go to other States—once to New York on a $2000 salary; once to Ky. where a $100,000 was proposed to be raised as a foundation for a Historical Society, if I w[d] consent to go on a good salary to manage the matter; & more recently to Chicago where they p[d] (their late secretary) $2,000 a year for less than half his time—but in all these & other cases, I gave no encouragement. To you who know little of me, let these facts, I pray you, have some influence in convincing you that I am laboring here with as little selfishness as we poor mortals usually evince. Whatever tends to add to our Society's usefulness, gratifies my heart, in my old age, to an extent that language is inadequate to express: I cannot but think that similar feelings must fill the hearts of all those who participate in this noble work." It is for us, the inheritors of this goodly legacy, this Society founded in such toil and sacrifice, to recognize the unselfishness, the scholarship, the zeal, and the skill of its first architect and to lay our wreath of honor at his feet.

These were not the only services tendered by Draper to our state; from 1858 to 1860 he held the office of state superintendent of public instruction. His report for 1859 was a classic in its thoroughness, and in its discussion of the value and importance of school libraries. During his administration these libraries were greatly increased, and the school system of the state broadened by fresh contact with good books.

It might seem that such achievements were enough for any man; that in developing school libraries and in founding an historical society recognized as one of the foremost in the country, whose usefulness will be perpetuated for generations, Draper had accomplished his life work. This, however, was not the sum of his benefactions to our state.

Before he ever thought of coming to Wisconsin or of becoming part of its historical society, he cherished the aim of recovering a lost portion of American history and of writing the lives of the border heroes of America. The frontier had ever had a fascination for him, which grew with the years until it became the life of his life. At his father's fireside in western New York he heard tales of border adventure from the lips of old men who had enacted them. Himself frail and slight in physique, the rugged forms of the backwoodsmen inspired in him awe and admiration. His soul expanded to heroic size, his whole being craved the stimulus of wild adventure. The deeds of the American pioneers, those stark, forthright men who hewed their way through the western wilderness, drove off wild beasts and savage men, and built for themselves homes afar from civilization, in turn the forerunners of a new and later civilization, made to him an irresistible appeal. Even when he came to know their lives intimately, to recognize the cruelty and crudity of his border heroes, Draper never swerved from his belief in their heroism and his fidelity to their memory. To him they were supermen, the upholders of the cause of liberty, a race apart from common men, not to be measured by ordinary standards.

It was a difficult task to which he had set his hand. Seventy summers and winters had passed since Daniel Boone first ventured over the great divide and saw at his feet the fair and fertile land of Kentucky. Virginia was then an English colony and the home government was already planning to parcel out the great interior valley among court favorites and needy noblemen. But the American frontiersmen forestalled such intention; with a vigor that would not be denied they set forth to appropriate the West for themselves. Then came the Revolution, and the frontiersmen saw in the colonies' cause their own hope of emancipation. With fierce energy they fought the Western

tribesmen, who lurked in ambush behind each tree and filled the silent forests with skulking enemies. All during the war the backwoodsmen held their own, filling each tiny clearing with a palisaded cabin or a log fort, gathering occasionally under trusted leaders for some swift march into the Indian country, attacking a hostile Indian village, releasing white prisoners, and journeying home in triumph. The pioneer women were no less heroic; side by side with their husbands and brothers they ran the bullets, "toted" the water, and even in emergencies wielded the rifle, protecting their homes and children—worthy mothers of the American race.

When, however, Draper began his investigations, nearly all of the Indian fighters and early settlers had joined the great majority, leaving for the most part as little trace of their careers as the silent leaves that drop from the autumn forests. Here and there memories lingered among their descendants; a few traditional incidents had found their way into print. Some of the frontier leaders had gained a posthumous fame as eponymous heroes of the Western movement. But who recognized that the Westward movement had contributed a vital element to American history? What was actually known of the lives of such bordermen as Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark? As for the men of lesser fame, those who first made permanent homes in the valley of the West, even their names were being lost in the mists of oblivion, their deeds forgotten and their fate ignored.

The recovery of this portion of our history was doubly difficult, since the men of the frontier were as a rule unlettered. Orders ran from mouth to mouth; messages to and from the settlements were carried by chance travelers; official reports were few and brief. Thus the lives of the border heroes had to be salvaged from the uncertain memories of their descendants, from the few yellowing

papers disintegrating in attics or neglected in distant farm buildings or country courthouses. While still at his home in northern Mississippi, young Draper made his first essays at his chosen task. Among the villagers of Pontotoc were descendants of Patrick Henry, Adam Stephen, and other western Virginians. Inspired by the enthusiasm of the young scholar, these southern gentlemen gave him gladly of their stores of reminiscences and manuscripts, and offered to furnish him with letters of introduction to many friends, like themselves the sons of pioneer sires. Armed with such introductions, young Draper set forth eastward and northward, through Tennessee and Kentucky, the southwest counties of Virginia, and along the rich valley of the Shenandoah. Everywhere he was received with great cordiality; his mission was approved, his aims commended. In the isolated farmsteads of the Old Southwest his coming was an event. Earnest and enthusiastic himself, he inspired confidence in his hosts; they accepted his own estimate of his mission and saw in him the chosen vessel ordained to present the lives of the pioneers to the world. To them he was in fact the savior of pioneer history, the inspired prophet who should cause to rise again the dry bones from the valley of the past.

Every possible effort was made to assist him in his chosen work. Not only were memories ransacked, but from their hiding-places old letters and documents were brought forth and pressed into his hands. No thought arose as to either loan or gift. Here was the rescuer of their forefather's fame; here was the apostle of historic record. Everything must be put at his disposal to make his work authentic. These half-forgotten, neglected papers would most of them soon have perished had not this knight errant of historic adventure passed by that way. The donors felt themselves privileged to coöperate with one whom they recognized as a scholar, who was to make the names they bore glorious before the world.

Very early in his career Draper developed the methods he ever afterwards followed. He was thoroughly imbued with a desire for historical accuracy; his appetite for exact facts was insatiable. He estimated at its real worth the value of tradition, and made every effort to correct the reminiscences of the pioneers by contemporary evidence. Nevertheless he recognized that certain types of facts were more readily obtained from descendants than from documents. A man might be uncertain when his father was born or died; he would hardly forget where these events occurred. Tradition might confuse incidents of one campaign with those of another, but the heroic adventures of father, uncle, or brother, with many interesting personal circumstances, lingered in the minds of the aged and formed a bright background on which to etch the historic narrative. Family recollection could describe the personal appearance and characteristics of a border hero in a way which no contemporary reports would present.

In order to recover such scraps of personality and such shreds of evidence, Draper used the method of the questionnaire. He quickly grew expert in the difficult art of interviewing, aiding his subject to push aside the mists of memory, to disentangle fact from fancy, yet never by his own suggestions distorting the faint tracery upon the palimpsest of the past. The number of facts and the amount of personal and local color he drew from those he interviewed are astonishing. His piercing questions, his careful accuracy, his patience and skill, elicited from his hosts a mass of material with which he packed his notebooks, and which makes them today a veritable source for genealogy, local history, and border adventure unique in quality and value. Scarcely a week passes that the answer to some research question is not sought and found in the interviews which Draper secured on these his earliest journeys in the Old West.

There must have been something especially winning and trustworthy in the personality of this historical pilgrim, which obtained for him the confidence and affection of all classes in the communities he visited. Seldom did he meet with rebuff or harsh treatment; friendly faces greeted him and kindly hearts entertained him in the rich homes of the planters or the rude cabins of the poor. His deference to the aged, his sympathy with misfortune, his singleness of purpose, won him a welcome and often life-long friends. In the intervals of his pilgrimages he carried on an immense correspondence, continuing in his letters the same methods he had adopted in his interviews. His papers abound with questionnaires skillfully worked out to elucidate some especial portion of a hero's career, or to recover some forgotten episode of border interest. The same method was applied to topography; dozens of letters to local settlers were written to discover where the old pioneer trails led over the mountains, by what exact route George Rogers Clark crossed the prairies of Illinois. To a cursory eye much of the material in the Draper manuscript collection seems irrelevant, unimportant, and valueless. Closer knowledge of its character corrects such impression. Not a letter was written but was aimed directly at some point important to a complete knowledge of the vicinity or of the man; even the replies, while frequently discursive and garrulous, contain somewhere the precious nugget of information which fits into the need of the historical narrative and gives accuracy and precision to its texture.

It was not long before echoes of the work of this new adventurer into historic fields reached the ears of the older and more established workers. From the first, Draper was accepted as a comrade by such historians as Jared Sparks, William H. Prescott, George Bancroft, and Benjamin Lossing, leaders of the historical forces of their generation. These experienced men recognized the quality of Draper's

ability. His field being unique, and almost unrecognized on the historical horizon, there was no jealousy of his achievements; only on the part of some scholars a slight wonder at his choice of so unpromising a field to cultivate. To their minds the obscure skirmishes on the frontier were of little value, the frontiersmen a wild, rough race of small importance. Draper's investigations bore little relation to the course of American history as then conceived. It was not, indeed, until a generation later, when the Mississippi Valley began to play a leading rôle in American politics, that its beginnings became interesting to the majority of American historians.

Draper's relations with Francis Parkman, the historian of the French régime in the West, were cordial and complementary. Parkman was one of the first to appreciate the importance and the value of the work Draper was accomplishing. He wrote to him in the tone of a tyro to a master, asking his advice and exchanging with him documents of importance. While Parkman was writing the *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, he frequently appealed to Draper for information. Although not himself a French scholar, Draper was alert to the interest of Parkman's work, and they collaborated for many years. Draper also appreciated the value of Spanish sources and obtained what he might of transcripts from such archives. His unique opportunity, however, was the Anglo-American West, the field of individual effort, of personal initiative unrecorded in archives, or public documents, to be sought only in personal papers and survivors' memories, to be recovered only with the utmost diligence and industry.

While Sparks and Bancroft were exploiting the resources of the British Public Record Office, and Parkman was having copied thousands of papers from the French archives, Draper was wandering through the West on his quest, traveling hundreds of miles on foot, horseback, or stage-

coach, often footsore and weary, disappointed, or disheartened. Frequently he would reach a goal only to find the pioneer he sought was dead; often to find the papers he eagerly hoped to acquire had been carelessly destroyed or devoured by fire. A successful interview, or the recovery of some unexpected papers would revive his spirits and set him forth upon a further quest.

It would be useless enumeration to recount the journeys he undertook or the parts of the West he visited. These may be traced in his notebooks and letters. He himself, in 1875, summarized his undertakings as follows: "My collections are the systematic result of over forty years' labors and 60,000 miles of journeyings . . . the fullest and best collection I will venture to say ever collected on the Anglo-American history of the West."

Even after the coming to Wisconsin and assuming the care of the Historical Society, Draper continued for many years his occasional journeys and his constant correspondence with pioneer descendants; however, the bulk of his manuscript collection was made in the early days of his career. During the first decade of his journeyings he obtained the Preston, Fleming, Clark, Croghan, Martin, Campbell, Sevier, Henderson, Shelby, and Blount papers, chief sources for the knowledge of the winning of the West, the basis of the history of the Mississippi Valley as an American possession. Does anyone seriously believe that but for Draper's efforts these papers would now be preserved and available for American scholars?

It has sometimes been offered as a reproach that Draper did not keep his promises to his friends the pioneers by publishing, as he intended, the biographies of the border heroes. With his unerring sense of ultimate values he realized that the Westward movement was the work of individual initiative; that the western men relied upon their own courage and acted independently in each emergency.

Draper, however, did not conceive as did Carlyle, that each epoch of history was dominated by a single colossus, one great hero imposing his will upon a herd of lesser men. He, indeed, considered each man in his environment, and it was one of his achievements that he grouped the lesser lights in galaxies around his suns. This very tendency delayed his writings and put a drag upon their completion. New facts and certainties were constantly to be sought. His standard of thoroughness paralyzed his pen. After a long life of ceaseless activity Draper published but a single volume of history, chronicling the battle of King's Mountain, that daring dash of the men of the western waters which, in 1780, saved the southern colonies from complete subjection to the British. Three other works are still in manuscript—an essay on the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, a series of descriptions of border forays, and an unfinished life of Boone in five manuscript volumes. The truth is, Draper was not a literary genius; he lost himself in the abundance of his material; he had no sense of historical proportion, no appreciation of the relative value of facts. It was thus a travesty to call him, as was frequently done during his lifetime, the "Plutarch of the West." Better compare him, if one must have a classical prototype, to the builder of the Alexandrine library, than to the entertaining and prolix biographer of the first century.

If, however, Draper never wrote the ponderous biographies he planned, the cause of research is none the poorer, nor did he belie his promises to his expectant friends. Not destined himself to proclaim the fame of his favorite heroes to the world, he rescued that fame from forgetfulness, and has left the materials from which modern biographers and modern historians must build their edifices. He himself, by the very negation of his ambition, saved for others all he could not use himself.

Lacking a sense of proportional values, Draper also ignored many phases of historical research interesting to present-day inquirers. He knew nothing apparently of economic forces; nothing in his collections preserves a memory of changing modes of travel, of the growing civilization in the West, by which the frontier blended into modern life. It is useless to search in the Draper manuscripts for political progress or social adjustments. He conceived of the epoch of Western wars, beginning with the skirmish in the valley of Virginia in 1742, closing with the last battles of the War of 1812, as an epic period, static in its purposes, apart from the common drift of historical influences, peopled by an uncommon race of men. This conception, while it has its limitations, nevertheless renders his collection unique and remarkably close-knit, one portion fitting into another with precision and effect. To alienate any considerable portion of this collection would destroy the usefulness of the whole. Draper's manuscripts, like the library he built, bear the stamp of his personality and scholarship.

Then, in the fullness of time, after his services for the Society had met fruition, after his efforts at publication had resulted in failure, he crowned his unselfish devotion to Wisconsin by the legacy of all he possessed to the Society he cherished. The personal collection for which he had wrought with unceasing labor and unflagging enthusiasm for a half-century was bequeathed to the Society whose interests he had promoted two score years, and his work was complete. The Draper manuscripts became the capstone of the Society's library, or, to change the figure, the crown jewels preserved in its innermost tower. As the custodian of the Draper manuscripts, our Society is famed throughout the continent; for their sake we are visited by eminent scholars, careful historians, and eager genealogists. By freely granting the privilege of their use the fame of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin has grown great.

Nor is that all. When, with the coming of Draper's successor, relations were strengthened with the state University, a school of Western historians arose whose founder and leader freely admits his indebtedness to the Draper manuscripts. From our state this movement has broadened and extended until the history of the West is recognized as an integral and vital part of American history. The Westward movement has assumed its rightful place in American historiography; new emphasis has been given to the deeds of the frontiersmen; the period of history whose recovery was the vision of one has become the heritage of the many.

Whatever may be thought of Draper's choice of method, or of his type of scholarship, we must honor his devotion to an ideal and his unselfish services for the cause of history. He himself was a pioneer, breaking fresh trails into an uncharted wilderness. As a pioneer educator and librarian he contributed to our state's institutions; as a pioneer historian of the West he pointed the way for others to follow; as a pioneer collector he stands unrivaled; as a pioneer benefactor he bequeathed to the State Historical Society his most precious treasures. For our "goodly state," as he loved to call it, he has left an enduring legacy, and we now enter into his labors. When the roll of Wisconsin's benefactors shall have been completed and its "house of fame" prepared for the admiration and emulation of its children, there shall be written high on the list the name of the founder of our library and the donor of its great manuscript collection—Lyman Copeland Draper.

WISCONSIN'S SADDEST TRAGEDY

M. M. Quaife

In a display case of the State Historical Museum at Madison may be seen a handsomely-flowered vest of a pattern favored by gentlemen three generations ago. Looking at it closely the curious visitor will detect a small hole through the left front of the garment a short distance below the armhole. The tiny aperture affords mute yet eloquent evidence of the saddest tragedy in the political annals of Wisconsin, for through it sped the bullet which found the heart and terminated the life of Charles C. P. Arndt in the Council Chamber of the Territory of Wisconsin on the morning of February 11, 1842.

The flight of eighty years has stilled the passions of that early day as completely as the fatal bullet stilled the heart of Charles Arndt. The obscurity of the grave shrouds the memory alike of slayer and slain, and all the actors who took part in this once-celebrated drama have long since passed from the stage of life. It is at length possible, therefore, to review the story free from passion or prejudice, and from such a review something of interest and instruction may be derived.

Charles C. P. Arndt, the victim, was the son of Judge Arndt, an old and prominent citizen of Green Bay. The younger man was born at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, October 31, 1811, and came to Green Bay with his parents in 1824.[1] Several years later he returned East to complete his education, graduating from Rutgers College in 1832. He subsequently studied law at Easton, Pennsylvania, where he was admitted to the bar in April, 1835. Returning to his home at Green Bay, he was there admitted to practice

[1] Biographical sketch of Arndt, in Wisconsin State Bar Association *Proceedings*, I, 172-173.

in the courts of Michigan Territory (the Territory of Wisconsin was organized in 1836), and here he established a family and continued in the practice of his profession until his untimely death a half dozen years later. In 1839 he was elected to the Territorial Council, of which his father, Judge Arndt, was also a member, to fill the unexpired term of Alexander J. Irwin.

James R. Vineyard, whose unhappy destiny it was to become the slayer of Arndt, was a native of Kentucky and a prominent resident of the lead mines.[2] He bore an excellent reputation in his community, and in 1838 was elected to represent Grant County in the Territorial Council. Arndt was a northern man and a Whig, while Vineyard was a southerner and a Democrat. Partisan rivalry was keen between the two great parties in those days, and the feeling often assumed manifestations of a distinctly personal and individual character. There was, moreover, a vigorous local rivalry between the mines and Green Bay; yet despite these factors Arndt and Vineyard became close friends. Vineyard was a boarder in Arndt's house for a time, and on the very morning of the killing, the two men were observed in the lobby of the Council Chamber, their arms thrown about each other's shoulders in affectionate attitude, engaged in familiar discourse.

In all this there is no hint of the shocking affray which was about to develop. Its explanation is to be found rather in the manners and ideals of the age to which the actors in the tragedy belonged than in any considerations of a special or personal character. The immediate circumstances which provoked the affray were trivial enough. Governor Doty, between whom and the Territorial legislature much bad feeling existed, had nominated Enos S. Baker to the office of sheriff of Grant County. In the Council, to which

[2] There is a biographical sketch of Vineyard in *Memorial Record of the Fathers of Wisconsin* (Madison, 1880), 178.

the nomination must go for approval, an intermittent debate over it was waged for several days, in the course of which much ill feeling was manifested. Arndt, a supporter of the Governor, favored the nomination, while Vineyard opposed it. In the course of the debate on Friday forenoon, February 11, a statement made by Arndt was characterized as a falsehood by Vineyard.[3] Feeling ran high, and in this posture of affairs a motion was made to adjourn. Before the presiding officer had announced the result of the vote, most of the members rose from their seats and Arndt and Vineyard resumed their quarrel. Arndt demanded an explanation from Vineyard, and the two men being close together a physical combat seemed imminent. It was averted for the moment, however, by the demands of the presiding officer for order and the separation of the two men by two or three of the members. Arndt moved away from Vineyard's desk some eight or ten feet to the vicinity of the fireplace, and Vineyard remained at his desk until the President announced the adjournment. Arndt thereupon approached Vineyard and demanded to know if the latter had meant to impute falsehood to him in his remarks. Vineyard answered that he had, whereupon Arndt struck him in the face; whether with open or clenched hand is uncertain. Vineyard reeled or drew back a pace and instantly producing a pistol, shot his opponent through the breast. The stricken man fell into the arms of William S. Dering, who held him until he died without uttering a word, perhaps five minutes later.[4]

The scene of confusion in the Council Chamber which attended this swift tragedy may be more easily imagined

[3] The newspapers of the day contain much about the affair. A manuscript narrative by General William R. Smith, preserved in the State Historical Library, is of first-hand authority. Smith was present at the coroner's inquest in the Council Chamber the day following the killing, the hearing being held with the body of Arndt "still lying where he died, near the fireplace of the chamber," and took shorthand notes of the testimony.

[4] It was commonly believed that Arndt was shot through the heart. No post-mortem examination seems to have been held. Dering, who held the dying man, testified at the inquest that he lived "some eight or ten minutes."

than described. That a serious quarrel was impending was evident to all, and it was this situation, indeed, which had caused the hasty adjournment of the session. Yet it seems apparent that no one, with the possible exception of Vineyard, had anticipated a denouement so swift or with consequences so fatal, else more effective interference would have been interposed by other members to prevent it. Most of all would Judge Arndt, whose bitterness it was to witness his son gasp out his life at his feet, have interposed to save him. But so quickly was the thing done that those who would have interfered to allay the quarrel found themselves too late. Thus, President Collins testified[5] that immediately upon declaring the adjournment, fearing further trouble, he left the chair and went toward the two men. "I heard words pass between them; Arndt struck at, or hit Vineyard. I heard a report of a pistol; Arndt staggered back. . . . Vineyard observed to me he would not get away. I did not see the Pistol drawn . . . saw the muzzle, the butt was covered by his hand."

In similar fashion Charles J. Learned testified: "harsh words passed between Arndt and Vineyard. I went toward them; Arndt approached from his seat towards Vineyard; both [were] excited. I took Arndt and led him to the fireplace; told him it was not time or place to indulge in quarrels. In a moment or two, the House adjourned. On this being announced, or before, Arndt stepped towards Vineyard, and demanded of him in a peremptory tone 'if he imputed falsehood to him, in the remarks he had made?' Vineyard replied, 'he did.' Arndt immediately struck him; I heard a discharge of what I presumed to be a pistol; saw no pistol drawn; do not know who discharged it."

Looking upon the dying man, Vineyard observed that he was sorry for what had been done but it could not be helped now, and turned to leave the room. Someone cried

[5] William R. Smith, manuscript record of shorthand notes taken at the inquest.

out that he should not be allowed to escape, but nothing was done to prevent this and he proceeded to his room in the American Hotel across the street. There he reloaded his pistol and placed it in his trunk. A few minutes later the sheriff arrived and took him into custody.

The slayer was committed to the Dane County jail, where we may leave him for the present while we take note of the effect produced upon the community by the news of the slaying. The sparse population of the Territory (but 30,000 in 1840; perhaps twice as large in 1842), the official standing of the principals, the occurrence of the crime in the legislative chamber, in the presence of the leading men of the Territory—all conspired to produce a sensation of the first magnitude. The first official expression upon the matter came from the Council itself. On the morning following the killing of Arndt, Morgan L. Martin of Green Bay addressed the Council upon the subject of his character and death, closing with a series of resolutions which were unanimously adopted. They expressed, in appropriate language, the shock felt by the Council over the event, conveyed its sympathy to the widow of Arndt, and provided that the body of the slain councillor be conveyed to his home at the expense of the Legislative Assembly.[6] Similar proceedings were gone through in the Assembly, after which the regular order of the day was dispensed with and at noon both branches of the Legislature assembled in the Council Chamber to attend upon the funeral ceremonies.

Thus far, apparently, all had been done with decorous unanimity. But scarcely had the corpse departed from the capitol on its dreary journey to Green Bay, when personal and political considerations began to assert themselves. When the Council convened on Monday morning,

[6] Report of proceedings in Council, February 12, in Madison *Express*, February 12, 1842.

February 14, the President stated that he had received a communication from Vineyard, tendering his resignation from that body, and asked if it was the desire of members that it be presented.[7] That there had been some prior caucusing by members upon the procedure to be adopted by the Council is evident from the discussion which ensued. Ebenezer Brigham stated that as the oldest member of the Council it had been thought proper, "after consultation," that he should submit such remarks and motions as the case might seem to call for. Disclaiming all unkind feeling toward Vineyard, he observed that the latter, by his action, had imprinted an indelible stain upon the Legislative Assembly and the Territory. For the Council to permit him to select his own mode of severing his connection with it would be to give this stain a deeper dye. He moved, therefore, that the communication be returned unread to its author. Some discussion followed, in the course of which the Council's right to refuse to receive the communication was called in question, which was brought to an end by an indignant speech by John H. Tweedy of Milwaukee. "A most flagrant outrage has been committed by a member of this body," he declared; "the dignity of the Council has been insulted and an indelible stigma has been cast upon the character of the Territory. It is our first and solemn duty to wipe out this foul stain, as far as possible, by proclaiming to the world in just and fitting terms our abhorrence and detestation of the course, and by renouncing all connection with the perpetrator of this offense. . . . This Council, if it has any regard to decency and its own dignity, will not consider, hear, or *receive* any communication, of any character, from the author of the letter before us, until his connection with this body is dissolved. That connection she will sever *in her own way*—not by permission

[7] Report of proceedings, in Madison *Wisconsin Enquirer*, February 23, 1842.

to retire, but by ignominious expulsion—and all other business will be laid aside until after that work is done."

The motion to return the communication unread was passed, only Moses M. Strong voting in the negative; and the following resolution was then presented by Mr. Brigham:

"Whereas the practice, hitherto unknown and unsuspected, of entering the legislative halls of our Territory with deadly weapons concealed about the person, has been within a few days introduced under circumstances justly calculated to arouse the deep indignation of our common country, and to disgrace the character of the Legislative Assembly.

"And whereas James R. Vineyard, a member of the Council, did, on Friday the eleventh instant, immediately after the adjournment, and in the presence of all the members and officers of this body, inflict a mortal wound upon the Hon. Charles C. P. Arndt, late a representative upon this floor from the county of Brown, by discharging a pistol which was concealed about his person, of which wound the said Hon. C. C. P. Arndt immediately expired.

"And whereas it is becoming this Council, in a manner appropriate to the occasion, to express to the world the feelings of horror and indignation with which we witnessed the perpetration, it is believed without justifiable cause, of this most wanton outrage against the life of our fellow member, the peace of society, the purity of our public councils, and the laws of God and man.

"And whereas by this foul deed, so disgraceful to the place and the occasion, the said James R. Vineyard has shown himself unworthy to be a member of this honorable body, therefore

"Resolved that James R. Vineyard, a member of the Council from the county of Grant, be and hereby is expelled, and the seat lately occupied by him declared vacant."

Moses Strong, who had already assumed the position of counsel for Vineyard, requested a division of the question, explaining that he was willing to vote for the preamble but not for the resolution. It was accordingly divided; the preamble was passed unanimously, and the resolution of expulsion with only the vote of Strong in the negative.

The Legislature had thus done all that lay within its power to express its condemnation of the killing. Well had it been for the reputation of Wisconsin had her press and her courts of justice taken a similar stand. The course pursued by these two agencies of society left much to be desired, and went far toward justifying the contemporary eastern opinion—against the truth of which the territorial press was ever fond of inveighing—that Wisconsin was a region where lawlessness and violence flourished almost without restraint.

Some seven or eight papers comprised the roll of the territorial press in 1842. Their course with reference to the tragedy seems to indicate clearly that the press of that day failed to comprehend the modern distinction between news and political propaganda. The majority of the papers in the Territory were outspoken in their condemnation of Vineyard's act; two, however, the Madison *Express* and the Platteville *Wisconsin Whig*, had no word of disapproval for the killing, assuming an attitude of strict "neutrality" with reference to the issue involved. There ensued a wordy newspaper war, the course of which may be sufficiently illustrated from the two Madison papers, the *Express* and the *Enquirer*.

Both papers were published on Saturday, the day after the tragedy. Although it was far the most sensational news item in the history of the Territory, the *Express* disposed of it in a single paragraph which briefly stated the bare fact as to the shooting and concluded with these words

"We decline giving any further particulars, as the whole affair is to undergo judicial investigation."

The *Enquirer*, on the other hand, appeared with the columns of the entire editorial page boxed in heavy mourning, as they had been for President Harrison a few months before. Describing the event, the editor continued with this comment: "We shall not, in the present justly excited state of public feeling, make such remarks in relation to this high-handed outrage as would seem to be called for—suffice it for the present to say that the dastardly and fiendish perpetrator of this deed, which has disgraced our legislative halls and our Territory, is in the hands of the law, from which it is to be hoped he will not escape without that condign punishment which justice would seem to demand. Individual security—the cause of public morality—everything connected with the well-being and peace of society—requires that the severest penalties of the law should be inflicted."

The ensuing issue of the *Enquirer*[8] followed up this beginning with two strong editorials, one on the subject of carrying concealed weapons, the other on the attitude of the territorial press upon the killing of Arndt. "The press," it stated, "is justly considered the index to the public sentiment of the community where it is located. This is equally true in regard to the political, moral, or religious sentiments of any people. . . . Hence the solemn responsibility which rests upon the conductors of the public press. They are set not only as the guardians of the public right, but of the public fame; and when any act of violence and outrage occurs, they possess the power to a vast extent to place the responsibility where it belongs, or to involve a whole community of virtuous and innocent persons in the disgrace and infamy which belong only to the few."

[8] There was a change of control in the paper just at this juncture, and this issue appeared on Wednesday, February 23, instead of on Saturday, as usual.

In the editorial controversy which followed, the motives of each party to the debate were pointedly called in question. "The *Enquirer*," said the *Wisconsin Whig*,[9] "appears to be particularly hostile to Mr. Vineyard; there must be some cause for the course of this paper, other than the death of Mr. Arndt; and the malicious attempt of that print to prejudice public opinion against Mr. Vineyard is worthy of a man of the most narrow soul and fiendlike disposition, and we trust that the people who read the editorial remarks of the *Enquirer* will not be biased by them, but will let the facts develop themselves in due course of law." The Madison *Express* thus paid its respects[10] to the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, which was edited by Harrison Reed: "It is painful to us, and doubtless to every feeling heart, and must be doubly so to the associates and relatives of all parties concerned to have this matter [the killing of Arndt] brought before the public week after week. We did not believe at first, nor do we now believe it a fit subject for newspaper discussion. But there appear to be persons who, vampire-like, are thirsting for the blood of the survivor, and who assail everyone who does not join with them in their cry for blood. Among these bloodhounds is Harrison Reed, senior editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, the Judas who suffered his press to be sold to the opposition. This person in an article in his paper undertakes to censure the conduct of Col. Field and Hon. Moses M. Strong for consenting to take up on the part of the defense. The facts of the case are now, we presume, all before the public, and we believe no one with a heart less black than that of the senior editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel and Farmer* will call it a crime of the first magnitude, nor wish the prisoner to come to trial without the aid of counsel."

[9] No file of the *Whig* is known to be in existence. The quotation here presented is copied from a reprint in the Madison *Express*, February 19, 1842.

[10] Madison *Express*, February 26, 1842.

To these broadsides the editors who were their objects replied with equal vigor. "May a member of the legislature," asked the editor of the *Enquirer*, "in a legislative hall, in the presence of the whole Council and its officers, at high noon for an assault which could not have endangered life or limb, be shot dead upon the spot without a mark of disapprobation from the public press? While we remain connected with it we say no Never! Never, while we have the direction of a public journal, may we become deaf to the cry of a brother's blood. Never may we become so dead to the sympathies of human nature and the claims of bleeding humanity as to refuse to condemn a deed of darkness which might well spread horror and gloom over a whole nation, for the sake of saving the *feelings* (?) or shielding from justice the blood-guilty wretch who has thrown himself out of the pale of virtuous sympathy."

"The *Express*," said the *Sentinel*, "in consequence of a personal pique against Mr. Arndt, refuses to notice the fact other than as a 'melancholy affair' which was undergoing judicial investigation! The Editor of the *Express* is the printer for the Council and claims to be the organ of the Whigs here, but in this thing he has shown himself unworthy of the name of man and has called down upon his head the condemnation of the respectable of all parties here, for the niggardly spirit manifested in refusing to condemn this outrage."

The legal proceedings over the prosecution of Vineyard were as tedious as the newspaper discussion was spirited. The coroner's inquest over the body of Arndt merely found that he had come to his death as the result of a pistol wound inflicted by James R. Vineyard. A hearing before Justice-of-the-Peace Seymour followed, resulting in Vineyard's commitment to jail on a charge of murder. He had secured able counsel in the persons of Moses M. Strong of Mineral Point and Alexander P. Field, secretary of

the Territory. Through their efforts a writ of habeas corpus was applied for before Judge Dunn of the Iowa County circuit; that official granted the application and admitted Vineyard to bail in the sum of twenty thousand dollars—ten thousand as principal and ten thousand as surety. At the May term of the district court for Dane County an indictment for manslaughter was returned by the grand jury, and on application of Vineyard's attorneys the case was continued to the November term of court. At this term the case was again continued until the May term of 1843. Then, fifteen months after the killing of Arndt, application for a change of venue was made, and granted by the court. In October following, the case finally came to trial before Judge David Irvin at Monroe; when given to the jury that body promptly rendered a verdict of acquittal, and the prosecution of Vineyard for the slaying of Arndt was at an end.

The news of this outcome of the trial provoked a fresh storm of editorial disapproval throughout the northern and eastern portions of the Territory. Every step in the course of the long-drawn-out judicial proceedings was sharply called in question, and charges of bribery and miscarriage of justice were openly made. "So far as a legal decision can exculpate deeds of atrocity and blood," wrote the editor of the Milwaukee *Democrat*, "and vindicate the character of the man who perpetrates them, Vineyard is to pass in community as a man whose character is unimpeachable. But it will be in vain for him, or for those *bribed and perjured* friends of his, who have, to screen him, enacted this perversion of law—this mockery of justice—this contempt for the feelings of an outraged community, to attempt to wash out the blood of that foul assassination, or to stifle the cry of that blood for retribution. . . . Our horror at the deed is hardly greater than our astonishment, and indignation, and shame, at the thought that in such a case, and with

the facts in the case so fully known and so notorious, a jury could yet be found in our community *capable* of pronouncing a verdict of acquittal. They have taken the unenviable responsibility of fastening upon our Territory the reputation, at home and abroad, of having connived at this work of assassination; and that in the most deliberate and formal manner, in their official capacity, and while sworn faithfully to bring a decision according to the evidence of facts in the case."

In similar strain was the comment of the Racine *Advocate*, edited by Marshall M. Strong, one of the most brilliant men of his day in Wisconsin. "This murder," he wrote in reviewing the case, "was perpetrated in the upper house of the territorial legislature, almost during its session, in open day before twenty witnesses, by one of the highest elective officers of the Territory. The criminal is first permitted to go at large on bail, then indicted for manslaughter, and finally acquitted of that even by a jury. This will forever remain a foul blot upon our Territory. We do hereby, and shall at all times pronounce the transaction *murder*. We enter our protest against the decision of the Court and Jury; and we hope that Vineyard, although he has escaped the legal punishment due to his crime, will never escape the effect of public opinion and the public abhorrence of this bloody tragedy."

More scathing even, was the disapproval expressed by Louis P. Harvey, editor of the Southport *American* and a future governor of Wisconsin. Reviewing the proceedings, he concluded: "Every circumstance, from the commencement to the conclusion of this farce in the shape of a prosecution, has pointed to this result. But the court that has thus wiped the stain of guilt from an acknowledged criminal, has left marks of disgrace upon itself that time cannot efface."

More than one critic stressed the charge that the trial of Vineyard disclosed the existence of two brands of justice

in Wisconsin, one for the poor and friendless, the other for the rich and influential. "It was a short time after this occurrence [the killing of Arndt]," said the Southport *Telegraph*, "that one Coffee, in Iowa County, for provocation, took the life of a fellow-mortal. He was poor and friendless—mark the result. At the next term of the court he was senteneed to be hung by the neck until he was dead, and without delay the sentence of the court was carried into effect. James R. Vineyard, with a weapon procured for some *special* purpose, after provoking a conflict with an unarmed man, shot him dead. He was rich and *respectable*—mark the result. He now walks abroad with the honest and upright eitizen. Is it strange under the circumstances we have no mob law?"

"At the time of the commission of the act," wrote one who signed himself "An Old Citizen of Brown" in the Green Bay *Republican*,[11] "there was no law in existence for the removal of criminal cases, which would reach this case, but one was passed by the legislature, and the case is removed to Green County; and there remains untried until October, 1843, *nearly two years after the commission of the crime!!* In the meantime other *crimes are punished; other murderers*, who have taken human life under circumstances less atrocious and more justifiable, *are tried, convicted*, and *executed*, within a few months, and but a short distance from the scene of the 'Madison tragedy.' But others had not the *standing in society which Vineyard had!!* The other unfortunate was *destitute of friends*, and perhaps was without property and money. Moreover, *he belonged not to the highest branch of the legislature*, and took not the life of his victim in the *legislative hall* and *in the sight of his fellows!* No! Unfortunately he was in the lower walks of life, and killed his opponent in a *tavern brawl!!*"

[11] I am disposed to think that the author of this letter was Morgan L. Martin, who was a member of the Council from Brown County at the time Arndt was killed.

It is perhaps impossible at this late day to determine the reasonableness and validity of these complaints. It may be taken for granted that Vineyard's able counselors took advantage of every feature of the slipshod system of administering justice which told in favor of their client. If there was ever any evidence of bribery or perjury it has perished with the records of the trial, and we must, therefore, dismiss these charges from consideration. But even assuming that there was no outright violation of recognized practices, it is not difficult to see that Vineyard's wealth and his political and family influence may still have procured his acquittal.

Such influences would naturally accomplish their ends by indirection, leaving no trace behind for the historian to follow. In one respect adverted to by the "Old Citizen of Brown," however, we find what must be regarded as at least a suggestive coincidence. At the time of Arndt's killing there was no law for the removal of criminal cases applicable to this case. Six weeks later, within a few days after the killer had secured his release from prison on bail, he wrote to Strong, his attorney: "I wish most sincerely that you may not neglect to get a law passed changing venue in criminal cases, *as you know the necessity of passing such a law.*"[12] Now Strong was, in addition to being Vineyard's attorney, one of the most astute and influential politicians in the Territory. At the succeeding session of the Legislature (for 1842-43) he was elected president of the Council, and at this session the desired act was passed.[13] Toward the end of March it became a law, and in May following, the change of venue which it made possible for Vineyard was taken. Evidently it was this for which counsel had been maneuvering, for with the change

[12] Letter of March 21, 1842, in Strong MSS., Wis. Hist. Library. Italics are by the present writer.

[13] There was a vehement row going on between the Legislature and Governor Doty during the winter of 1842-43, as one outcome of which there was a regular and a special session of the Legislature. The act in question became a law at the special session.

of venue granted they permitted the case to come to trial at the ensuing term of court.

Of the actual trial I have found but one contemporary description, written by a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*.[14] The writer, who purports to be a traveler in the West, gives a sufficiently spirited picture of the scene, dwelling particularly upon the conduct of Strong. The jury, he says, from which every man giving outward signs of intelligence was rejected, was such a group as could not have been matched "this side of Botany Bay." Most of the article is devoted to an account of Strong's speech for the defendant. It relates that before commencing the address he had a pitcher of whiskey placed upon the table before him, from which, as he proceeded, he drank long and frequently, so that before the speech was half concluded he reeled to and fro like a drunken man. The truth of this story was denied by Strong, but the incident fixed upon him a colorful sobriquet which he tried in vain to live down, and for years he was known as "the knight of the pitcher."

From the vantage point of eighty years' detachment the Vineyard-Arndt affair is chiefly interesting for the light it sheds upon the ideals and practices of society in pioneer Wisconsin. It is easy now to perceive that Vineyard and Arndt were alike common victims of conditions for which they as individuals had but slight responsibility.

Today it would be inconceivable that a member of Congress or of our state legislature should carry a loaded gun to the sessions and with it, in the heat of sudden anger, blot out the life of a fellow member and friend. In 1842, however, dueling was still a well-known custom in the United States, and personal affrays between men of standing in the community were a recognized feature of life in the lead-mine region of Wisconsin. Vineyard was a Kentuckian who had been transplanted to the lead mines,

[14] Issue of November 4, 1843.

and neither in Kentucky nor in southwest Wisconsin did society reprobate severely such action as he took in the affray with Arndt. It was several years after this that another transplanted Kentuckian, living in central Illinois, Abraham Lincoln, felt it incumbent upon him to participate in a duel. Less than four years before, the survivor of the tragic Graves-Cilley duel had publicly disclaimed, on the floor of Congress, responsibility for his act. "I am not, and never have been, the advocate of the anti-social and unchristian practice of dueling. I have never, up to this day, fired a dueling pistol. . . . Public opinion is practically the paramount law of the land; every other law, both human and divine, ceases to be observed; yea, withers and perishes, in contact with it. It was this paramount law of this nation and of this House that forced me, under the penalty of dishonor, to subject myself to the code which impelled me unwillingly into this tragical affair. Upon the heads of this nation, and at the doors of this House, rests the blood with which my unfortunate hands have been stained." A decade after Vineyard killed Arndt at Madison, Senator Foote menaced Senator Benton with a cocked and loaded pistol on the floor of the United States Senate, and several years later still, John F. Potter of Wisconsin won unbounded popularity throughout the North by his proposal to fight a duel with bowie knives.

Coming to the mines, the carrying of concealed weapons was a prevalent practice in this period.[15] A year before the Arndt killing, Charles Bracken, a prominent resident of the mines and a member of the Territorial Legislature, seriously wounded Henry Welch, editor of the *Miners' Free Press*, in a shooting affray on the streets of Mineral Point. No punishment was meted out in this case, and Bracken even

[15] Such a practice, naturally, leaves little by way of direct record for the historian. The editor of the Belmont *Gazette* stated (November 9, 1836) that the practice of carrying knives and pistols prevailed "to an alarming extent." The editor of the Galena *Gazette*, decrying the stabbing affrays of the time, stated (January 21, 1837) that almost every man and boy carried a dirk.

had the assurance to write a letter threatening the editors of the Madison *Enquirer* with chastisement, because of the manner in which that paper had commented on his affray with Welch. It was five years after the Arndt tragedy that Denis Murphy was shot down at Mineral Point, for publicly cowhiding an attorney of that place. A year later still, Enos S. Baker, the very man over the question of whose nomination for sheriff of Grant County Arndt was killed, cowhided Joseph T. Mills at Lancaster, and a few days later, armed with a six-barrel pistol, met Mills, armed this time with a shotgun, and was assisted from the field with several buckshot in his stomach.

We cite these cases, every one dealing with men of standing and leadership, merely by way of illustrating the state of public opinion in the region to which Vineyard belonged. To that opinion his attorneys confidently appealed when they secured the change of venue for their client to Green County. Their confidence was justified by his prompt acquittal even on a mere charge of manslaughter. It was evidenced even more clearly before the trial and while the indictment against Vineyard was still pending, when he offered himself as candidate for the office of sheriff of Grant County and came within a few votes of being elected. A few years later he was elected to membership in the first constitutional convention, and in 1849 to a seat in the Legislature of the new state.

It may be objected that the foregoing contradicts what has been previously said as to the widespread condemnation of Vineyard by the press of the Territory. The contradiction is apparent, merely, rather than real. No paper of the mining region spoke in condemnation of Vineyard or in criticism of the court procedure upon his case. The clamor of criticism and condemnation came wholly from that portion of the Territory which lay without the mines. Between the people of the mines, where Southern stock and

Southern ideals predominated, and those of the eastern and northern counties, which were settled largely by New England and New York stock, was a wide disparity of ideals and habits. The sentiment of the North had been slowly setting against the practice of dueling for many years, when in 1838 the feeling was intensified by the senseless killing of Jonathan Cilley of Maine by William R. Graves of Kentucky. In that duel, George W. Jones of the lead mines, Wisconsin's delegate in Congress, had acted as second to one of the principals; for this he was severely criticized by his constituents in eastern Wisconsin, and this criticism contributed materially to his defeat by James D. Doty when he sought to succeed himself in the delegacy.[16] The affray between Arndt and Vineyard illuminates as with a flash of lightning the differing ideals of the mining region and the eastern part of the state with respect to individual combat. To the latter section, Vineyard's act was plain murder, and the actor merited the rope; among the mines the same act was plainly regarded as an incident, regrettable in itself no doubt, which was

[16] There is much contemporary newspaper evidence to this effect. Judge Knapp, speaking twenty-five years later, thus summed up the matter: "That election [of Doty to succeed Jones] may be said to have settled the question against dueling, as one of the institutions of Wisconsin, and placed the law-abiding above the chivalry in this state." *Wis. Hist. Colls.* VI, 374.

An incident of the political campaign of 1840 sheds interesting light upon the question in point. An attack was made upon ex-Governor Dodge, at the moment Democratic candidate for the delegacy to Congress, on the ground that he was addicted to the custom of carrying deadly weapons. In particular it was asserted that on an electioneering visit to Milwaukee he was armed with a bowie knife, the fact being revealed by the chambermaid who cared for his room. For this the *Sentinel* ridiculed Dodge, and the *Courier*, defending him, attacked the motives of the opposition editor. Upon this attack the editor of the *Sentinel* indulged in some illuminating comment: "We should have deemed the knife affair as deserving of but a passing notice, had it not been that we have upon frequent occasions charged ex-Gov. Dodge with the cowardly practice of arming to the teeth when among his friends, and been as often met with denials and charges of falsehood and malevolence from such men as he of the *Courier*—and that too when they knew our statements to be true. The public mind, in its present refined state, is always ready to condemn such practices—and it was abused and we were vilified to screen Gen. Dodge from contempt." Dodge's apologists did not deny that he had the knife, but they asserted that it was carried for possible use as a camp utensil. For the incident see Milwaukee *Courier*, July 14, 1841; *Sentinel*, July 20, 1841; Madison *Enquirer*, July 28, 1841. The latter, defending Dodge, said: "Gen. Dodge, born and educated in the west, has imbibed the feelings and habits peculiar to it, which in some respects differ from the cold and studied manners of the old states, and it is not a matter of wonder that he should, from a force of habit indulge in the practices so generally countenanced and necessary in a new country."

bound to be met with on occasion in the public life of a gentleman.[17]

It remains to notice the gravest charge of all made by the critics of the court. Were there in fact two brands of justice in Wisconsin, one reserved for the prominent citizen, the other meted out to the poor and humble? In so far as personal affrays are concerned, it seems evident that an affirmative answer must be given. Dueling was a practice distinctly reserved for gentlemen; the humble and obscure were alike free from the obligations of the code and denied the privilege of exemption from legal responsibility when on occasion they essayed to practice it. Pioneer Wisconsin had few scruples against capital punishment, and those who took human life in bar-room brawls or ordinary murders were repeatedly sent to the gallows. When, however, a sheriff shot up a political opponent, or an editor fell in an impromptu duel with a politician whom he had deliberately goaded to the encounter, there was no force of public opinion powerful enough to restrain or punish the malefactors. It seems clear that to the people of the mines Vineyard's case belonged to the latter category; hence he was restored to freedom, with rights of citizenship unimpaired; while Coffee, who killed his man in a tavern brawl, was sent to the gallows.

[17] It is interesting to note that Charles Dickens, who was making his first American journey at the time of the Arndt tragedy, believed that it grew out of slavery sentiment. In his *American Notes* he cites two articles from Wisconsin newspapers on this event and concludes that this incident and other similar ones "lead to the just presumption that the character of the parties concerned was formed in slave districts, and brutalized by slave customs."

HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

W. A. Titus

IX. GRAND BUTTE DES MORTS, A HAMLET WITH A HISTORY

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Nor the winding river be red.

Few locations in Wisconsin combine archæological and historical interest to so great a degree as does Butte des Morts, a hamlet in Winnebago County situated on the north side of the Fox River about a mile or two below its confluence with the Wolf. The present day village occupies the slightly curved summit of a broad natural mound that rises gradually and gracefully from the river bank.

The view from this elevation is magnificent. On the one side is the river with its broad marshes and wild rice fields which harbor untold numbers of game birds now, as they did when the Indians were the only inhabitants. In the opposite direction, the eye wanders over miles of fertile and highly cultivated farms which were covered with virgin forests a century ago.

It is not remarkable that the aborigines were early attracted to a spot so favored by nature, and of such strategic importance in the control of the great inland waterway. The Indian could replenish his food supply with fish and fowl from the river in front and with deer and other game from the forests in the rear. In the tribal wars before the coming of the French explorers, the advantage of dominating this canoe route must have been considerable, and after hostilities began between the French and the Fox Indians, the latter made this one of several fortified points that gave them control of the Fox-Wisconsin waterway for many years.

The early French voyageurs found on this eminence an extensive burying ground of the Winnebago and therefore designated the place "Grand Butte des Morts" or Great Hill of the Dead. There is a tradition that one of the Jesuit missionaries and his attendants were massacred by the Winnebago on this spot. There are also numerous traditions of fierce battles that were fought here, first between the Fox and the Winnebago tribes, and later between the Foxes and the French forces. These accounts lack historical confirmation, but it is well known that the earlier explorers found the Winnebago located here, while later accounts show the Foxes in possession, and it is not probable that the earlier possessors were ejected without a conflict. There is a Winnebago legend to the effect that the slaughter of their people by a Fox band was the beginning of the burying ground at Grand Butte des Morts. It is an historical fact that during the first half of the eighteenth century, the Fox Indians held the river that bears their name against the passage of the French traders, and that numerous attempts were made by the French forces to dislodge these savage opponents. One account states that the French commander, Marin, after defeating the Foxes at Little Butte des Morts within the present city of Neenah, pursued them to Grand Butte where a fierce battle was fought, probably on the opposite side of and about two miles up the river, where Robert Grignon located a century later.

After the expulsion of the Foxes from the region, Butte des Morts became a Menominee village and it is so rated in the report of the Wisconsin Indian census for 1817. It was visited in 1829 by James D. Doty and Morgan L. Martin on their return trip from the Four Lakes region, and Martin reports it as a Menominee village at that time. It was at this time and place that Doty and Martin met Major Twiggs and Lieut. Jefferson Davis of the regular

army, both of whom were later prominent in the Southern Confederacy.

In 1832 when Black Hawk invaded Wisconsin with his band of Sauks and Foxes, Colonel Stambaugh raised a force of Menominee warriors to assist the white settlers in repelling the savage enemy. His command consisted of over three hundred Indians led by a number of well-known chiefs, among whom were Oshkosh, Souligny, Carron, Waunauko, Pewautenot, and La Mott. These recruits were divided into two companies; one under the command of Augustin Grignon of Butte des Morts, and the other under George Johnston of Green Bay. The expedition proceeded from Green Bay to Butte des Morts, where the Fox River was crossed and the march continued southward. The Menominee were generally friendly to the white settlers, and were always accounted among the best of the Wisconsin Indians.

Butte des Morts was undoubtedly a trading post during the period of French and British occupancy, but the earlier references to it are only casual. Later the name occurs frequently in the records of the Green Bay traders, and it seems to have been a winter and summer post, unlike some of the minor trading posts that were occupied during the winter only. Augustin Grignon was an agent at the Butte des Morts trading post for a number of years before he became a permanent resident. His nephew, Robert Grignon, located about three miles farther up the river and on the opposite side, near the traditional site of the battle between the French and the Fox Indians. Augustin was undoubtedly the ablest of the Grignon family, and many stories are told of his courtesy and hospitality. A grandson of Charles de Langlade, he inherited much of the energy of his distinguished ancestor. He was well educated for his time, and his home at Butte des Morts was a rendezvous for the noted men of early Wisconsin. Eleazar Williams, who

posed as the "lost Dauphin," was a guest in Grignon's home in 1852. In 1858 Dr. Lyman Draper spent considerable time with Grignon, then seventy-eight years of age, and heard from his lips the well known "Recollections" which make such a valuable addition to early Wisconsin history. Augustin Grignon died in 1860 and may well be called "the last of the Indian traders."

According to Louis Porlier's narrative, the trading post of Augustin Grignon and the older Porlier, then in partnership, was located in 1818 at the mouth of Overton's Creek, two miles below Butte des Morts village. The younger Porlier remembered the Grand Butte in his boyhood days as a Menominee village of about 100 wigwams, which was then considered a large Indian town. There were extensive planting grounds adjacent to the camp, and Porlier states that the natives showed considerable skill in maintaining the fertility of the soil by a crude system of crop rotation. He says that each family worked its own patch of land instead of working in common as was customary with some Indian communities. The products of the cultivated fields were supplemented by the wild rice which they gathered from the river marshes in front of their village as well as from the more distant Buffalo Lake (Lac du Bœuf), and Lakes Puckaway and Poygan. With something of an understanding of the relation between food and climate, they subsisted largely on grains and vegetables in summer and on game in the winter. There were a number of other Menominee villages in the region, the one at Shawano being their seat of government and the residence of their grand sachem and head chiefs. Porlier states that in the early days the Menominee were disinclined to intermarry with the Winnebago, whom they considered an inferior race.

Louis Porlier married a daughter of Augustin Grignon and succeeded the latter as trader at the Butte des Morts

post. By this time the business had become very unprofitable, due to the scarcity of fur-bearing animals and the demoralization of the Indians, who would procure all the credit possible without any intention of repaying the advances made to them.

In the early part of August, 1827 a great council was held at Little Butte des Morts with the Winnebago, Chippewa, and Menominee tribes. During this meeting news came of the hostile acts of the Winnebago of the Mississippi region where a number of white settlers had been killed in a treacherous manner. Major William Whistler, then in command at Fort Howard, made it clear to the Winnebago who came to the council that they must surrender the aggressors Red Bird and Wekau to stand trial for murder or face a war of extermination. The result was that these warriors surrendered soon after at the portage, were tried for murder, and sentenced to death. Red Bird died in prison before the date set for the execution, and Wekau's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment after all the arrangements had been made for his hanging.

In 1848 another council was held with the Menominee Indians near Lake Poygan. Commissioner Medill tried to induce the natives to submit to removal to a reservation, but found them obdurate. Their tendency to roam freely over a large area of the state was retarding settlement and it was felt necessary to threaten them with eviction if they longer refused to accept the terms prescribed in the treaty of 1836. Realizing the uselessness of further resistance, the chiefs agreed to remove to the reservation near Shawano which had been provided for them, and the aborigines disappeared forever from the vicinity of the Fox River which had been their favorite camping ground for centuries.

The Butte des Morts of today is an attractive place as it was in the long ago. The marshes and wild rice fields

through which the river meanders are still the hunters' paradise, and summer cottages and hunters' lodges line the banks for a considerable distance from the village. The dense forests of a century ago have disappeared and beautiful farms have taken their place, but one may well imagine that the river and the wild rice marshes have changed but little since the days when Nicolet, Marquette, La Salle, Jolliet, Hennepin, Carver, and a host of lesser explorers skirted the shore line of the sinister Hill of the Dead.

HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS

VISIONS OF A WISCONSIN GOLD SEEKER

My neighbor, Mrs. Warren H. Smith, of Waukesha, has in her possession a letter written by her father, Alfred B. Hunt, when the gold fever gripped Wisconsin and lured thousands of her sturdy sons to the newly discovered Eldorado of California. Though posted at Rochester, it was written on a farm at Caldwell's Prairie in the Town of Waterford, Racine County, where Mr. Hunt had settled in an early day and where he was married in April, 1843, to Caroline E. Wood, the sixteen year old daughter of a pioneer of 1839. Since the letter is a contemporary witness of what was then going on in every community of American stock in southern Wisconsin, its publication will, no doubt, be of interest to the readers of our Magazine.

ROCHESTER, JANUARY 25th 1850.

Dear Friend Ward:

In answer to your kind and gentlemanly note by Mr. Van Aeman I can tru[l]y say it would be very agreeable for me to call on you at this time and except your hospitality for the time being—But it is very inconvenient for me to leave home just now having to perform sundry dutys not included in the category of house wifery— I shall undoubtedly be in Town in the course of 2 or 3 weeks Caroline desires to call on you—and we are waiting for snow. I heartily concur in your idea of California and the pleasures and hardships we might enjoy in going there. I expect we should find it anything but a modern Railway—But for me anything would be desirable to this cursid inactivity and continual want—although a trip there is attended with many hardships and sore trials of the knees and stomach—yet—I think it not wholly devoid of pleasure. He that has an eye for the grand and terrible in nature—could not fail to embibe new ideas of the duty in beholding those stupendous mountains, and the eternal soliture that reigns around their cloud capt summits. Pardon this digression—I mean not to morralise—but fancy will sometimes wander even when the mind is stearnly attracted to one perticular object— Friend Ward you mentioned in yours how hard it would be for you to stay behind and see them all start off and leave you behind—now that is precisely my feelings. I could never recconcile that plan to my feelings. I think you better go with me. I have made a bargain to go with John McCane and we will gladly except one more companion—3 is sufficient for one party as we shall go with a very small waggon— You have one over to Masons. Just the thing and if you go you must keep it and if you dont go we will buy it of you. We shall go from here to Independance emty and put in our provisions there. We

can ride through to there and then fill up. McCane is going to Illinois soon to get 3 ponys or a span of mules. We want 3 ponys so if one should get lame or die we can still have a team. The load will not weigh over six hundred and we want a very light waggon. Now Friend Ward, use every exertion to get away—we cant make anything here and we will endeavor to get lining for our pockets out there and that would truly keep a fellow's temper warm if not his legs. You can go it for $150 or $170 and cannot you raise that—wheather you sell or not—I would gladly let you have money if I had it but I have none for myself yet—I hope to be able to raise it in season. McCane is just the sort of fellow to suit you he is a keen fellow and well used to traveling. Come Ward—you must go with me—and we will see if our days of deviltry are over yet. I will see you soon

Yours respectfully
A. B. Hunt

Sunday afternoon. I have opened this letter to fill in a few more lines just to keep my heart free from the devil's influences. My old friend Ward I cannot bair to go off and leave you behind. I know how you feel and I would sacrifice $100 rather than you should not go. How delightfull and soul inspiring it would be to us to go off there together and share the hardships and dangers eaquelly between us and how many objects in nature should we see to admire in that long journey through there. It seems to me that if ever a fellow kneeded a true and honest friend it would be in going through there and with a good rifle and a keg of Hot drops—you and I could manage to forget home for a season. If you think you can possibly manage to get off let me know as soon as possible we have not but 2 yet for our Company, therefore, there is just a birth for you. Daniel Wood wants it if he goes, he will know in a few weeks. He has sent to sell his 40 acres in Fondulack. He is confident he shall go. Use evry exertion to raise the money old boy and we will enter upon the Millinum now and no mistake. Ward write a line to me at evry oppertunity to send this way.

It may interest your readers to learn that the men named in the forepart of the letter did not accompany Hunt across the plains. Instead, he was joined by Daniel Wood, who made his fortune in California and never returned; and Orlando Holt, who was also successful and came back via Cape Horn. The last was the father of R. L. Holt, a member of the Society. But the dreams of Hunt were never realized and his family never saw him again, for he died en route and was buried near Green River. His was the fate of thousands of gold-seekers who perished from the hardships encountered on the way.

Nearly fifty years later Hunt's descendants were surprised to learn that a tourist had accidentally discovered his long for-

gotten grave in the wilderness. The September, 1898, number of *Recreation* contained a brief article by Mrs. Ira Dodge on the names of those hardy gold seekers which she found in southwestern Wyoming on the rock walls along the old California overland trail. She also discovered a few graves. About one of these she wrote:

"One grave is marked, and perhaps some reader may throw light on the subject. The headstone is the end-gate of a wagon and the lettering is plain and neat. It reads:

ALFRED B. HUNT [possibly Hunter], RACINE CO., WIS. DIED JULY 1, 1850. AGED 26 YEARS."

The call of the golden West and the fertile prairies beyond the Mississippi during the third quarter of the last century induced a large number of Wisconsin's pioneers or their immediate descendants to leave her borders, never to return. This exodus, together with the immense influx of immigration from northern and central Europe during this period, made a material change in the ethnic character of our population. It is to be hoped that our Society will some time give this subject due consideration.

J. H. A. Lacher

MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I read the "Personal Recollections of the Republican Convention of 1860," in the September number of the *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, with much interest.

I was publishing a paper at Warren, Illinois at the time of that convention, and had a seat in the reporters' gallery. My seat was only a few feet from the platform occupied by Ellsworth's Zouaves, a military company in Zouave uniform commanded by Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, who had brought it to such a high standard of military precision that its reputation had extended throughout the United States. A half hour was given, shortly after the convention opened, for a display of their training. We can look back now and realize that this seems almost a prophecy of the part that company was soon to take in the preservation of the Union, when a year later Fort Sumter was fired upon and the young leader was one of the first to respond to Lincoln's

call for troops to defend the nation's capital and was so soon to become the first conspicuous victim of the war.

Shortly after the convention was called to order, John Hanks, a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, carried two weather-beaten fence rails, which Lincoln had split, onto the platform, where they were received with tremendous enthusiasm; Lincoln thereupon became the "rail-splitter" candidate, as the first Harrison had been the "log cabin" and Jackson the "Old Hickory" candidates years before.

When the platform of principles was read, it was noticed that while it repudiated the theories of the slave-holder, as well as the Douglas Squatter Sovereignty doctrine, it failed specifically to mention the great principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence as our political creed and as the moral basis of our institutions. Whereupon Joshua R. Giddings, whom everybody knew as one of the champions of the antislavery cause, arose and expressed himself as painfully surprised that the platform did not contain a word of recognition of the Declaration of Independence, and moved that a clause embodying such recognition be inserted. No sooner had he stopped speaking than a tumult of voices burst forth, with noisy clamor, for the immediate adoption of the platform; and the amendment was rejected with a boisterous vote. Mr. Giddings then took his hat and started toward the door, his great white head towering above the crowd. Before he could leave the place, George W. Curtis of the New York delegation sprang from his seat, leaped into his chair, and asked to be heard. The impatient and noisy crowd undertook to interrupt him, but he stood firm saying, "This is a convention of free speech, and I have the floor, and I will stand here until to-morrow morning unless you give me an opportunity to say what I am going to say." The persistent crowd seemed determined to cry him down, but he held his ground firmly, and they finally yielded to his courage. He then went on to argue in favor of the amendment suggested by Mr. Giddings, and closed by renewing the motion, in parliamentary form. It was carried with an overwhelming shout of enthusiasm, after which Mr. Giddings moved back to his seat in the convention.

When the convention first assembled it seemed evident that William H. Seward would be chosen. But the first ballot revealed the fact that Seward's chief competitor was the "rail-splitter" from Illinois, Abraham Lincoln, the first vote standing 173 for Seward; 102½ for Lincoln; scattering 190½. This surely presaged Lincoln's ultimate victory. The second ballot stood Seward 186½; Lincoln 181; scattering 99½. The result was received with tremendous applause by the Lincoln supporters, while the Seward men looked on silently, many of them with blanched faces. The handwriting on the wall seemed perfectly plain, except to those who would not see. The third ballot was begun amid breathless suspense. All over the wigwam, delegates and spectators were keeping their own tallies. Throughout the whole of that ballot the vast assembly was strangely quiet, except when there were changes to Lincoln. Long before the official tellers had footed up their tally sheets the audience knew that Lincoln was in the lead. Four hundred and sixty-five votes were cast, of which Lincoln received 231½ and Seward 181. Two hundred and thirty-three votes were necessary to a choice, and Lincoln lacked only a vote and a half. Then came the crucial moment. The silence was painful. Then a delegate from Ohio sprang upon his chair and announced a change of four votes from Chase to the Lincoln column. "Lincoln," shouted the teller, waving the tally sheet; and at a signal, a cannon which had been placed on the roof of the wigwam for that purpose boomed the news to the waiting multitude outside.

I was also present in 1858 at one of the celebrated discussions between Lincoln and Douglas, at Freeport. Lincoln and Douglas were the opposing candidates for the United States Senate, and a series of joint discussions at seven different points in the State had been arranged. Meetings were held in advance, by each party, at every hamlet and cross road within a radius of forty miles of the place where the joint discussion was to take place, in order to awaken its adherents to the importance of being present and supporting its champions. They organized themselves into great delegations which rallied at convenient points, and formed into processions of men and women, in wagons and carriages—but few of the latter as they were not as

common then as they became later. Many, too, were on horseback, and usually starting the night before, headed by bands of music, with flags and banners, hats and handkerchiefs waving, proceeded to the place of meeting. Many of these processions were half a mile in length. As they advanced the air was rent with cheers in the Republican processions, for "Honest Old Abe," and in the Democratic, for "The Little Giant." The sentiments painted in great letters on the banners carried in each of these processions left no one in doubt as to which party its participants belonged. Over the banners of the Douglas processions were "Squatter Sovereignty"; "Let the People Rule"; "This is a White Man's Country"; "No Nigger Equality"; "Hurrah for the Little Giant." On the other hand, the Republicans carried banners with such mottoes as "Hurrah for Honest Old Abe"; "Lincoln the Rail-Splitter and Giant Killer"; "No more Slave Territory"; "All men are created equal"; "Free Kansas"; "No more compromise."

Douglas arrived on the scene in a coach drawn by four gaily caparisoned horses, which had been placed at his disposal by his admirers; his coming was greeted by a rousing welcome. Scarcely had the cheering occasioned by his appearance ceased when an old-fashioned Conestoga wagon, drawn by four horses, was driven to the stand. On one of the seats sat Lincoln, accompanied by half a dozen farmers in their working clothes. The driver was mounted on the near rear horse and guided his team with a single rein attached to the bridle of one of the lead horses. The burlesque was as complete as possible and the effort was greeted with a good-natured roar.

The contrast between Lincoln and Douglas could hardly have been more marked. Lincoln was six feet four inches tall. He was swarthy as an Indian, with wiry, jet black hair, which was usually in an unkept condition. He wore no beard, and his face was almost grotesquely square, with high cheek bones. His eyes were bright, keen, and a luminous gray color, though his eyebrows were black like his hair. His figure was gaunt, slender, and slightly bent. He was clad in a rusty-black Prince Albert coat with somewhat abbreviated sleeves. His black trousers, too, were so short that they gave an appearance of

exaggerated size to his feet. He wore a high stove-pipe hat, somewhat the worse for wear. He carried a gray woolen shawl, a garment much worn in those days instead of an overcoat. His manner of speaking was of a plain, unimpassioned character. He gesticulated very little with his arms, but moved his body from one side to the other. Sometimes he would bend his knees so they would almost touch the platform, and then he would shoot himself up to his full height, emphasizing his utterances in a very forcible manner.

The next time I saw Lincoln was in the summer of 1860, after he had been nominated for the Presidency. It was at a great Republican mass-meeting at Springfield, Lincoln's home, and was said to have been the largest political meeting ever held in this country. It was held in the Fair Grounds, and half a dozen stands were erected in different places for as many speakers. I took a position on a side hill where I could have full view of one of the stands. While I waited, there was a commotion in the vicinity of the stand, and then some men removed the roof from over the desk. A carriage drove up and Lincoln was escorted into the stand. Being assisted, he mounted the desk. There he stood on top of the desk, his tall form towering far above, his hands folded in front of him, and the multitude cheering to the echo. When quiet was restored he told the audience that he did not come to make a speech; that he had simply come there to see the people and to give them an opportunity to see him. All he said did not occupy two minutes, after which he entered his carriage and was driven to other portions of the grounds.

M. P. Rindlaub

VITAL STATISTICS OF THE FIRST WISCONSIN CAVALRY IN THE CIVIL WAR

The following statistics are compiled from the original muster-out rolls of this regiment, of which I was a member. These rolls were made out by the various company commanders at the time of the regimental muster-out, Edgefield, Tennessee, July 19, 1865, and are now on file in the Adjutant General's office at Madison.

It is interesting to know that more than two-thirds of the regiment were farmers before the Civil War. Being thus thoroughly familiar with horses, they learned the cavalry drill very quickly. According to these old records, the regiment was made up of 1828 farmers, 48 carpenters, 35 saddlers, 60 laborers, 30 lumbermen, 43 blacksmiths, 21 millers, 13 shoemakers, 49 students, 22 teachers, 15 clerks, 27 sailors, 20 merchants, 7 doctors, 10 painters, 8 printers, 5 hotel keepers, 2 engineers, 1 actor, 1 telegrapher, 5 architects, 10 masons, 2 editors, and 6 preachers. One of these preachers was promoted from the ranks to be regimental chaplain, succeeding Chaplain G. W. Dunmore, who was killed in battle. Two other preachers were southern Union men, who joined us in Missouri in 1862. The regiment also had in its ranks lawyers, musicians, confectioners, weavers, daguerreotypists, mail carriers, and stage drivers.

It is also interesting to learn that of our 2541 men, 984 were born in the state of New York; 92 were born in Vermont, 35 in Massachusetts, 20 in Connecticut, 45 in Maine, 16 in New Hampshire, two in Rhode Island—altogether 1194 from New York and New England. This is explained by the heavy emigration from those states to Wisconsin from 1840 to 1860. We had also 155 natives of Ohio, 77 from Pennsylvania, 40 from Indiana, 31 from Illinois, 10 Michiganders, 8 from New Jersey, 3 from the District of Columbia, and many southern-born men. The states of Alabama, Maryland, Missouri, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, and Mississippi altogether furnished 52 of their own sons to our regiment—Union men who enlisted under the old flag at the first opportunity. These were but part of the 272,820 southern-born men who fought under the Stars and Stripes. What if they had all fought under the "Stars and Bars"?

We also had a goodly number of foreign-born comrades, most of whom came to Wisconsin as children with their parents. There were 228 born in Germany (including Austria and Hungary), 71 born in England, 67 in Ireland, 18 in Scotland, 65 in Canada, 17 in Holland, 17 in Norway, 11 in France, 8 in Switzerland, 6 in Denmark, and one each in Cuba, Mexico and Poland. Two were recorded as "born on the ocean." The total of foreign-

born was 495. It was truly a cosmopolitan regiment, the birthplaces of whose members represented 25 states and 13 foreign countries. There were but 97 natives of Wisconsin, whose first territorial government began in 1836—only twenty-five years before the Civil War.[1]

Turning to the age at enlistment, 137 were between the ages of 15 and 18; 345 between 18 and 20; 1264 between 20 and 30; 663 between 30 and 40; 132 between 40 and 50. The two oldest men were each 50 and the two youngest each 15. The average age was 23, a sturdy bunch, full of life and vigor, well fitted for the strenuous campaigns and incessant, active service which was their lot from March, 1862 to July, 1865.

The shortest soldier was Bernard Schultheis of Company M, who was born at Port Washington, Wisconsin. He came to us in May, 1862, by transfer from the Ninth Wisconsin Infantry, where he had already served six months. He was then fifteen years old, four feet nine inches in height, and served through three years, the youngest of us all. The honor of being the tallest in the regiment goes to two men, each of whom is recorded as being six feet four inches. One of these was Sergeant George Smith of Company L; the other was Captain Wallace La Grange, a brother of our colonel, Oscar La Grange. In July, 1862, in Arkansas, when a small detachment escorting an ambulance train of sick and wounded men was suddenly attacked and overwhelmed by greatly superior numbers of Texan Rangers, Captain La Grange (then Sergeant) saved many disabled men. He swam across the deep, swift L'Anguille River thirteen times, towing behind him a little skiff loaded with disabled comrades. That was an athletic feat of heroism rarely equaled. There were in the regiment 268 men who were over six feet in height—more than ten per cent of the total enrollment.

There were six different Smiths in Company L. Three of these were sergeants—one born in Germany, one in Ireland, and one in New York.

[1] The population of Wisconsin in 1840 was, in round numbers, 30,000; in 1850, 305,000; in 1860, 775,000. It follows that in 1861 less than half the population of the state had been resident as much as ten years, and practically none of it as much as twenty. These figures show fully why so large a proportion of Wisconsin's soldiers were natives of other states and foreign lands.—Editor

One hundred and twenty-eight men were promoted from the ranks to be commissioned officers, one of them being our beloved General Henry Harnden. Six were promoted to commissions in other regiments.

During the three and one-fourth years of constant service, two hundred and forty-five of the regiment were taken prisoners, at different times and places, in fifty-four battles and countless daily skirmishes, from Missouri to Georgia. Of these, thirty-three died prisoners in Andersonville, and ten others at Little Rock, Florence, Millen, Richmond, and other Southern prisons. Others were paroled or exchanged, many of whom were discharged for disability and died at home later from prison hardships. There is no complete record of Confederates captured by the regiment, but General La Grange once said the regiment had captured many more than its own total enrollment. Steve Nichols, Bristol Farnsworth, Frank Lavine, and Horatio Foote each had credit for more than twenty prisoners captured single-handed.

We had fifty-six men killed in action, and sixteen who died of wounds. Others were wounded and recovered, more or less completely, to the number of 132. There were three hundred and twenty-two who died from disease; the larger part of these died from the unwholesome drinking water of southeastern Missouri in 1862.

The regiment during its service traveled 2182 miles by rail and 2540 miles by steamer on the Mississippi, St. Francis, Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers. Our marches on horseback would cover 20,000 miles, incessant service covering large sections of Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, North Carolina, and Florida. If to these figures were added the distance covered in daily scouting and foraging parties, the total would be more than doubled.

The city of Ripon furnished the regiment 110 men during the four years—the largest number from any one town. Beaver Dam gave 80 men, Kenosha 80, Waukesha 65, Milwaukee 60, Madison 35, Sheboygan 40, Appleton 30, Green Bay 20, Prairie du Chien 20, Menomonie 30, Oshkosh, Fort Atkinson, Waupun, and Berlin 15 each. The remainder came from smaller towns and

from the farms of southern and central Wisconsin. The total enrollment (2541) was larger than that of any other Wisconsin regiment, because of the constant stream of recruits coming all through the four years. The regiment is officially credited with fifty-four battles and actions, some of which lasted several days. In addition, there were numerous skirmishes with the enemy which were not counted in the records. The long service of the regiment was fittingly terminated by its participation in the capture of Jefferson Davis near Irwinsville, Georgia, on May 10, 1865.

Stanley E. Lathrop

DOCUMENTS

SOME WAR-TIME LETTERS[1]

SOMEWHERE IN SUNNY FRANCE,
Aug. 18, 1918.

MY DEAR MRS. PIERSON: I feel as though I were dreaming, and am afraid I will wake up and find that instead of being back here in this charming spot, that I am still at the "front"! We were relieved a few days ago and came back here for a well earned and much needed rest. I did not realize that I *was* so completely worn out until we came here and I had a chance to rest—I want to sleep twenty-four hours out of the day!

We are camped in a beautiful and picturesque valley, and on the banks of a large river—the water is very clear and deep—Red Cross hospital boats, and others are carrying supplies, etc.! Needless to say, I have been practically *living* in the water, ever since we got here! Oh Boy! but it feels good to get in the water once more, and to *swim!* But I must tell you a joke on me—I had a chance to rent a room and sleep in one of these wonderful French beds, with a mattress about *four feet* thick! So I took it and thought I'd sleep swell, but to my disgust, I couldn't sleep—the room felt hot and stuffy—even though I had the big French window open, and two doors wide open—the bed was too soft! I have been living out doors and in the open so long that a room, no matter how well ventilated, seems stuffy. And I have had only the ground for a bed so that I feel as though I were going to fall out when I sleep in a real bed.

I am writing this letter in a schoolhouse and carved in the stone over the door is the date it was built, etc. It was built in 1754 and was founded by a Mademoiselle Therese Wills. It is a private school for little girls. The walls are covered with maps and pictures and drawings that the little girls have made—some of them are very good, too. The desks and benches are here too, and have the children's school books in them—a good

[1] The first installment of these letters, written home by Eldon J. Canright, appeared in the December, 1921, issue of this *Magazine*.

chance for me to study French—eh? It brings back memories of the days when I was a kid in school.

As I sit here I can look out of the window and see the peasants working out in the fields cutting and shocking the grain, and across the valley the steep, almost mountainous hills rising on either side of the valley, and the little villages dotting the sides of the valley and looking as though they were just stuck on the side of the steep slope and you wonder how they ever built them there—much less live in them—if a man ever slipped in his backyard, he would never stop until he rolled down into the valley! And you can see the white stone cliffs standing out above and below the trees. And away up on the very top is a high cliff of solid rock, and away up on that cliff, the Romans away back in the time of Julius Caesar, built a fort and that fort is still standing there to-day, having stood the wear and tear of *centuries!* When I look at that and think of the hundreds of years that fort has stood there, it makes one feel as though life was pretty short and of little consequence! However, those old Romans knew a good place for a fort, all right, because even to-day I doubt if with all our huge guns and modern equipment, we could destroy that fort—it is just cut right in the solid rock.

Everything is so quiet and peaceful here though it is hard to realize that just a few kilometers away the guns are roaring and crashing but when I shut my eyes I can see it all very plain and can hear the whine and shriek of the shells and *all* the other horrors of war. And probably by the time this reaches you I will be back on the job again.

You ask me when I think the war will end—well, when we are at the front we do not think about *peace*, our only thought and desire is to kill as many Germans as we can—when you hear the shells whining over head and bursting around you, you do not think of *peace*, you think only of giving them back as good as they send, and *then some!* So I really can't say just when I think it will end—it might be anywhere from one to five years more—you see we have got to make the Huns pay for all the suffering they have caused the people of France and Belgium—why right here in this school-room is a tablet with the names of

the men, just from this little town who have given their lives in this war and it's quite a long list!

Sincerely,
E. J. Canright,
Medical Department, 149th Field Artillery
A. E. F., A. P. O. No. 715.

Somewhere in France,
Sept. 17, 1918.

My dear Folks: I could almost head this letter "Somewhere in Germany" as we are driving the Germans back again, and at this rate will soon be in Berlin.

My regiment had the honor of holding the most advanced artillery position, so we are able to see the vast preparations for the attack. An attack is always preceded by heavy and concentrated artillery fire to destroy any enemy battery positions, machine gun nests, etc., and to prepare the way for the infantry. We had "beaucoup" artillery brought up there especially for the attack-guns of every size—big and little. There were guns everywhere; and shortly after midnight, at a given signal, every battery on that part opened fire. It was a very dark and rainy night—you could not see your hand before your face, but the blinding flash of the guns would reveal everything for a second and then all would be dark again for an instant until they fired again. We kept that up all night long; while we were doing that the tanks moved up into position preparatory to the attack. All that night they went by. We used two kinds of tanks —big ones about the size of a street car, and little ones about the size of a Ford car. You have seen pictures of them so know about how they look. They are made of steel and operate like a tractor engine, and travel a little faster than a man can walk, but they make a lot of noise—they rattle and clank like a threshing machine. However they will go over anything, trenches, ditches, shell holes, mud, etc., and will cut right through barbed wire. Nothing stops them. All that night at intervals between the roar of the guns you could hear the tanks rattling and bumping across the field and the flash of the guns

would reveal them moving slowly but steadily across the field like some huge, prehistoric monsters. It was a weird sight, I can assure you.

The tanks and the doughboys were scheduled to go over the top shortly after daybreak and it was some sight that morning to look across that vast field and see the tanks lined up and scattered behind them. All over the field, in groups and squads, were the doughboys waiting to make the attack. Then all of a sudden they started moving forward all along the line. The tanks led the way, spitting fire from all sides, with their machine guns, and following just behind them were the doughboys firing their rifles and using their bayonets as they advanced. It was just like the pictures you see in the movies, only *this* was the real thing. It is unusual for the artillery to go "over the top" with the infantry, but this time we actually did it—one of our batteries went over between the first and second waves of the doughboys.

Pretty soon we got orders to increase our range, so we knew that our troops were advancing through the German lines and going ahead rapidly. Oh Boy that's a wonderful feeling. Then batches of German prisoners began coming back under guard—some of them looked mad and sullen and others looked as though they were glad to be prisoners.

Of course we advanced too, although it was almost impossible for us to get through as the roads were almost wiped out from shell fire and then they were jammed with troops and equipment of all kinds, and all trying to go forward. I never saw such a jam in my life—we were hours getting anywhere. Whenever we got stuck when we were moving up, the German prisoners would help us out—many times I have pushed and pulled on a gun or caisson with half a dozen Germans pushing with me. It's great sport. In fact we were on the road all the next night, and all night long we could see the flames and the red glow of the towns and villages that the Huns were burning before retreating. But even so, we pushed them so hard that they did not have time to burn all the towns and we captured all kinds of material, guns, ammunition, equipment, etc., in fact I am writing this in one of

the towns that we managed to capture before they had a chance to destroy anything. They had occupied this town since the beginning of the war and judging from the way they had fixed things up they intended to stay here forever. All the signs are in German and we captured an army warehouse filled with German clothing, etc.

I must tell of a little incident that occurred the first night we were here, it's real funny. We took this town in the afternoon and that night a German captain who had been away somewhere and had not heard of the attack came riding into town. Well, you never saw a more surprised man in your life—he simply could not believe it at first, that is not until some doughboy tickled him between the ribs with his bayonet, then he lost no time in surrendering I can assure you!

Love,

E. J. Canright,
149th U.S. Field Artillery,
A. E. F., A. P. O. No. 715.

Somewhere in France,
Nov. 2, 1918.

My dear Folks: We are still chasing the Huns, and as they are going pretty fast, it keeps us going too, so we do not stay very long in any one position. Of course that is kind of hard on us as we never have a chance to clean up or get a comfortable place to sleep in—and it's pretty cold and rainy these days. The first thing we do when we pull into a position is to dig the "trail pits" and "lay the guns." Then each man looks around for a place to dig his "flop" (hole to sleep in). If it is possible we dig our holes in the side of a bank, as you are not quite so apt to be drowned out when it rains, but if there is no bank near enough, we just dig it on the level ground and make the best of it, even if you do get soaked. We have to dig a "flop" because it affords us some protection from shell fragments—you'd look like a sieve by morning you'd be so full of holes if you tried to sleep on top of the ground. We make them of course, just large enough to crawl into and just long enough and wide enough to

lie down in. Each man digs his own and they are dug several feet apart so that if a shell hits a "flop" it will get only one man—see? You would laugh if you could see us when old Fritz begins shelling us. If it is in the day time we will all be standing around "chewing the rag" and smoking, when all of a sudden we will hear the whine of a shell coming and then everyone makes a *dive* for his hole, for all the world like a bunch of mice running to their holes when a cat's chasing them, and then after the shell bursts, everyone sticks his head out to see where it hits.

However, Fritz has a habit of shelling us just about dusk and keeping it up on and off, all night. It is not the pleasantest thing in the world to lie in your little hole at night, all alone and in the dark and hear the shells whining overhead and bursting all around you—you can feel the earth shake and tremble from the force of the explosion, and then you hear the ugly zip of the shell fragments—you know the sound a drop of water makes when it falls on a red hot stove—well that's the sound a shell fragment makes as it tears through the air—and they travel a long ways, too, and when you hear the whang and thud of the rocks and dirt as they fall all around you, it takes a second or two for all the fragments and rocks and dirt to bury themselves in the earth, but it seems like an eternity because you can't tell whether one is going to hit you or not. Then even before the upheaval of one shell has subsided, another is bursting, and you can hear others coming—getting louder and nearer, until you think it is surely going to light right on top of you and blow you to atoms. And so it goes for hours at a time. Of course, because of my work, I have to be constantly on the alert when we are being shelled—ready to jump out of my hole and take care of anyone that gets hit. It takes courage if I do say it myself, to jump out of your hole when the shells are bursting all around and when everyone else is hugging the ground down in his "flop," and to dress a man's wounds under those conditions, and in the dark, too. And then you have to see that he is carried back to a safe place and started on his way to the hospital. As I have said before although I'm not afraid to die—I've seen too much of death to fear it—I don't *want* to die as I feel that I have the best part of my life before me. But that's my work, so I do it, and if I get

"knocked off" why I will have the satisfaction of knowing that I've done my duty, anyways.

I can honestly say that I have had some of the happiest and also some of the bitterest experiences of my life since I have been a soldier. War is a great teacher and I have learned many lessons—some of them hard ones, too. You know I have actually seen what the Huns have done to northern France and Belgium and know what horrors and sufferings the people who lived there have gone through, and when things are going hard and I am tired and discouraged, I like to think that I am here going through all these hardships to do my bit to keep *you* all from experiencing the same horrors that these unfortunate people have—that if we don't lick the Huns now—and lick them to a *standstill* they might at some future time try to do the same thing in America. You can laugh at me if you want to, and say I'm foolish, but that thought gives me fresh determination to carry on. There is *nothing* I would not do to prevent you from going through even a part of what they have had to do.

As we are on territory recently occupied by the Germans, we find "beaucoup" German equipment. Just the other day I found an old German machine gun nest, with a big 1917-model, water cooled, German machine gun, and "beaucoup" boxes of ammunition. So I carried or rather dragged the gun back with me and set it up next to my "flop." The Huns had smashed the automatic feeder on it, and so thought they had put it out of commission, but I fooled them—the only difference it makes is that now, you have to pull the ammunition belt through as it won't feed automatically. I just love to fool with machine guns and I have had lots of fun shooting at Boche air-planes with it, and sometimes I just point her nose up in the air and "let her go," just in hopes of getting a few Germans, as we are within machine gun range of their lines. I have, I hope, put a few of them out of commission. You know how a compressed air hammer sounds—well, that's how a machine gun sounds, and then you can hear the zip, zip of the bullets as they cut through the air. Gee! but it's sport.

We are supposed to have the crack division of the German army in front of us—I wish you could see them—they are just

kids fifteen to nineteen years old. If that's a sample of their *best* troops, I wonder what the rest are like—they must be the halt, the lame, and the blind. We captured a lot of prisoners yesterday and one of them was leading a beautiful, trained Red Cross dog—it had been shot in the left front paw. Well, we kept him—we've dressed his foot and fed him up—but he misses his master—he won't eat much, and he keeps looking for him all the time. He has a collar on him with a tag on it with something in German written on it; but I can't read German so I don't know what it says.

The other day a Boche aviator dropped some propaganda stuff. I wish you could read it—it's comical. It is entitled "Why Die" and asks, "Why should you Americans come over here, thousands of miles from your homes to fight and die for France and England." Then it goes on to say "Why don't you desert and come over to our lines where you will be safe and have free board at the expense of the German Government, for the duration of the war." Gee! can you *imagine* such stuff? It's really funny I think—I certainly can't imagine us doing it—can you?

Love,

E. J. Canright,

Medical Department, 149th Field Artillery,

A. P. O. No. 715 A.E.F.

Somewhere in France,

November 8, 1918.

My dear Folks: You have no doubt seen pictures of some of the battlefields over here, but you cannot fully realize the horror and the desolation and waste of the country that has been fought over, unless you have *actually* been there and seen the fields torn with shell holes and the roads and bridges mined and destroyed and the torn and twisted stumps of the trees standing like sentinels guarding the dead! And here and there you see the remains of what was *once* a town, but now is nothing but a pile of broken bricks and burned timbers! And everywhere you see—

and sometimes *smell*—the bodies of the dead lying in every conceivable position, among the refuse and broken equipment that always litters a battlefield. That is the kind of country I have been living in for *weeks!*

You have probably read in the papers of the big advance we have made and that is the kind of country we advanced over. It was hard tiresome work advancing as the roads were covered with deep, sticky mud and then to add to our difficulties, the retreating Huns had mined the roads and blown up the bridges to hold us back. But we always managed to get around some way and kept advancing day and night, stopping only long enough to get a few hours rest—we were so tired that we just dropped down along the road and slept regardless of the cold and the rain and the mud! All we had to eat was a cup of black coffee (no sugar or milk) and some hardtack twice a day! But no one complained as we were all eager to go on.

At night we could see the towns in front of us burning—the bright glare illuminating the sky and farther back would be just the dull, red glow on the horizon. It was a thrilling sight but it made one eager to go on and punish the fiends who were doing it! However, the last two or three days we have made things so hot for "Fritz" that he hasn't had a chance to carry off all the civilians and burn the towns—he has just retreated taking with him all the male civilians who were able to do any work and leaving the old and the feeble behind! It is pathetic to see them. They put white flags on the church tower and in the windows of their homes so we wouldn't shell the town—or what was left of it! Sometimes the Germans took advantage of this and would place machine guns in the houses and fire at us knowing that we wouldn't shell *them* because of the civilians; but in that case we would flank the town on either side, and then Old Fritz had to get out or be taken prisoner! But he had no consideration for the civilians as he has a nice trick of placing bombs and mines with time fuses in the buildings and houses, and timing them so they will explode after we get there. So we always have to look for them when we take a town; but some of them are so cleverly concealed that we cannot find them and every little while there

will be a terrific explosion and bricks and tile and mortar go flying in the air and what was a house a few minutes before is now just a pile of broken stone! But that isn't enough damage to satisfy Fritz so when he thinks we are in the town he begins shelling it. Of course we soldiers are used to that and don't mind it, but it makes one sick to see the poor frightened civilians running for shelter and seeing their homes hit with shells, tearing great holes in the roofs and walls!

I could write pages of the stories that the civilians told me of their sufferings—how they were made to work twelve hours a day in the fields, and hauling and making war supplies, etc.—even the children and the young girls, and how the Germans took the good flour that the French government sent the civilians away from them and gave them their dirty, rotten pumpernickle—and little enough of that! And they were not allowed to visit from town to town or even write or receive any letters! And when the Germans left they took everything they could carry—even the rings and watches and the gold or silver crucifixes that the poor people had. They left them practically nothing. Can you imagine living like that for years?

If we get as cordial a welcome when we come home as these poor people gave us, we'll get *some* reception! They put on their best clothes and came out to meet us—some of them laughed and some of them cried for joy at being liberated after living little better than slaves for over four years! And nearly all of them had managed to hide a French flag all these years and they hung them over the streets! We were the first American soldiers they had seen and they were sure glad to see us. And you would have been proud of the American soldiers if you could have seen how kind and considerate they *all* were to those poor people—they gave them their bread (and we had had little enough to eat ourselves) and hardtack, and even money, and gave the old men tobacco and cigarettes! But that wasn't all they did. They helped the civilians gather up their few belongings and load them in a wheelbarrow and pile a few kids on top and move back to their homes—if they were fortunate enough to have a home left! The roads were full of peasants carrying

their few belongings in wheelbarrows or baby carriages, trudging along the road—many of them didn't even know where they were going as their homes had been destroyed, but they just kept on moving as they had no place to go to! But whenever an American soldier gets a chance he helps them along—you would laugh if it wasn't so pathetic, to see some husky young American coming down the road with some feeble old lady hanging on his arm and with his arms full of bundles and kids, or as I said before pushing a wheelbarrow or baby carriage piled high with junk and kids.

I wish you could see the fine German hospital that we captured—it sure was a marvel—it had all the modern equipment and appliances for treating the wounded! But nevertheless we are not fighting human beings, but fiends and beasts and we do not want to make peace until we have made them pay and pay dearly for their countless crimes!

Love,

E. J. Canright,
Medical Department, 149th Field Artillery,
A. E. F., A. P. O., No. 715

Dernau, Germany,
Dec. 19, 1918.

My dear Jane: Your most welcome letter of October 28 reached me at Quiddelbach, a few days ago, and I am going to attempt to answer it now. We were on the line and had taken Sedan and the Germans were holding the bluffs across the river when the armistice was signed on November 11. The drive started November first, with the Germans holding Grand Pré. They put up a very stiff resistance but we kept advancing and pushing them back, day and night—taking Buzancy the second day. But it was very hard work as it rained day and night so the roads were a sea of mud, and then to add to our difficulties the Germans had mined and blown up the roads; but we always managed to get our guns and caissons around the place, somehow. After the armistice was signed we rested a few days—and we needed it as we had been in the line constantly since September

12, when we took part in the St. Mihiel drive, going from there to the Argonne, and so on, just one drive after another. We also took a very active part in stopping and then counterattacking the Germans in their famous drive of July 15, on the Champagne front near Chalons. From there we were rushed up to the Chateau Thierry front, where we did some very hard fighting until we were relieved on August 11—but enough of this—I'll tell you all about that when I get back.

November 15 we left Buzancy, France, and started on our march to the Rhine. We crossed the Franco-Belgium border at Montmidy, on November 21. If such a thing were possible I would say that we were treated even better in Belgium than in France! Every town and city we marched through was decorated as for a carnival—flags of France and Belgium and America floated from the tops of the churches and schoolhouses and hung from the windows of the houses, and some of the cities had built arches of evergreen over the streets and decorated them with red, white, and blue ribbons—very pretty effect. In some of the smaller towns I noticed several homemade American flags and some of them had only six or eight stars in the blue field. But you couldn't blame the poor people as they may have never seen our flag, and anyway we were following so close on the heels of the retreating Germans that the people didn't have much time to fix up anything elaborate.

Just to show you how nice the people in Belgium treated us—the night we stopped in St. Leger I found a butcher shop, so went in to get some meat as I was hungry after riding in the saddle all day and with no dinner (we never stopped for dinner on the march), and meat was all we could get in Belgium and we were lucky to get that. While I was buying the meat a lady and her little daughter came in the shop to get some meat and the lady said if I would come to her house she would cook the meat for me, which I was very glad to have her do. Well she not only cooked my meat but she brought in a big plate of delicious fried potatoes (French fried), and bread and coffee. And that wasn't all, she brought in a plate of real waffles—made from American flour that some American soldier gave her. If you knew the

scarcity of food in Belgium you would appreciate what that meant to her. And then she gave me a dandy bedroom with a *bed* and white sheets and pillows! Oh, Boy! but I sure had a "bon couche" that night. And in the morning she had more waffles and coffee for me, and then she didn't want to take any money for it after doing all of that and treating me like a king. But when I left I gave Flore, her little daughter, twenty francs (about four dollars). That is just an example of the way they treated us all through Belgium. And I wish you could have heard the stories they told, of the cruel treatment of the Germans—this little girl I told you of in St. Leger, showed me a scar on her arm, reaching from her wrist to her shoulder, made by a German *bayonet*.

We spent several days in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg —a very pretty little country of woods and hills. I spent one day in the city of Luxemburg—the capital. It is a very quaint and picturesque city. It made me think of a book I read when I was a kid, *The Duchess of Luxemburg*. I little thought then that I would ever visit that country! But the people there were pro-German and so charged us exorbitant prices for everything. For instance, Thanksgiving day some of us fellows paid twenty marks apiece for a couple of old chickens that, judging from their toughness, had been dodging wagon and motor trucks since the war of 1870. And then the woman that cooked them for us charged us ten marks *apiece* (there were six of us) for cooking them.

We entered Germany on December first and did not reach this town until the sixteenth of December so you see we have covered quite a bit of Germany and I must say that it is much prettier than I expected it to be. Steep bluffs or cliffs rising up hundreds of feet and so steep that it is almost impossible to climb them. And yet around here the people have built paths up them and have planted grape vineyards on them, from which they make the famous Rhine wine—it is pretty good too, and costs only twelve marks a bottle here.

Billy Tursman and I are living with a German family, we have a room with a bed, etc., in it. But we do not have much to do with the Germans—they mind their business and we mind ours.

However, the man of the house where we are living was in the German army and was on our front in the Champagne drive of July 15, also the drive of St. Mihiel on Sept. 12. He knew our division and says we are very good fighters. He says our artillery barrage in the St. Mihiel drive was so heavy and accurate that they could not offer any resistance, so just retreated—those who were lucky enough to get away. It seems funny though to be sitting in a German soldier's house and talking to him when only a few weeks ago we would have tried to kill each other!

Foodstuffs in the small towns in Germany are plentiful and we can get a good meal of meat and potatoes and bread and butter for three or four marks. Of course, in the larger towns food is scarce. But I am glad we have reached our destination at last! You ride twenty or thirty kilometers a day and in the saddle from about eight o'clock in the forenoon and without stopping for dinner or anything except a ten-minute rest each hour, and you will be pretty tired; and then to do that day after day for over a month. But it has been a wonderful experience! There are many rumors going around about when we are coming home but I don't expect to come back for several months yet.

Sincerely,

E. J. Canright,

Medical Department, 149th Field Artillery,

A. E. F., A. P. O., No. 715.

Dernau, Germany,

Jan. 3, 1919.

My dear Mrs. Pierson: We spent a very quiet Christmas here. It snowed the night before Christmas and we woke up in the morning to find the mountains covered with snow! It made a very beautiful and picturesque picture—in fact it was so tempting that I started right out after breakfast and climbed clear to the top (they are the Eifel mountains). It was a hard climb and especially with the snow, because that made it slippery, too. But it was well worth the effort because the view from there is wonderful—you can see the Rhine River for miles with the boats going up and down it, and the little towns here and

there along its banks, and with the mountains for a background! I thought of you and how much more I would have enjoyed it all, if you could have been there with me.

Later in the day I celebrated the day by going to church—the first time I had been to church since we left Luneville last March; and in the evening we had a band concert in the town brewery—that's the only building large enough to hold us all! Nearly every German home has a Christmas tree in the front window. They look very pretty at night when they are lit up.

I have taken several trips down to Remagen—a very pretty little town on the Rhine River. The Rhine is about a mile wide there and has a very swift current. We patrol the banks of the Rhine and then we have a powerful motor boat with a machine gun mounted in the bow, that stops and searches every boat that passes up or down the river. You know the famous Apollinaris water comes from Remagen—it was named after St. Apollinaris! We travel anywhere and everywhere on the trains—and first class too, without paying fare. You know the railroads here are controlled by the German government, and we don't intend to give them any of our money.

And everywhere you go you will see pictures of the Kaiser and all his family, and of Von Hindenburg and Ludendorf! We are billeted in the schoolhouse now, and of course there are great, big pictures of Ludendorf and Hindenburg and the Kaiser and his family, and all the ex-Kaisers since the sixteenth century. But we have pasted pictures of President Wilson and General Pershing right over the pictures of the Prussian rulers. We intend to leave them there, too. The German people do not seem to think much of the Kaiser or Ludendorf, any more, but they still think Von Hindenburg is all right because he has "stuck" by the soldiers when the Kaiser and all the rest "beat it"!

All things considered I think we are pretty lenient with the Germans. However, we have arrested a few German civilians, for disobedience of orders, and have them in our guardhouse. But they get the same things to eat that we do—they are brought out under guard and eat at our kitchens, right with us! They certainly would not treat us like that if they were in power.

I would hate to live in Paris if *they* had won the war and had the troops of occupation there!

New Year's Eve we had a little party. The two ambulance drivers stationed with us entertained us with a violin and a mandolin. We had a barrel of beer (I didn't drink any though), and hardtack with a little jam, for refreshments! At midnight we all fired the clips in our automatics. Gee, it sounded like an attack! The Germans thought we were crazy and "beat it."

I wish I were back in France—the Germans can't even compare with the French, either in manners or in looks. The Germans are coarse and stupid, whereas the French are very refined and intellectual. Hope we go back there before we sail.

Sincerely,

E. J. Canright,
149th Field Artillery, A.E.F., A.P.O. No. 715.

Coblenz, Germany,
March 21, 1919.

My dear Aunt Blanche: From the banks of the Rhine, in Germany, to Milwaukee, in the good old U.S.A. is a long, long way, and I little thought when I was a kid going to school, and studied about Germany and the Rhine River, that I would ever stand "Wacht am Rhein," but that just shows how little we know our destinies.

You may be interested in a brief outline of the experiences of our Division, since leaving the United States, so I will attempt to give it to you as I remember it. We sailed from New York, October 18, 1917, on the S. S. *President Lincoln*—a German ship that was interned in New York harbor when we declared war on Germany, and we had made it into a troop ship. The German submarines torpedoed and sank it, last May.

We arrived in St. Nazaire, France, November first, 1917, and stayed there a few days. Then we went to Camp de Coetquidan, near Rennes, France, where we trained until February, when we entrained and went to the front, taking over the Luneville—and later the Baccarat sectors until July; and then because

of our good work there, were made "shock troops" and sent to the Champagne front, near Chalons, where we helped stop the famous German drive of July 15, when they tried to take Chalons! That was our first experience in open warfare, as heretofore we had had only trench warfare. And it was a hard battle, too, as the Germans put their best and specially-trained troops in front of us, and tried again and again to push us back or break our line, but we not only held them, but pushed *them* back.

After things quieted down on that front, other troops were put in our place and we were rushed up to the Chateau Thierry front, where we did some very hard fighting; pushing the Germans back through Fismes, Seringes, and Fer-en-Tardenois and across the Ourcq River. We were relieved then on August 11 and marched back through the ruins—or what was left of the once picturesque town of Chateau Thierry, and camped on the banks of the Marne River near Meaux. It was our first relief since going into the trenches in February. And we sure did enjoy the chance to rest and to swim in the river, as we were dirty and worn out and needed to get away, for a little while, from the roar and crash of the guns, and the horrible sights and hardships of the front.

We stayed there a few days and then entrained and went down to Romain-Sur-Meuse, near Chaumont, where we stayed until September first, when we started back marching by night, away up through Toul and took part in the St. Mihiel drive of September 12. We took the Germans completely by surprise and our artillery barrage was so heavy and effective that the Germans could not put up much resistance so they just retreated—that is those that were lucky enough to get away. We took many prisoners and the bodies of the dead Germans were lying everywhere, showing that we had done some good shooting. We advanced several kilometers on a wide front, liberating many towns and villages that the Germans had held for four years. And the unfortunate civilians who had been held there by the Germans, were nearly wild with joy, at being free once more.

They had been living little better than *slaves*, and told us of the cruel treatment, and the hard labor and poor and insufficient

food, and of the heavy and unjust fines that the Germans had imposed upon them! You could tell by their looks that they had suffered. After we had gained our objectives on that front, we turned it over to other troops and started the Meuse-Argonne offensive. That was the hardest of them all as the Germans put up a stubborn resistance and contested every foot that we pushed them back. And it rained continually so that the roads and fields were just a sea of mud! And to add to our difficulties the Germans mined and blew up the roads and bridges as they retreated. But we kept advancing just the same, day and night, getting what little rest and sleep, whenever and wherever we could. We were covered with mud and soaked to the skin, and we were pretty badly exhausted, too, as we had been at it, without any let up for several days. And our supplies were unable to keep up with us so we were hungry and cold, too, as all we had to eat was our emergency rations—hardtack and "corned willy"—that every soldier carries with him. And, of course, we couldn't build a fire to dry out with—everything was too wet, in the first place and then, too, the Germans would have seen it.

But nevertheless we had the Germans on the run and we intended to chase them clear to Berlin. We had advanced a long ways and had taken Grand Pré and Buzancy, and our patrols were in the outskirts of Sedan, when the armistice was signed on November 11 and the fighting was stopped.

We rested there a few days and then started on our long march across Belgium, and the Duchy of Luxemburg and into Germany to the Rhine, arriving here December 15. This is a beautiful country—much prettier than I thought it would be. But that is no credit to the Kaiser. The German people treat us nice—they wouldn't dare do otherwise. They do not seem to care much for the Kaiser or Crown Prince any more, but they do think a great deal of Von Hindenburg as he stayed with the soldiers when the Kaiser and the Crown Prince ran away into Holland.

There are not many young men left in Germany, as so many were killed in the war. Nearly every family has lost someone—either a father or a son—and sometimes both, in the war. There

is also a great scarcity of fats and grease. So of course they have very little soap—and what little they do have is very poor grade—practically worthless. We fellows have lots of fun trading soap as we can get almost anything with it—why some of the fellows have even got the famous German Iron Cross from some ex-German soldier's wife for a bar of laundry soap!

Rubber is also scarce, and it is a common sight to see automobiles with iron rims on them instead of tires. And even the bicycles have iron springs fastened together with an iron band in place of rubber tires. They make an awful noise, too, rattling and bumping along the streets! They don't need any horns or bells as you can hear them a mile away. Leather is also scarce and many people wear shoes made with cloth tops and wooden soles. I imagine they would be hard on the feet, and then, too, they make an awful noise, clattering along the sidewalk, but one consolation, I don't believe the soles ever wear out—and of course they are waterproof. Shall I send you a pair? Food is scarce in the larger cities, but in the small towns and villages they seem to have enough. We can get a good meal of meat and potatoes, black bread and sauerkraut for a few marks!

I have taken several trips on the Rhine River, going to Bonn and Cologne—the scenery is wonderful. I hope some day you can take it. Last month I was fortunate enough to get a two weeks furlough, part of which I spent in Paris—the most wonderful city in the world. I also spent several days in Rennes with a French family I met when I was there a year ago. I sure had a grand time and I dreaded to come back to Germany again as I love France and the French people.

General Pershing inspected our division last Sunday. It was quite an interesting occasion. He said many nice things about us, too. General Pershing is a fine appearing man—"every inch a soldier," and a commander-in-chief to be proud of.

We expect to turn in our horses and guns in a few days, so perhaps we will leave here soon.

Love,

Eldon J. Canright,
Medical Department, 149th Field Artillery,
A. E. F., A. P. O. No. 715.

A LETTER FROM RACINE IN 1843[1]

RACINE, December 19th, 1843.

MY DEAR UNCLE: Having a little leisure time a few evenings' since, I attempted to mark out on paper something to give you an idea of the location & general appearance of our village. The production you will find on the other part of this sheet. It is (or I need not say) that it is a very imperfect thing, but with a little explanation it may serve the purpose designed. You will observe that it lies directly on the shore of the Lake, Michigan Street being on the beach. It then rises quite abruptly forty feet above the Lake level & then assumes an almost perfect level. By a reference to the accompaning map you will observe that Root River comes in & passes through nearly the centre of the village. At present however the principal part of the village is on the south side of the River, yet it is now building up on the north side. The river is nearly on a level with the Lake & its banks on the south side are of the same height of the Lake shore, & very bold, while on the other side they are more sloping. All of the public buildings are on the south side of the River & all of the business is done on that side. The principle street is Main S^{t} & nearly all of the mercantile business is done on it. There are now twenty-six stores large & small on this street, ten on the east side & sixteen on the west. Be[d]sides [sic] a great number of Lawyer offices, Doctor^{s} offices Printing offices, & mechanics shops of nearly every branch of business. The Court House & Registers office, together with the best Hotel are situated on the west side of the public square fronting the Lake. There are three good Hotels in the place & another splendid, & spacious one soon to be erected just below our store on the opposite side of the street. There are fourteen lawyers, five physicians now practicing here. The Congregational is the only church completed. That is a very plain & cheap building designed only as a temporary one. The Methodist have a very good church in process of erection. The episcopalians worship in the Court House & the Baptists in the Seminary. All have organized churches & societies with settled pastors. Sabbath schools &

[1] This document was recently acquired by this Society through the courtesy of the Connecticut State Library, Hartford.—Editor.

Bible classes are connected with each congregation. The Harbor is now in process of construction. Root River is a stream of considerable importance, varing in width from one to two hundred feet & navigable for any class vessels for two miles up. The mouth is barred up with sand thrown in by the Seas of the Lake, but opened by the spring freshets. In constructing a Harbor it is necessary to build out two piers one each side of the mouth of the river to a certain distance, first to get into deep water and 2d to get past the moveing sand on the shore, then by dredging out the bar the piers will prevent its again being formed. The north pier is completed & the south one is commenced & prepared for the operation of the spring freshets. When this Harbor is completed it will admit Steam Boats & vessels into the River & not only be very convenient for loading & discharging but will also be a safe harbor from storms & gales. Heretofore all goods & passengers have been shipped & landed by means of boats & scows. Great advantage is calculated upon from the completion of this harbor. It is being built by the citizens of the village. They have expended already upwards of Ten thousand dollars on it & have just unanimously agreed to raise five thousand dollars more to prosecute the work. This place enjoys the advantage of one of the finest back countries in the whole west. There has already been purchased here this season upwards of eighty thousand bushels of wheat, besides, Lead, Pork, Hides, Furs &c &c. The country is becoming settled & improved with unparalelled rapidity. A farmer told me to day that a ten acre field of wheat yielded him over three hundred & fifty bushels. Wheat is now selling for sixty-four & sixty-five cents. Village lots are now held at pretty high prices varying from $100 to $600. of course property on Main St is valued the highest. Buildings rent enormously high, according to the cost of the same. They rent upon an average at least for 25 per cent. The village now contains probably not far from twelve to fourteen hundred inhabitants & from its location, its commercial advantages & its back country it must grow & become an important place. Lands for some distance back are valued very highly, yet good farms with some improvements can be bought at very low prices.

There is no government land within nearly forty miles, that is desirable quality—Many farms have doubled in value within twelve months, such has been the rush of emigration, to the Territory. David our former engineer, came out here a few weeks ago & has purchased him a farm of 80 acres within about 12 miles of here, with a comfortable frame house, fifteen acres, broken & feneed & ten acres of wheat in all for four hundred dollars. He has moved on to it & I am truly glad that David is well fixed.

Thursday Dec^{r} 21st. Yesterday for the first time I took a short trip into the country. My object chiefly was to look at a piece of land about nine miles from here. It is a farm of one hundred & twenty acres. I[t] has been claimed by preëmption but the right has expired & it can now be bought at government price 1.25 per acre. We think of & shall probably enter it. It is a very fine piece of land well located, mostly prairie but some wood on it. It will make a very fine farm for wheat or anything else. Lands adjoining cannot be bought for five dollars per acre. The country back of us is all taken up & quite thickly settled. After getting back two & a half miles we come on to a prairie nine miles wide & twelve miles long dotted with groves occasionally, but in some portions of it for miles not a tree is to be seen. This extensive prairie is covered with settlements & a large portion fenced into farms & under cultivation. It is a most magnificent sight to get on to some prominent bluff (as it lies gently rolling) & survey the almost boundless prairie, covered with farm houses & enclosures. The soil it is needless to say is rich & very productive. Wool growing & the raising of stock is commanding considerable attention & these prairies are well adapted to that business. They furnish an abundance of pasturage & from the swails can be cut natural hay equal & even superior for cattle to the best English hay. These lands are watered by springs chiefly, but have occasional living streams. After crossing the prairie you again come into timber land & then prairie. Walworth County lies directly west of this & is considered the best agricultural county in the Territory. The produce raised back sixty & seventy miles comes to this market.

This is undoubtedly to be the principal wheat market in the Territory. Good flouring mills are already in operation & we have as good quality flour as any other. Wheat has sold to day as high as 67½ᶜ per bushel. This we consider too high to warrant our purchasing. We have bought some at lower prices, but have sold it again. My opinion is that produce & other property will be lower in the spring & money will not be as plenty. I found this opinion on the fact of there being such an immense quantity of goods in the country. I am certain that there are more than can be sold & paid for promptly. I fear New York people will find that they have done too much credit business the past season. If it be true that they have sold the amount of goods reported, it will prove a disastrous business. The country was not prepared for it & cannot afford it. Many merchants altogether mistake the character & wants of this western country, & bring out immense stocks of merchandise, larger than the country demands. Although it is a great country & a numerous population, still their wants are comparatively few & simple. Another evil is, merchants increase too fast in proportion to the country & balance of the community. The truth is, merchandizing enjoys no peculiar advantages in a new country, it is the advance of real estate & land that affords better success to investment. At this moment I know of no investment that offers such inducements as property in this village or in good lands back of it. But I fear I have already detained you too long on this subject & am also making a long letter without much matter in it. I will just say that our friend Codding[2] is in town & lectured last evening upon the subject of Anti slavery. He is to spend several days here. The cause meets with considerable favor in this place & a society has been formed. It may also be said that moral and religious sentiments are in a good degree recognized & cherished in this community. The Sabbath reverenced & other religious institutions are very generally observed or at least respected. I will say with regard to our business, that it has thus far been very good & fully met our calculations. My health is good & I think my ambition is full

[2] Rev. Ichabod Codding, later editor of the Waukesha *American Freeman*.—Editor.

equal to my strength. William is well & very well pleased with our location & business. I hear from Caroline often, which relieves my intense & abiding anxiety for her welfare. This being seperated from my dear wife is any thing but agreeable to me. I am sure that if to acquire a fortune, it became necessary for me to be seperated from her any considerable portion of the time, I should give up the chase & content myself with what happiness I derive from her society. Kindly remember me to my dear Aunt & other friends. With many thanks dear Uncle for your oft repeated kindness & paternal regard, believe me very faithfully Yours

H. S. Durand

Addressed: Maj. Elisha A. Cowles
Meriden
Single Connecticut
[Postmark] Racine, Dec. 22, Wis. T.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Additions to Historical Society

During the three months' period ending January 10, 1922, there were fifty-five additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. Twelve of these enrolled as life members, as follows: George Carey, Beloit; Edith B. Heidner, West Bend; Ada L. James, Richland Center; Malcolm J. Jeffries, Janesville; Walter J. Kohler, Kohler; Edwin Ludlow, Monroe; Mrs. Lillie M. Merrill, Rochester; Archie Reid, Jr., Janesville; George K. Tallman, Janesville; Samuel M. Williams, Milwaukee; Pierpont J. E. Wood, Janesville; Charles C. Voorhis, New York City.

Forty-three persons became annual members of the Society: Celia V. Andrews, Prairie du Chien; John S. Baker, Evansville; Rev. Robert J. Barnes, Hayward; Mrs. A. H. Betts, Waukesha; Edna L. Bishoff, Superior; Cornelius Buckley, Beloit; Mark R. Byers, La Crosse; Grant W. Davis, Milton; Frank J. Desmond, Milwaukee; Thomas S. Dick, Milwaukee; Corydon T. Fargo, Jefferson; Gustave C. Fried, Milwaukee; Eugene A. Fuller, Madison; Irma Hochstein, Madison; Christian A. Hoen, Edgerton; Rev. William F. Hood, Superior; Harry L. Horning, Waukesha; Dr. George E. Hoyt, Menomonee Falls; Roy K. Johnston, Brandon; Bernice Landaal, Elcho; Mrs. H. H. Lane, Darlington; Andrew Lewis, Monroe; John MacDonald, Poynette, R.R.; Lucile Marcy, Suring; Mrs. Bertha Marx, Portland, Ore.; Dr. John G. Meachem, Jr., Racine; Albert F. Meier, Milwaukee; Dudley Montgomery, Madison; Theodore Munchow, Madison; Conrad E. Patzer, Milwaukee; Josiah B. Pierce, Brodhead; John V. Quinlan, Soperton; Edward J. Reynolds, Madison; Mrs. Florence E. Riegel, Shullsburg; Mrs. Alvin F. Rote, Monroe; Charles A. Sakrison, Madison; Julia M. Scannell, Milwaukee; Dr. Dean S. Smith, La Crosse; Rea J. Steele, Wild Rose; Frank G. Swoboda, Wausau; Stanley D. Tallman, Janesville; Charles W. Tomlinson, Mt. Horeb; Evan L. Thomas, Waukesha.

J. H. Martin of Racine changed from annual to life membership.

[Mr. J. H. A. Lacher, chairman of the Membership Committee, has sent us eleven new members—two life and nine annual. Mr. John M. Whitehead of Janesville, one of the curators, has sent ten new members—five life and five annual. These are the most notable results of the recent membership campaign.]

Our Contributors

General Charles King ("Recollections of a Busy Life") is one of Wisconsin's best known sons. The story of his career, begun in this number, will run through two succeeding issues of the Magazine.

Louise P. Kellogg ("The Services and Collections of Lyman Copeland Draper") is senior research associate of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

William A. Titus ("Grand Butte Des Morts: A Hamlet with a History"), a resident of Fond du Lac, contributes the ninth of his interesting series of studies in local Wisconsin history.

J. H. A. Lacher ("Visions of a Wisconsin Gold Seeker") of Waukesha is a curator of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin and an enthusiastic cultivator of the history of the state.

M. P. Rindlaub ("More Recollections of Abraham Lincoln") of Platteville is a newspaper editor and publisher of more than sixty years' standing.

The Reverend Stanley E. Lathrop ("Statistics of the First Wisconsin Cavalry in the Civil War") of Madison is a survivor of the fine regiment whose statistics he has so painstakingly compiled.

For a sketch of Eldon J. Canright, the second installment of whose war-time letters is printed in this issue, the reader is referred to the December, 1921 issue of this magazine, page 171.

MARSHALL MASON STRONG

VOL. V 1921-1922

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN. JOSEPH SCHAFER, Superintendent, MILO M. QUAIFE, Editor

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MARSHALL MASON STRONG, RACINE PIONEER

EUGENE WALTER LEACH

In presenting this sketch of Marshall M. Strong, it seems proper to state, by way of prelude, that I was but a lad when Mr. Strong died, in 1864, and do not remember ever to have seen him. I have talked, however, with many discerning people who knew him well, all of whom have spoken of him in terms of unqualified praise and almost reverential respect and regard. In city and county and court records I have encountered his name and his work repeatedly. In every authentic history of Racine County and of the state of Wisconsin he is given a definite place in the beginnings of things. What I have learned of Mr. Strong has awakened in me an ardent admiration for him, and a conviction that the people of this generation in his home city and state should know something of the life and work of one of the real founders of this commonwealth of ours—a man who was fitted for the task, and who left the impress of his genius and high character on its political, educational, professional, and civic institutions, and an example of probity in his public and private life well worthy of emulation.

Marshall Mason Strong was a prominent figure in that notable group of sterling men and women who migrated from New England and New York to southeastern Wisconsin in the decade beginning with 1834. They were people with a background of inheritance and training that fitted them for pioneer work—for foundation laying—and they gave the communities where they settled a tone and character that have survived the lapse of three-fourths of a century of time, and the influence of that other flood of alien peoples that has poured into the same section in the last sixty years.

Mr. Strong was exceptionally well equipped for the task that confronted those pioneers. The founder of the Strong family in this country—Elder John Strong—came from England to Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1630, and with one exception the succeeding five generations, leading in line to the subject of this sketch, continued to live in that state, the exception being the father of our subject, Hezekiah Wright Strong, a lawyer of marked distinction, who moved to Troy, New York, in 1832, where he died October 7, 1848, aged seventy-nine. His paternal grandfather, Simeon Strong, a graduate of Yale College, attained eminence both as a preacher and as a lawyer; he was a justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts from 1800 until his death on December 14, 1805, aged sixty-nine.

It will be worth while to note here that Elder John Strong was the paternal ancestor also of Moses M. Strong, another pioneer lawyer of Wisconsin who achieved eminence. Being a contemporary with a similar name, he has sometimes been confused with Marshall M. Strong, though he was not a near relative. He came to Wisconsin in 1836 from Vermont, representing capitalists interested in the lead mines, and settled at Mineral Point, where he continued to reside, except for a brief interval when he lived in Milwaukee, until his death July 20, 1894.

Mr. Strong was born at Amherst, Massachusetts, September 3, 1813. I have made considerable effort to learn something of his childhood and youth, but with little success. It is now more than ninety-five years since he celebrated his thirteenth birthday, and there are none living now who knew him then; while no written account of his early life has been found, further than the bare record of his years in college. His collegiate education was begun at Amherst, where he spent two years, from 1830 to 1832. In September of the latter year he entered Union College, Schenectady, New York, his father having removed from

Amherst to Troy, New York during that year. He did not graduate from Union, however, and there is no record of the time he left there. He subsequently engaged in the study of law at Troy, where he was admitted to the bar. He must have come West very soon thereafter, for on June 2, 1836, before he was twenty-three years old, he arrived at Racine—then called Root River—by the Great Lakes route, on the steamboat *Pennsylvania*. From this day forth to the day of his death he was closely and continuously identified with the interests of the community and commonwealth which he had chosen as the field of his life work.

Although Gilbert Knapp, the founder of Racine, staked out his claim comprising the original plat of the city in November, 1834, settlement did not begin thereon until the spring of 1835. During this year half a dozen frame buildings and a few log houses were erected. The arrivals during the spring of 1836 did not add greatly to the population of the village, and it was therefore an undeveloped, pioneer settlement to which young Strong came, and to whose fortunes he joined his own on that June day in the second year of Racine's history. There was nothing that invited to ease or pleasure in the immediate prospect, and only the man with vision and a will to work—only the true pioneer—could be attracted by what it held in prospect.

Mr. Strong was the first lawyer who settled in Racine County, and there were few in the state who preceded him. Soon after his arrival he formed a partnership with Stephen N. Ives, and a general store was opened under the name of Strong and Ives, from which it may be inferred that there was little or no demand for the services of a lawyer at that stage of the settlement's growth. Charles E. Dyer, in his historical address, states that Judge Frazer, territorial justice, was the first judge who presided in April, 1837 over a court of record in Racine County, and that only eight days were occupied by the court in the three terms held there in the first eighteen months of its existence.

In the absence of positive record it seems probable that Mr. Strong continued as senior partner of the village store until the increasing demands of his profession required all of his time. This change must have come about comparatively early, for the troubled years from 1837 to 1839 brought many disputes between the settlers over the boundaries of their respective claims. It is a matter of record that Strong's legal ability was often invoked in the composition of these disputes. In June, 1837 a wide-reaching organization of the settlers of southeastern Wisconsin was formed, the object of which was the mutual protection of the settlers in their claims, and in fixing the boundary lines between them. All were trespassers in the eyes of the law, and it required wise counsel, as well as firm purpose and concerted action, to enforce fair dealing by those who were otherwise disposed. Gilbert Knapp was the president of this organization, and Marshall M. Strong was a member of the committee which drafted its constitution. It included a judicial committee, or court, before which all cases were heard and all disputes definitely and finally settled. It was government by the people without the sanction of written law, but with the force of a practically unanimous public opinion, and as a temporary expedient it worked well.

Mr. Strong married Amanda Hawks of Troy, New York, on May 27, 1840, and brought her to his home in Wisconsin, where he was rapidly making a place and name for himself. Three children were born to them, one of whom—Robert—died in infancy. Before six years of their married life had passed, a devastating shadow fell across the path of Mr. Strong. On January 27, 1846, while he was at Madison attending a session of the territorial council, of which he was a member, his home in Racine was destroyed by fire and his entire family, consisting of wife and two children, perished in the flames. The children were Henry, aged four years and ten months, and Juliet, aged nine months.

The appalling tragedy shocked the community and the Territory as perhaps no similar occurrence had ever done, and the profound sympathy of all citizens went out to the stricken husband and father.

The next day Albert G. Knight, a friend of Mr. Strong, undertook to convey to him at Madison the news of his bereavement and bring him home; there being no railroad he made the trip with his own horses and sleigh. On arrival at the capitol he found Mr. Strong addressing the Council. At the conclusion of his argument he was given the distressing news, when without a word he put aside his business, secured his wraps and effects, and accompanied Mr. Knight on the return trip, sitting with bowed head and speaking scarcely at all during the two full days that it consumed. Both houses of the legislature passed appropriate resolutions and adjourned.[1]

During the last dozen years I have talked with a number of people, all now dead, who lived in Racine in 1846 and were witnesses of the fire and its tragic ending. One of these was Mrs. Margaret Lewis, mother of ex-Alderman John H. Lewis, who died very recently. In 1846 she was a maid in the home of lawyer Edward G. Ryan, later chief justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin, who lived in the house at the northeast corner of Seventh and Chippewa streets, which is still standing and in fairly good condition. Marshall M. Strong was his next-door neighbor on the north, the buildings being not more than thirty feet apart. Mrs. Lewis, who at the time was sixteen years of age, witnessed all of the terrifying incidents connected with the burning of Mr. Strong's house and the death of his wife and children on that winter night, and they made a very deep impression

[1] The information contained in this paragraph was secured a few years ago from Mrs. Albert G. Knight, who is now dead. She stated that it was the supreme court where her husband found Mr. Strong engaged, but reference to contemporary Madison papers shows that it was the Council, to which Mr. Strong belonged. Mrs. Knight told me that her husband had a great admiration for Mr. Strong, and spoke of him often in terms of affection and high praise.—Author.

on her mind, the recollection of them being vivid until the day of her death in 1913.

Bereft of his entire family at the age of thirty-three, Mr. Strong was deeply afflicted, and for a time bore the distressing burden silently and alone. The passing weeks, however, mitigated the poignancy of his sorrow, and he returned with something of his usual cheerfulness and vigor to his professional and political duties. The new and very important work connected with the deliberations of the first constitutional convention, of which he was a member, and into which, in the fall of 1846, he threw himself wholeheartedly, was no doubt a beneficent factor in the healing of his stricken life.

On September 19, 1850, he married Emilie M. Ullmann of Racine, daughter of Isaac J. Ullmann, a banker. There were born of this union two sons and one daughter. Ullmann Strong was born June 30, 1851; was educated at Yale, where he graduated in 1873; practised law in Chicago until 1900, when he retired, and now lives at Summit, New Jersey. Henry Strong was born September 22, 1853, and died October 23, 1912. He was engaged in the lumber business at Kansas City, Missouri. Fannie A. Strong was born April 17, 1860, and died February 24, 1911. Emilie Ullmann Strong, the wife and mother, survived her husband forty-seven years, and died April 19, 1911. Ullmann Strong is the only member of the family now living. His generous response to my request for information for the purposes of this sketch is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

Mr. Strong was a consistent and constant friend of education during all of his life. He was one of the incorporators of the Racine Seminary, with whose subsequent history I am not familiar. On April 5, 1842, he was elected, with Lyman K. Smith and Eldad Smith, father of Mrs. John G. Meachem, member of the first board of school commissioners of the town of Racine. This board, and its

successors until 1853, had entire charge of school management and the collection and disbursement of school funds, the sources of which were in the management and disposition of the school section lands. In 1893 Col. John G. McMynn, in a letter to H. G. Winslow, then city superintendent of schools, paid a high compliment to Marshall M. Strong, A. C. Barry, and others for their capable and wise management of the public schools of Racine previous to 1852.

Mr. Strong was one of the incorporators and a member of the first board of trustees of Racine College in 1852, and continued an enthusiastic supporter of the institution all of his life thereafter. He and Dr. Elias Smith were influential in securing from Charles S. Wright and Isaac Taylor the gift of the original ten acres of land on which the college buildings are located. In 1853 he was a member of the faculty as a lecturer on political science. In an historical sketch of Racine College by Horace Wheeler, A.M., an alumnus, a high tribute is paid to its Racine friends and patrons, a number of whom he listed, adding, "and Marshall M. Strong, Esq., who was not only a large contributor, but whose counsel and personal efforts down to the day of his death were of inestimable value."

Mr. Strong was not only the first lawyer in Racine, but he tried and won the first lawsuit in Racine County, which grew out of a competitive squirrel hunt in which he was leader of one side and Norman Clark of the other. It had been agreed that all kinds of game should be hunted; a squirrel to count a certain number of points, a muskrat another, a deer's head 300, and a live wolf 1000; trophies to be obtained by fair means or foul. Two of the party heard of a deer hunter at Pleasant Prairie who had a good collection of heads, and they stealthily set out for them and got them. Meanwhile Mr. Strong's party heard of a live wolf in Chicago. It was sent for, but while being brought to

Racine it was killed by a Captain Smith of a party of drunken sailors at Willis's tavern, west of Kenosha on the Chicago stage road, the weapon used being a bottle of gin. In the meantime Mr. Strong went to Milwaukee and got a sleigh-load of muskrat noses, which out-counted everything. The squirrel hunt was broken up; Mr. Clark had ruined Schuyler Mattison's horse and had to pay $75 damages. Mr. Strong brought suit against Captain Smith for killing the wolf, and the jury, before Justice-of-the-Peace Mars, brought in a verdict of "guilty," assessing damages at six cents, Norman Clark being on the jury.

Mr. Strong was the first city attorney for Racine, having been elected for the first city council in 1848. In 1856–57 he was city railroad commissioner, whose duty it was to look after the city's interests, and to vote its $300,000 stock in the stockholders' meetings of the Racine and Mississippi Railroad. In 1859 the city had a bonded indebtedness of $400,000—railroad, harbor, plank-road, school, and bridge bonds—a burdensome load, on which even the interest remained unpaid, and there was serious talk of repudiation. Mr. Strong opposed this, and warned the people that they were "riding on a stolen railway; using a stolen harbor; traveling over stolen roads and bridges; and sending their children to stolen schools." The city narrowly escaped bankruptcy, but did not repudiate its debts.

In the forties and fifties two-thirds of the people hereabouts were Democrats, and Mr. Strong was a Democrat in politics, though temperamentally an aristocrat. His political career may be said to have been limited to the decade between 1841 and 1851; at any rate he held no public office after the latter date. On the organization of the village of Racine in the spring of 1841, he was elected a member of the first board of trustees. It does not appear from the records of the meetings of that first board that the business before them was such as would tax very

severely the business or professional capacity of men of the quality of Mr. Strong, and it is surmised that he may have had some such feeling, for he never again appeared as a candidate for an elective village or city office. He was, however, chosen a member of the upper house—the territorial council—of the legislative assemblies of 1838–39 and 1843–47 inclusive, and as member of the lower house in 1849. Before the close of the session of 1838–39 he resigned, and Lorenzo Janes was appointed to serve his unexpired term.

Although Mr. Strong maintained a patriotic and lively interest in all political movements during his lifetime, he was indifferent to the appeal of public office, except as it meant opportunity and power to promote the public good; this sounds trite, but is true nevertheless. Strife for his own political preferment was extremely distasteful to him, for he was above the small hypocrisies sometimes practised —often with success—in personal political contests, and his experience had bred in him early a detestation of those methods of courting success, and of the men who practised them. In a Fourth of July address in 1846 he gave utterance to sentiments betokening more than a tinge of cynicism also in his political views, when he said: "Are not the electors all over the Union influenced more or less by personal or local considerations; by unfounded prejudice; by falsehood, asserted and reiterated with the pertinacity of truth; by political intrigue and management, until it has come to be regarded in the minds of many worthy men, almost a disgrace to be chosen to office? They seem to ask, in the language of the poet,

> How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
> Honor or wealth with all his worth and pains!
> It seems like stories from the land of spirits,
> If any man obtain that which he merits,
> Or any merit that which he obtains.

"It is certainly unfortunate that our system of government should in any manner offer a bounty for fraud,

intrigue, and hypocrisy, and that that bounty should be some of its highest offices."

In the course of an address before the Lawyers' Club of Racine County on May 7, 1901, Charles E. Dyer[2] gave an estimate and appreciation of Mr. Strong, from which I think it worth while to quote the following paragraphs:

"As senior at the bar in age and residence, stood Marshall M. Strong. I wish you could have known him. He was an ideal lawyer, and none excelled him in the state of Wisconsin. He was tall, though somewhat stooping; slender, and as clear-cut as a model in marble. His head and face were as purely intellectual as any I ever saw. His great eyes shining out of his face looked you through, and told you that his mind was as clear and bright as a burnished scimitar. When he made manifest his intellectual power in argument or conversation, he made one think of the inscription on the old Spanish sword,—'never draw me without reason—never sheathe me without honor.'

"No matter what demonstration of opposing intellect he encountered, he was as cool and impassive as a statue. In the law and in every department of knowledge he was a philosopher. He was quiet, urbane, earnest, unimpassioned, and his logic was inexorable. I do not think I ever heard him laugh aloud, but his argument was so persuasive, and his smile and gesture so gentle and winning, that when once the listener yielded his premises, there was no escape from his conclusion.

"Discomfiture was unknown to him. He never exhibited depression in defeat nor exultation in success—a true rule of conduct for every lawyer. Once I saw him in a great case, when Matthew H. Carpenter swept the courtroom with a tornado of eloquence. He sat unaffected, self-controlled, betraying not an emotion, not a fear—only a cheerful smile

[2] On the death of Mr. Strong, Mr. Dyer became the junior partner of Henry T. Fuller, who had himself been junior partner in the firm of Strong and Fuller.—Author.

of derision. Then he arose to reply, as confident as if he were presenting an ex parte motion, and before he finished Carpenter had not a leg to stand on.

"A natural logician, Mr. Strong stated his propositions in such manner that you had to beware lest they should lead you captive, although your relation to the case made it necessary to controvert them. There was no noise in his utterances—no oratory—not the slightest demonstration for effect. He carried one along by processes of pure reasoning. Yet on suitable occasion he was eloquent. He was somewhat like Wendell Phillips, who held his audiences spellbound, yet never made a gesture. His arguments were in the nature of quiet conversations with the court—sometimes refined and perhaps fallacious, generally invincible. Intellect reigned supreme, and he was as pure a man as ever looked upon the sunlight. When Timothy O. Howe, of the marble face, lay in his last sleep, Robert Collyer bending over him at the funeral exercises in Kenosha, taking no Bible text, waved his hand over the bier and said, 'This is clean dust.' So was Marshall M. Strong 'clean dust,' living or dead.

"I can think of no higher tribute to character than that paid to Mr. Strong, long after his death, by the Supreme Court, in delivering its judgment in the case of Cornell vs. Barnes, reported in 26th Wisconsin. It was a suit for collection of a debt by foreclosure of mortgage security, and involved a considerable amount. The defense was usury, and if there was a usurious contract, it was made by Mr. Strong as the attorney of the mortgagee. In fact he had made the loan for his client and represented him in every stage of the transaction. The usury alleged connected itself with the breach of a secondary contract by Mr. Strong, if there was any breach, and this was the vital point. The lips of Mr. Strong were sealed in death, and our evidence to repel the charge was largely circumstantial. Said the

Supreme Court, in its opinion written by Justice Byron Paine: 'The high character of Mr. Strong, who was well known to the people of this state and to the members of this court, seems also to speak for him when he is unable to speak for himself and repels the assertion that he would thus violate a plain agreement, as unfounded and improbable.' "

Mr. Charles H. Lee, a bright Racine lawyer and something of a scholar and litterateur himself, who as a young man was a student in the office of Fuller and Dyer, knew Mr. Strong quite well during the years just preceding his death. He also became very familiar with Mr. Fuller's estimate of the man who for many years was his senior partner. Mr. Lee, a few years ago, wrote for me a brief appreciation of Mr. Strong, in which he said: "He had an exceedingly high conception of the duties and dignity of his chosen profession, was liberal and kindly to his juniors at the bar, and always ready to counsel and assist them. He disliked noise or bombast, and while no one in his day was more successful with juries, his arguments were always addressed to their reason, their common sense, their spirit of fairness, never to their passions or their prejudices."

Mr. Lee told me also that Mr. Strong was a friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who always stopped at Racine to visit him when he came West. At the dedication of the memorial tablet erected in the high school for its alumni who lost their lives in the War of the Rebellion, Mr. Emerson made an address. He lectured here also at another time at Titus Hall. Charles E. Dyer has written of his pleasure in meeting Mr. Emerson for a half-hour after this lecture, on invitation of Mr. Strong, of whom he wrote: "On another occasion he had Wendell Phillips as a guest; thus he was a patron of literature and a friend of humanity, as well as an expounder of the law. He was a man of fine literary tastes and accomplishments. During the Rebellion he wrote

letters to Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton on the conduct of the war. When John Brown was hanged he called a meeting on his own responsibility at the old court-house, and made a speech in defense and eulogy of the old hero."

Mr. Strong's literary tastes led him naturally into newspaper work in the earlier years of his life in Racine, and he made two side ventures into that attractive field, though he never took it up as a vocation, or let it interfere seriously with his professional work as a lawyer. On February 14, 1838, the first number of the first newspaper in Racine County appeared, with the name of N. Delavan Wood as editor and the following as proprietors: Marshall M. Strong, Gilbert Knapp, John M. Myers, Lorenzo Janes, Stephen N. Ives, and Alfred Cary. The *Argus* was a four-page weekly. The second number contained an editorial announcement that N. Delavan Wood was no longer connected with the paper, though carefully omitting details. The fact was that the former editor had absconded with all of the portable assets, and had been followed to Chicago by Marshall M. Strong, who recovered a portion of the loot. It is likely that it was on the *Argus* that Mr. Strong had his first experience as an editor, for the paper had but eight months of life, its last issue being dated October 6, 1838, and only the proprietors' names appeared at the head of the paper after the first issue.

The Racine *Advocate* was founded in 1842, with Thomas J. Wisner as editor. Mr. Wisner died August 12, 1843, and Mr. Strong became editor; he continued to direct its affairs until December, 1844. Charles E. Dyer, in 1879, said of the paper, "No better newspaper has ever been published in the county than the *Advocate* under the editorial charge of Marshall M. Strong." Mr. Strong's hatred of the shams and deceits practised by many for purposes of profit and preferment in business and politics is clearly revealed by the policy he adopted in excluding from the columns of the

Advocate the quack medicine advertisements which were so prominent a feature of the newspapers of that day, and so remunerative a source of income for them. It brings into sharp relief, also, the fundamental idealism that actuated him, which a half-century or more later found national expression in the very real pure-food laws of the land.

In January, 1846 the territorial legislature passed an act providing for submission to the people of the Territory at a special election, (1) the question of a change from territorial to state government; (2) providing for a census of the inhabitants of the territory; and (3) for electing delegates to a constitutional convention to be assembled at Madison the first Monday in October, 1846. The consideration of these propositions occupied almost the whole month of January, and Mr. Strong, who was a member of the upper house, took a prominent part in the debates. One proposal, in the discussion of which there were many sharp exchanges, was that negroes be permitted to vote for convention delegates, which was favored by Marshall M. Strong, and violently opposed by Moses M. Strong of Iowa County. The latter stated that at a recent election in his county, for delegate to Congress, the abolition candidate did not get a single vote, and he thought it poor policy "to give the South any reason to suspect that Wisconsin was favorably disposed toward the abolition movement"—which is an interesting side-light on abolition sentiment—or the want of it—in Wisconsin in 1846.

Marshall M. Strong, in reply, championed the cause of the negro in spirited argument, but to no effect. The legislature was strongly Democratic and anti-abolition, and the outcome of the matter was that negroes were not permitted to vote for delegates to the constitutional convention. Comparatively few northern Democrats, then or later, were outspoken in favor of the abolition of slavery, and Marshall M. Strong found in his own party little sup-

port of his legislative efforts to secure for the free negro in Wisconsin recognition of his civil and political rights as a man and a citizen.

The convention met and organized on October 5, 1846, with Marshall M. Strong and Edward G. Ryan as two of the fourteen delegates from Racine County, which at the time had the largest population of any in the state. When the question of negro suffrage came up in the convention, E. G. Ryan of Racine and Moses M. Strong of Iowa County made violent speeches in opposition to it, and Marshall M. Strong, who in the legislature ten months before had championed it, declared that he "had changed his views on the subject and would vote against it," and that was about all that he had to say on the subject in the convention. When the matter came to a vote there, but thirteen were for it in a total of 124, and the people of the Territory confirmed this action by a vote of nearly two to one when the question of negro suffrage was submitted to them on April 6, 1847.

The convention was in the control of the progressive wing of the democracy, and Mr. Strong, being a conservative Democrat, found himself in opposition to the majority on the three great issues before the body, which were finally settled after extended and spirited debate, and the convention declared itself, (1) against all banks of issue; (2) for an elective judiciary; and (3) for full property rights for married women.

In the debates on these proposals there was intense and continual antagonism between Mr. Strong, on the one hand, who opposed them, and his colleague Ryan and his namesake from Iowa County, on the other, who favored them. So indignant was the first, and so sure of his ground, that when the convention finally adopted them he resigned his seat and went home to organize a campaign to defeat the constitution when it should be submitted to

the people for ratification, a project in which he was entirely successful, for on April 6, 1847, it was rejected by a vote of 20,233 to 14,119.

Mr. Strong declined membership in the second constitutional convention, made necessary by the rejection of the work of the first. The constitution which it formulated, and which was ratified in 1848, is still in force, the oldest constitution of any state west of the Allegheny Mountains. Mr. Strong was elected to the first state legislature in 1849, and took a prominent part in the revision of the statutes of the state, after which he retired permanently from the political strife so necessarily connected with public life, which was uncongenial to his thoughtful, quiet, and domestic nature.

Three recent publications of the State Historical Society —viz., *The Movement for Statehood 1845–1846*, *The Convention of 1846*, and *The Struggle over Ratification 1846–1847*, Constitutional Series, edited by Milo M. Quaife—have made it possible to get intimate and accurate estimates of some of the "Fathers" of Wisconsin, that have previously been difficult to secure. They are just the books for any who may wish to make an exhaustive study of those movements and men. They furnish a wealth of material, also, in the contemporary opinions of associates in the legislature and the conventions, and of newspaper editors and correspondents whose impressions and judgments were given frank and free expression. I think it worth while to make two or three quotations from these volumes which throw into bold relief the essential attributes of character that made Marshall M. Strong the real leader that he was.

On the organization of the convention Mr. Strong was a candidate for its presidency, and received the second largest number of votes on the first three ballots. As to his fitness for that office we have the opinion of E. G. Ryan, his colleague from Racine County, who in convention

business had seldom been in agreement with him. Mr. Ryan contributed a series of articles to the Racine *Advocate* during the convention, under the pseudonym "Lobby," and in commenting on the resignation of Mr. Strong directly after that event, he said, among other things: "His resignation is deeply lamented by all with whom he has been in the habit of acting, and his presence in the hall is greatly missed by all. His whole course in the convention was marked by great ability; he was ever a ready, fluent, and practical debater; very courteous in his bearing to all, and frequently, when assailed, giving proofs by his calmness and self-possession, of eminent fitness as well in temper as in ability for his position. His circumstances would undoubtedly have rendered the presidency of the convention a more desirable position to him; his occasional presence in the chair fully warranted his claims upon it; and neither I nor many others here have now any doubt that had the usages of the party been observed, and a caucus nomination made that nomination would have fallen upon him. The result was a far greater loss to the public than to him. Without any injustice to the present presiding officer, I feel well warranted in saying that, if Mr. Strong had been chosen the president, the convention would have adjourned weeks ago with a better constitution than they have now adopted." When in the midst of controversy a man steps aside to praise his adversary, he may be given credit for candor.

In the campaign for ratification of the constitution of 1846 Marshall M. Strong was generally recognized as leader of the opposition. He addressed a big rally of the antis at the Milwaukee courthouse on March 6, 1847, which was reported for the Madison *Wisconsin Argus* by its correspondent "John Barleycorn"; he said that when introduced to the meeting, Mr. Strong was "greeted with overwhelming cheers for several minutes. He spoke about half an hour

in his usual calm, clear, and convincing manner. The style of his oratory is peculiar. Though there is nothing striking about it, yet no man can listen to him without feeling his soul strangely and powerfully stirred up—without feeling that a large and noble soul is communing with his soul at unwonted depths. How strange it seems, and yet how welcome in these days of shallow quackery and raving demagogism to listen to a true man! . . . All that I have seen of Strong has conspired to give me an exalted opinion of the man." This writer gave expression to the feeling of many who listened to Mr. Strong. His positions—and his arguments in support of them—were not always unassailable, though taken and maintained with such evident sincerity and great earnestness as to convince the open-minded and compel the respect of all. The Milwaukee *Sentinel and Gazette*, in reporting the above meeting, said that "Marshall M. Strong followed Mr. Kilbourn, and for five minutes after his name was announced and he appeared upon the stand, cheer upon cheer shook the building and woke up responsive echoes from without. Most cordial indeed was the reception extended to Mr. Strong, and so he evidently felt it to be, for it stirred his blood as the trumpet call rouses up the warrior, and he spoke with a power and eloquence which told with wonderful effect upon his audience."

Although Mr. Strong had the tastes and spirit of an aristocrat, there was no snobbery in him. He was a straight, a clear, and a clean thinker, with a fine scorn of anybody or anything that was crooked, or dubious, or unclean. It was an aristocracy of brains, and heart, and soul that claimed him, and to which he owned allegiance. In the social and civic organization and activities of the settlement, the village, and the city that was his home, he took the part of a man and a citizen. He kept store, as we have seen; he was a member of fire company, engine number one, at a time when the most effective fire-fighting apparatus known was

a hand-pump machine, and it was hard and often dangerous work when called out by an alarm; and in every other possible way identified himself with the work, responsibilities, and other common interests of the community.

The last ten or more years of Mr. Strong's life were devoted quite exclusively to the practise of his profession, in which he was preëminently successful. He was the recognized head of the bar of the first district, and had a large clientele. I have talked recently with a gentleman who, when a young man, knew Mr. Strong and heard him argue cases in court. He told me that it was Mr. Strong's settled policy never to take a case unless convinced that justice was with his client.

The special attention of the reader is invited to the portrait of Mr. Strong accompanying this sketch. It does not require an expert physiognomist to see delineated there the fine traits of character ascribed to him by those who knew him well and appraised him truly. Of Mr. Strong's religious faith or experience I have learned but little, except that he had no church relationship, though his second wife and all of her family—the Ullmanns—were members of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Strong died March 9, 1864, and is buried beside his first wife and four of his children, in the family lot in Mound Cemetery, Racine.

THE FIRST TRADERS IN WISCONSIN

Louise P. Kellogg

The fur trade is the oldest industry of white men upon the North American continent; indeed, the fur traders often outran the explorers in their penetration of the interior and found their way to the farthest recesses of the unknown wilderness. After the French had formed a colony on the St. Lawrence, groups of Indians from the Upper Lakes ventured thither each year to exchange the skins of the animals they had captured for the strange and precious things the white men had to offer. It soon came to pass that a fur fair was held each summer on the island of Montreal. Late in June or early in July great fleets of Indian canoes came sweeping down the Ottawa, heavily laden with packs of peltry. From them disembarked many red men, who quickly set up their wigwams on the wide meadows around the little town and prepared their furs for sale. All the merchants of the colony, and some from overseas, gathered for this annual market. Booths sprang up as if by magic, in which was displayed merchandise that tempted the cupidity of the primitive visitors—knives and kettles, beads and armlets, blankets and cloth, looking-glasses and combs —articles manufactured expressly for the Indian trade.

Frequently during these periods of exchange, the young habitants and their dusky customers became somewhat intimate, and an invitation would be offered and accepted to return with the red man to his home in the far West. Usually the Canadian who accepted such an invitation would obtain some goods from a merchant on shares, promising to repay him with half of the profits of the expedition. Such an expedition required great courage and physical endurance. The trader was cut off from civilization always

for a year, sometimes for several years if the Indians whom he accompanied did not make an annual voyage to Montreal. They were often hindered from doing this by the danger of falling into the hands of the hostile Iroquois, who waylaid all the trading paths and rivers to capture peltry to sell to the Dutch at Albany. While the hazard was great, the profits were also tremendous—from ten to twelve hundred per cent being the customary return. This, with the lure of the wilderness life, its freedom and adventure, led many French youths to go with the Indians to their western homes. Most of these young traders kept no journals, nor are there any records of their voyaging. All we know of them is the mention made in missionary reports of the coming or going of some white traders in the Indian trade flotillas. It is thus quite impracticable to say who was the first trader in the region that is now Wisconsin. He may have come and gone and left no trace, only rehearsing his adventures in later years around the hearth fires in his quiet Canadian home.

About the year 1880 an interesting and curious manuscript was found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which proved to be the journals, written in English of a quaint and unusual style, of a French trader who visited Wisconsin about the middle of the seventeenth century. He styled himself Pierre Esprit Radisson, and narrated the events of four voyages undertaken in New France partly by himself, partly in company with one whom he calls his brother, Médart Chouart, Sieur de Groseilliers. The latter was in fact Radisson's brother-in-law, husband of his half-sister Marguerite.

It was for a long time a mystery how these journals came to be found in an English library. We know now that after Radisson left the French service, he assisted the English in organizing the Company of Adventurers to Hudson's Bay, the greatest fur trading corporation in the

world, which is still in active operation. Radisson also married an English wife and lived for many years in London, neighbor to Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist. With the latter's papers these quaint journals of early voyages into the American Northwest passed into the Oxford library.

The discovery of the journals was soon followed by their publication. Brought out in 1885 by the Prince Society of Massachusetts, they awakened much interest among western historians, since except for Jean Nicolet, Radisson was the first white man whose account of voyages into the Upper Lakes region has been preserved. By some historians he and Groseilliers are thought to have been the first discoverers of Iowa, of Minnesota, of the Dakotas, and of Manitoba. Others consider them the discoverers of the Mississippi River, and of an overland passage from Lake Superior to Hudson Bay.

It is quite certain that Radisson wrote the journals of his voyages many years after they occurred; in fact, after he had been some years among the English and had learned to write their language. His memory for dates was very poor, and he made so many mistakes in his chronology that it is difficult to determine when the voyages he narrates took place. On the other hand, his memory of what he saw and experienced was very keen, and from his pages we get the first picture of primitive Wisconsin in all its pristine beauty. These journals are thus among our most valuable historical sources.

Radisson came to Canada in 1652 and deserted to the English before 1665; within these thirteen years, therefore, all of his four lake voyages must have occurred. The first one was involuntary. While hunting near Three Rivers he was captured by some prowling Iroquois, carried to their country, and finally rescued by the Dutch at Albany. A French priest met him there in September, 1653; by his mention of this fact we can date the first voyage 1652–53.

Radisson then describes his "Second Voyage to the Upper Country of the Iroquois." From the *Jesuit Relations* we can easily date this voyage as from July 26, 1657 to April 3, 1658, when the party he was with came back to Montreal.

The voyages in which Wisconsin people are most interested are the two which Radisson took together with Groseilliers to the region of the Upper Lakes. In his journals the descriptions of these western voyages follow those to the Iroquois country. It has been assumed, therefore, that they necessarily followed these in date, and that both must have occurred after the spring of 1658. Radisson calls the first of these the "Auxoticiat Voyage" into the Upper Lakes. No one has yet determined what this title means. There are many reasons to believe that this so-called "third" journey occurred before the "second journey to the Iroquois country." For instance, in 1654 the governor of New France sent two traders back with the Indian flotilla which came down to Montreal that year, the first in several years. These two traders were absent from the colony until 1656, when they came back with the trade flotilla. From the *Jesuit Relations* we learn that one of them was Groseilliers; it has seemed probable, therefore, to many writers that the other one was Radisson, and that this was the voyage he describes as his "auxoticiat." That same year, 1656, twenty-eight French traders started to ascend the Ottawa River, but were driven back by an attack of the hostile Iroquois. Radisson, in his "auxoticiat" voyage, describes just such an attack, and says that he and his brother, unlike the other traders, went on and finally reached the Upper Lakes. He says also that they were three years in all upon this journey to the West. In view of our knowledge that in July, 1657 Radisson was on his way to the Iroquois country, how can these discrepancies be reconciled? I venture to propound the following theory:

When in 1654 the governor proposed to send two traders home with the western Indians, he naturally turned to

Groseilliers, who was much older than Radisson and had several times voyaged as far as Lake Huron, and had visited on Georgian Bay the tribes that later migrated to Wisconsin. Groseilliers had afterward visited France, and upon his return to Canada married, on August 24, 1653, Radisson's sister. At this time, as we have seen, the younger man was in captivity among the Iroquois. When released in the autumn of 1653, he, too, went to France; the date of his return to Canada is not known, but it may not have been until after Groseilliers had gone in the summer of 1654, at the governor's request, with the western Indians. Groseilliers came back, as we have also seen, with the trading fleet of 1656. May he not at this time have induced his young brother-in-law to go back with him for another year of profitable trade with the Indians whom he knew so well? This supposition would account for Radisson's description of the outward journey of 1656 as his first introduction to the West; it would also account for his statement that the voyage lasted three years, since he was describing both his own and Groseilliers' adventures—all the more that Groseilliers had the misfortune to lose his own journal on the voyage.

If this explanation be accepted, it follows that Radisson himself on this first western voyage spent but one year in the West (1656–57), but that his descriptions cover the adventures of Groseilliers (1654–57) as well as his own. This theory makes it easier to understand the difficulty encountered in attempting to construct any itinerary of this voyage. As far as Sault Ste. Marie all is clear; after that it seems impossible to map out any route that will answer all Radisson's descriptions. We believe that he himself spent his year in and around Green Bay, and perhaps ventured as far south as the Illinois country. His descriptions of the northern country, of the land of the Sioux and the Cree, were derived from the reports of Indians. He uses the

pronoun "we" in describing these; but an attentive reading will show that he was quoting what the Indian narrator said, when he used "we" for himself and his fellow Indians.

In the summer Groseilliers fell ill, and Radisson wandered off with a group of natives. He speaks in this connection of a "great river which divides itself in 2." This phrase has been thought to be a reference to the Mississippi River; but the account he gives is too indefinite to establish the claim that Radisson was the discoverer of that great waterway.

Radisson and Groseilliers made still another journey to the Upper Lakes; this time they departed by stealth, the governor being opposed to so many young men leaving the colony for life among the Indians. On this second western voyage they visited the country around Lake Superior. It probably occurred between 1658 and 1660, since Radisson says that upon their return they passed the place where a few days before Dollard and his heroic companions had sacrificed their lives to the Iroquois at the Canadian Thermopylæ. The itinerary of this voyage is not difficult to trace. After reaching Sault Ste. Marie the travelers entered Lake Superior; skirting its southern coast, they portaged across Keweenaw Point, and arriving at Chequamegon Bay built a log hut on the southwest shore of the mainland. This was without doubt the first white habitation in Wisconsin of which any record has come down to us.

Leaving their stores in this hut, the traders accompanied the Ottawa to their village on Lac Court Oreilles. It was winter before they finally concluded their preparations, and the Indian village at the lake side was destitute of food. Radisson describes the famine in most vivid terms: "Here comes a new family of these poore people dayly to us, halfe dead, for they have but the skin & boans. . . . In the morning the husband looks uppon his wife, y^e^ Brother his sister, the cozen the cozen, the Oncle the nevew, that weare

for the most part found deade. They languish wth cryes & hideous noise that it was able to make the haire starre on y^{e} heads that have any apprehension. Good God, have mercy on so many poore innocent people." The prayer was heard, for a sleet storm fell that crusted the ice, so that the deer broke through and were easily captured.

In the spring a rendezvous was made at the head of Lake Superior for the Cree Indians of the north. This probably occurred near the present city of Superior. Radisson at once perceived that the most valuable furs were to be collected in the northern country. His plan, that afterward resulted in the organization of the Hudson's Bay Company, probably began to take form in his mind at this time. This conference over, the two traders took the overland trail to the great Sioux village on Lake Mille Lac. It has been suggested that its inhabitants, the Isanti tribe (now known as the Santee Sioux) took their name, which means "Knife Sioux," from the fact that they were the first of the Sioux to obtain steel knives from these French traders.

Retracing their steps to Chequamegon Bay, Radisson and his comrade found that the Ottawa had arrived before them and had built a village on the point. The traders thereupon built a second hut supposedly on Houghton Point. It was at this time that Radisson broke or strained his leg, which was cured by rubbing with hot bear's oil.

After many adventures the French and the tribesmen gathered at the Sault and descended to the colony. Our traders had been very successful; they brought from the West a fortune in furs estimated at $60,000. But the governor, angered because they had gone out without authorization, confiscated their cargo. Thereupon Radisson and Groseilliers determined to offer their services to the English, and departed from the colony of Canada.

The chief importance of Radisson's journals lies not in finding their exact dates, nor in tracing the exact route he

traveled. His narrative is unique, a picture of Wisconsin in its original state, before its natural features or its aborigines had been changed by contact with the white men. The narrator had an eye for natural beauty. The first region he visited he thus describes: "The country was so pleasant, so beautifull & fruitfull that it grieved me to see y^{t} y^{e} world could not discover such inticing countrys to live in. This I say because the Europeans fight for a rock in the sea against one another, or for a sterill land and horrid country that the people sent heare or there by the changement of the aire ingenders sicknesse and dies thereof. Contrarywise these kingdoms [the Mississippi and Upper Lakes region] are so delicious and under so temperat a climat, plentifull of all things, the earth bringing foorth its fruit twice a yeare, the people live long and lusty and wise in their way." And again: "The further we sejourned the delightfuller the land was to us. I can say that [in] my lifetime I never saw a more incomparable country, for all I have ben in Italy; yett Italy comes short of it, as I think." "What conquest would that bee att litle or no cost; what laborinth of pleasure should millions of people have, instead that millions complaine of misery and poverty!" Was Radisson the first western land agent? Or was he rather the prophet of the Mississippi Valley where millions of Europe's poor were to find homes that would seem to them a "laborinth of pleasure"?

Passing along Lake Superior, Radisson found the coasts "most delightfull and wounderous." He especially admired "a bank of rocks like a great Portall, by reason of the beating of the waves. The lower part of that oppening is as bigg as a tower." At Chequamegon Bay the travelers found a "cape very much elevated like piramides." At Lake Court Oreilles, where he arrived in winter, Radisson says that "the snow stoocke to those trees that are there so ruffe, being deal trees, prusse cedars, and thorns, that

caused y^t^ darknesse upon ye earth that it is believed that the sun was eclipsed them 2 months."

At Mille Lac the Frenchmen were offered wild rice to eat. "It growes in the watter in 3 or 4 foote deepe. There is a God that shews himselfe in every countrey, almighty full of goodnesse, and ye preservation of those poore people who knoweth him not. They have a particular way to gather up that graine. Two takes a boat and two sticks, by w^ch^ they gett y^e^ eare downe and gett the corne [kernel] out of it. Their boat being full, they bring it to a fitt place to dry it, and this is their food for the most part of the winter." Radisson also describes the fishes and birds he noticed. When he writes: "There are birds whose bills are two and 20 thumbs long. That bird swallows a whole salmon, keeps it a long time in his bill," we recognize the pelican. The moose "is a mighty strong animal, much like a mule, having a tayle cutt off 2 or 3 or 4 thumbs long, the foot cloven like a stagge. He has a muzzle mighty bigge. I have seen some that I put into it my 2 fists att once with ease."

More important still is his account of the primitive Indians and of their domestic arts. He describes their weaving and their pottery, their calumets, dress, and ornaments, their feasts and fasts, their games and dances. He was present at their councils, where he and his comrade were treated with great honor. "We weare Cesars," he writes, "being nobody to contradict us." In this terse phrase he sums up the attraction the Indian trade possessed for the youth of Canada. The average trader would not exchange his wilderness life for all the glittering pleasures of the court. Better be a "Cesar" in the wilderness than a sycophant at Versailles.

Radisson also frankly reveals the seamy side of the fur trader's life, the long journeys and tedious winters in snow-covered huts in the forest; the constant danger of perishing by starvation or by a sudden hostile whim of some savage

customers; the distaste induced in civilized men by their filthy habits and fickle dispositions.

Radisson's descriptions of the primitive Indian dress and customs have not been studied by ethnologists as carefully as they merit. Most Indian tribes had already acquired by direct or intertribal trade some French goods when the white men first met them. Not so the Sioux when Radisson visited their village. Here were savages in the stone age of progress, some of their weapons tipped with horn. Their hair was either worn long or burned off, "for the fire is their cicers," says the narrator. "They were all proper men and dressed wth paint," he says again. Then he goes on to describe their necklaces of snakeskins ornamented with bear's paws, their garments of moose and deerskins. "Every one had the skin of a crow hanging att their guirdles. Their stokens all imbroidered wth pearles and wth their own porke-pick [porcupine] worke. They have very handsome shoose laced very thick all over wth a peece sowen att the side of y^{e} heele, w^{ch} was of a haire of Buff [buffalo], w^{ch} trailed above half a foot upon the earth or rather on the snow." He mentions also their "light earthen pots," "girdles of goat's hair," and describes at length the ceremonial calumet adorned with a fan of eagle's feathers.

Enough has been said to indicate the keen observation and vivid descriptions of this first-known trader in Wisconsin. His later apostasy made his memory odious to the Canadians, since none of their rivals were more injurious to the colony's prosperity than the English traders of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The remainder of Radisson's life was even more eventful than his early years. Having visited Boston in order to secure ships for a voyage to Hudson Bay, he fell in with the royal commissioner, Sir George Cartaret, a great noble and friend of Charles II. Cartaret at once succumbed to the charm of the wild tales the young Frenchmen could tell

and persuaded the latter to embark with him for England. En route they were captured by a Dutch privateer, finally landed on the coast of Spain, and made their way at last to London. There young Radisson became the lion of the day. He was entertained by great lords and ladies who listened avidly to his stories of adventure in the great western wilderness. Even the king was graciously pleased to summon Radisson to his presence, and he became a boon companion of Prince Rupert, the king's roystering cousin. Radisson's tales of the rich furs to be obtained from the Cree and other northern tribesmen aroused the cupidity of the English nobles. Ships were fitted out, and Radisson and Groseilliers, who had joined him in England, sailed for Hudson Bay. In the instructions orders were given to obey the commands of "Mr. Gooseberry and Mr. Radisson." Upon their return with a rich cargo, prize money was awarded them, and in 1670 a charter issued for the Company of Merchant Adventurers to Hudson's Bay.

In 1672 Radisson married Mary Kirke, daughter of one of the partners, and went to housekeeping in Seething Lane, then a fashionable London thoroughfare.

Reverses later came, and Radisson petitioned for a pension. Once he re¨ntered the French serviee for several years, and in a freebooting expedition damaged the forts of the very company he had helped to found. The French ministers were, however, suspicious of his loyalty, and insisted upon his bringing his English wife to France. This Radisson refused to do, and a tempting offer from an English diplomat took him back under the British flag. This time he was forced to swear allegiance to King Charles, and Louis XIV placed a price upon his head.

During all these years he was making voyages to Hudson Bay for one nation or the other; finally, when the advance of age was felt, he retired permanently to his London home and lived on a small pension accorded to him by the great

company whose fortunes he had made. Groseilliers had long since made his peace with France, and lived and died quietly among his kindred at Three Rivers, Canada. Finally, an entry in the Hudson's Bay Company books, July, 1710, mentions a pension paid to the widow of Mr. Radisson. The old explorer and trader was no more. Somewhere in a London churchyard rest the remains of Wisconsin's first trader, the first lover of her woods and waters, the first prophet of her future greatness.

MEMORIES OF A BUSY LIFE[1]

GENERAL CHARLES KING
UNIVERSITY COMMANDANT

Edwin E. Bryant, one of the most cultured men I had ever met, was then adjutant general of Wisconsin. In the summer of 1880 we had a great reunion of Wisconsin volunteers of the Civil War, with Generals Grant and Sheridan prominent among the guests. The University Battalion, with the two Madison companies of state militia, came in and took part in the parade, and with them, as battalion commander, came Chandler P. Chapman of Madison, whom I had last seen as a lad of apparently about my own age, in the camp of the Sixth Wisconsin at Chain Bridge, in '61, his father being surgeon of that regiment. With them, too, in the University Battalion, was Allan Conover, who had succeeded Professor Nicodemus as head of the department of civil engineering at the University, and most unwillingly had fallen heir to the duties of military instructor. The laws of the United States required of all colleges and universities availing themselves of the Agricultural College Act of 1862, tendering large grants of public lands, that they should give, as *quid pro quo*, regular instruction in military tactics, etc., and it is safe to say that regents, faculty, and most of the students had come to regard this department of the University as an unmitigated nuisance. If it had a friend in the University it was Professor Conover, who, because of it, had double work and no thanks.

I was sore at heart over having to leave my regiment and the profession I loved, but beside that wreck of a sword arm, the seat of frequent and sometimes intense pain, I had found it impossible to provide for my family on the pay of a lieutenant, with the heavy costs of moving from station to

[1] The first installment of these recollections was printed in the March, 1922 issue of this magazine.—Editor.

station, as we had been compelled to do. I felt that I must get into civil pursuits of some kind. I knew something of railway engineering and loved it, and Mr. Alexander Mitchell, president of the St. Paul Railway, and his great chief engineer, Don Whittemore, were willing to give me a start, but for some reason the matter hung fire. There was an obstacle which I could not discover, and at last it proved to be the general manager. It leaked out that he didn't want any "kid-gloved West Pointer" on the road. It was late in the summer, too late to try the Northern Pacific, where they had West Pointers and had found them valuable, and just then came the adjutant general, Bryant, asking me to visit Madison and look over the situation at the University. A similar request had come from two other western colleges or schools, but I wanted to try railway engineering.

Bryant took me to see the head of the executive committee of the Board of Regents, Mr. E. W. Keyes, who was bluff and cordial. I frankly told him I could not undertake the duties unless I could be assured that the University would make up the difference between my full and retired pay, a matter of only $600. He said it could not be done until the January meeting of the Board, but that then there would be no difficulty about it. We called on the President,[2] who seemed rather bored at being interrupted, but supposed the drills, as he said, would have to be kept up, only he wished to have no "friction"—that appeared to be the bugbear. The only man really interested in my coming was Allan Conover. He said in proper hands the military department could be a valuable adjunct to the general system of the University. It could be the means of teaching the student respect for authority as well as habits of neatness, promptitude, etc. I called on two or three elderly dons of the institution who had known my father and whom I

[2] John Bascom, D.D., LL.D., president of the University of Wisconsin from 1874 to 1887.—Editor.

had known when as a little boy I had visited Madison with him. They were courteous, but rather apathetic; they were averse to military training. The nation had seen enough of war to last it a century, and it would never again, said they, be so foolish as to take up arms unless absolutely compelled to do so, in which event we would rely as before on the patriotism of the people. How often we have had to listen to that same line of talk in the long years that followed!

The result of my visit to Madison was that I came away convinced that in University circles the military department was looked upon as a detriment and I determined to go back there and show that it was not.

It was uphill work from the start. The government, as I have said, had enacted that instruction in military tactics should be part of the regular instruction in every college or university that accepted the big bonus of public land under the terms of the Agricultural College Act of 1862, but no inspector had ever been sent about to see that it was done, and the matter had fallen into disregard. When military instruction was first started at the University of Wisconsin, being a new toy it began with some enthusiasm, but the monotony of the drills soon told against it, and little by little it lapsed into disrepute. The regents even passed over the government allowance of fine cadet rifles, such as were used at West Point, with all the concomitant equipment, to a little country college up at Galesville. Then somebody woke up to the fact that the University had practically repudiated its agreement with the War Department, and an effort was made to revive an interest in military instruction. The state legislature passed an act providing that the University could have the use of such "obsolete arms" and equipment as were in its storehouse. The result was that the University found itself in possession of some old Civil War muskets, calibre fifty-eight, which had been

remodeled by the unique process of driving a steel tube down the bore, rifling that, and producing a heavy, cumbersome arm, far more weighty and much less efficient than that used by the regular service. With these guns went a supply of old, bulky cartridge boxes of the Civil War period, and a set of rusty waist belts with leathern bayonet scabbards. It was as antique an outfit as ever I set eyes on.

I called on the President and represented the inadequacy of this equipment. He said he didn't know anything about it, and obviously he didn't care. The chairman of the executive committee of the Board of Regents said that that equipment was all that my predecessors had had for some few years back and none of them had ever complained, which was probably true. The University authorities had ruled that all freshmen and sophomores should take the course, which at that time consisted of two drills a week. The special students decided that they were not involved, and we began work in September with something like thirty-five sophomores and forty freshmen, the former appearing in an old blue sack coat and cap that looked as though they had been handed down from the days of Camp Randall in '61. We drilled in a big wooden shed on top of the hill, then a little northwest of the main building wherein were the president's office and various class and recitation rooms, and the one bright aspect of the picture was that the lads who reported for duty were as sturdy a lot as ever I saw. The sophomores, under Professor Conover, the previous year had obviously had a conscientious instructor, but had never had sharp or critical test of their drill. The freshmen, of course, had had no experience.

I invited all those who were really interested in the work to meet me every afternoon "after school," as they called it, to take a special course in the school of the soldier, and as many as thirty reported. How well I remember them, and how many have since won distinguished names

for themselves! Boardman, Kalk, John Kingston, Archie Church, Rollin B. Mallory were among the foremost. It was from this squad I hoped to make the future officers and non-commissioned officers of the battalion that was to be with the coming year.

But it did not take me long to ascertain that there were just about as many young men still in their first two years at the University and not doing military duty as there were who were attending drill. Numbers of them used to hang about the gymnasium, so-called, and patronizingly watch their classmates who had to drill. At last I was able to get a list of the first- and second-year students, and began a round-up. That tickled the lads who were honorably doing their duty, and started a sensation in the school. Such a thing had never been done before. It was obviously looked upon as an assumption of authority, not to say military despotism.

By this time it was early winter, and except for Professor Henry, with whom I had joined in September, and Professors Birge, Conover, Owen, and Parker, with whom I played whist, and a nodding acquaintance with Professor Irving, who was a distant connection, I had no friends among the faculty, some of whom had been instructors at the University when my father was one of its regents. At Columbia and at West Point when a new instructor joined the force the elders promptly called and bade him welcome. When Professor Watson died, early in the fall, Henry and I went together to the President's office to tender our services. He was out. So I wrote a courteous note, as the elder man of the two, and informed the President of our call and placed ourselves at his disposition for the funeral. The result was he invited Henry to ride with the faculty, but didn't notice the soldier at all, so the latter walked. Going to and fro each day I met others of the faculty, but only as strangers.

Now, however, they began to call, or to stop me on the street, to remonstrate, to request that I should not require such and such a student to attend drill. I had succeeded in convincing the President that the University owed it as a duty to the government, and several of the faculty and several of the students took it much to heart that he should have turned against them. But when "school opened" in January, something like fifty young men who had succeeded hitherto in evading drills, were now, much to the delight of the soldier boys, notified that they must hereafter attend and might even have to make up for lost time. There was still a loophole for their escape, however. "Able bodied" students only were enrolled, and on a sudden there appeared a shower of so-called surgeon's certificates. At least forty of the lads descended upon the President, or upon me, with all manner of country doctors' letters or remonstrances, declaring this or that young man a victim of some malady, generally heart trouble, that would surely unfit him for military duty and would as certainly bring about serious results if he were compelled to drill. And yet the lads themselves looked sturdy enough in all conscience. My suspicions were aroused. I wrote to the doctors, and in several cases received answers that they had given no certificates and knew no such lads; though their professional letterheads had been used, it was not their writing or signatures. In several cases it looked mightily as though the lads living in the same town had procured blank letterheads and written each other's certificates, signing with the name at the head of the slip. Two young men submitted letters from alleged physicians as to whom I made inquiry through the local postmaster, only to be assured that no physician of that name lived in or near that town.

I took these and some that I thought absolutely trivial to the President, and urged that we order the young men

to report for duty at once, and asked him if such proceedings on the part of the students were not punishable. He said, "possibly," but that I "must expect such things." That seemed to me trifling with the subject. The President held that he would be taking a fearful responsibility in disregarding those physicians' certificates. I pointed out that six or seven were not even physicians' certificates, and then he did come to the rescue. But there were some of the baseball men who had brought certificates that their hearts were weak and "the violent exercise of military drill would inevitably injure them." I took the President over to the edge of the diamond one spring afternoon and showed him one of our self-registered wrecks whose heart could not stand the violent exercise of the drill, running bases like a meteor and sliding to second like a human catapult. I pointed out the fact that that man was getting more violent exercise in five seconds than he would get in military drill in five weeks. "It may be so," said he, "but we cannot go behind a medical certificate." I own that after this episode I did feel for a while like quitting.

But by the time the spring was fairly on we found aid from an unexpected quarter. I had taught the special squad men the duty of greeting respectfully all officers and professors of the University, also the regents and the state authorities, whose offices were there in Madison, advising members of the battalion when in uniform to give the salute of an officer, and when in civilian dress to raise the hat or cap, just as we freshmen at Columbia were taught in our first interview with the dean. The squad men carried out the instructions to the letter. The members of the sophomore class who were unwillingly serving objected: "Suppose we haven't been introduced," said their spokesman. The reply to this was that they were receiving, almost free, a liberal education at the expense of the state, and it was one way in which they could express their appreciation. Some

of them saw the point and acted on it: others saw, but regarded it as an infraction of their rights as American citizens—a manifestation of subservieney. Three-fourths of their number, however, heeded the lesson, and also the suggestion that in their section rooms at recitation they should sit erect and scrupulously say "Sir" to their instructors.

The first men to comment on this conduct were our new governor, Jeremiah Rusk, and his predecessor, my old friend General Fairchild, just returned from his diplomatic service abroad. By that spring of '81 the men of the little battalion were in trim, well-cut, soldierly uniforms of dark blue, with natty forage caps made in New York. They looked better than they did in civilian dress, and carried themselves accordingly. "I have lived in Madison nearly all my life, and never have I seen anything like it before," said General Fairchild. "They never saluted me when I was governor, and now they never pass me without it. It does me good to see it." Then Governor Rusk had his say: "I tell you it makes me hold my head up and throw out my chest, and what's more it tickles the other state officers, and they are all talking about it." Then certain elderly professors who had passed me long months in silence stopped, held out their hands in a shy, embarrassed way, and said: "I have been here a good many years and never have I known such manifestation of respect, or such courtesy, in or out of the classroom, and I'm glad of a chance to say so." This was just what Conover had predicted.

The regents, however, had not seen their way to paying that $600 salary. They said the government compelled them to have this military instruction, and although I had discovered by that time that one-fifth of the total income of the University came from that Agricultural College fund, most of the regents felt no corresponding obligation on their part. Long years after, however, without a word from me

they sent me that money of their own accord. Two or three of their number began coming out in May, with the Governor and his adjutant general, to see the prize drills; even the President appeared, though what he heard on one memorable occasion made him gasp with amazement and disapprobation. General Fairchild brought with him to the first real review no less a personage than Gen. John Gibbon, who had commanded the Iron Brigade in its famous battle near Gainesville the twenty-eighth of August, '62, and Gibbon was much impressed with the absolute steadiness of the battalion, and quite ready to make a speech after the ceremony:

"I have been greatly pleased with your performance," he said, "especially the fine discipline. Discipline is a great thing. Discipline is like whisky. Some whisky is better than other whisky, and other kinds are better still, but it is all good—now, that's the way with discipline." The rest of that speech no one probably remembers, but that part of it the President never forgot—nor did I.

It was somewhere about this time that two comical things occurred. We had, of course, our conscientious objector—a tall, serious young man who, having tried various avenues of escape from the hated drills and found them unavailing, came to deliver himself up, as it were. "But," said he, "I have come to say that I consider it a positive insult on your part to compel me to drill." I told him very quietly to go to the President and tell him what he had told me. Two days passed, and then the young man appeared at my door. I met him pleasantly, invited him in, and with the view of putting him as quickly as possible out of what I mistakenly supposed to be his embarrassment, perhaps humiliation, held out my hand with a word of welcome to the fold, and of pleasure that he should have thought better of his words. "I haven't come to talk about that," was his uncompromising answer. "It was to hand you

this," and "this" proved to be a note from the President, saying that he was convinced that the young man was sincere in his profession of faith that anything connected with military training was a sin, and therefore he had decided to declare him exempt. Without another word, he turned and left.

Then I sat down and wrote my first letter to the President. It is unnecessary to repeat the words, but in forty-eight hours a written apology came from the student, and the incident might have been closed but for an announcement in the public press that the Signal Corps of the Army desired to enlist for military service a few young men of education, with a view to having them take a certain course of study and then be appointed observer sergeants—board, lodging, tuition absolutely free, abundant time for other study and exercise, and $50 per month pay while undergoing instruction.

I thought there must be some mistake about it somewhere, but the conscientious objector obviously did not, for he promptly appeared with a letter from the President, asking me for a letter of recommendation for the bearer to the Chief Signal Officer of the Army. I took that letter to the President, and asked him if he had forgotten the young man's conscientious objections to any form of military service—and he had.

A most devout Christian, a profound metaphysician, a ripe scholar, and an untiring writer—a man whose influence for good over the student body was something remarkable—he was so deeply concerned with the better and higher things in life that he could not always keep track, so to speak, of the innumerable little matters of academic routine that in those days had to be referred to the president. He hated to be interrupted in his work, even during office hours. He would look up impatiently when professor or instructor entered to seek his decision on some point or other, would

give it, and in five minutes would forget the entire matter. I sometimes doubted whether he really heard us. He was about the last man in Madison who would be guilty of a lie, yet he would deny his own decisions on occasion, because his head was in the clouds and his thoughts on high and holy things perhaps, when suddenly called upon to say whether the sub-freshmen were to attend lecture or drill, or whether the sophomores might use Professor So-and-So's room for a class meeting.

He sent for me one day to say that a certain student complained of harsh treatment at my hands. I had had no trouble with the lad in question and told him so, but the Doctor said the youth was quite positive in his statement, and as president he must protest against my using violent language or methods to my charges, or anything like a display of temper. "It weakens one's influence with young men," and I thoroughly agreed with him and was quite unconscious of having been guilty of any lapse such as he described.[3] Just as luck would have it, at that very moment commotion and uproar arose in the corridor without, and drowned his words. A score of sophomores had come charging down the stairway and were having an impromptu riot. All on a sudden the Doctor sprang to his feet, rushed out into the hall, and in an instant had collared one of the ringleaders and, to my huge delight and that of his fellow students, banged the young gentleman's head half a dozen times against the wall, and then, flushed, remorseful, yet triumphant, returned to his seat, with, presently, "Er—what was it we were talking about?"

I couldn't resist the opportunity. "The supremacy, Mr. President, of the *suaviter in modo* over the *fortiter in re*."

For a moment the President gazed at me in bewilder-

[3] Somewhat later I learned the cause of my undeserved rebuke on this occasion. A student *had* complained of his treatment at the hands of "Professor King," and our good old President was unable to think of more than one "King" against whom the students could have reason to lodge a complaint. The instructor complained of was in fact another who bore the same name.—Author.

ment. Then the whimsicality of the thing dawned upon him and we had our first laugh together.

"I didn't know they taught Latin in the Army," he said presently.

"They don't, sir," was my answer, "and you must pardon my Columbia pronunciation."

"Why, were—have you—been at college? I thought—I —Well, you must excuse me."

But that discovery seemed to have enhanced my value in the Doctor's eyes. The secretaryship of the faculty had become vacant, and who should be nominated and elected but the Professor of Military Science and Tactics, hitherto a stranger to faculty meetings!

Now, it had happened that while a lad in my grandfather's household at Columbia College the secretary of the faculty became a victim to occasional attacks of gout and could not wield the pen. I wrote a very good hand, so the secretary, an elderly uncle, pressed me into service, and it resulted that many pages of the records of Columbia in '59 and '60 were my handiwork, and thereby I learned quite a lot about the business.

This experience now became valuable. The President had not the faintest use for or appreciation of military ability, but that I should have been secretary *de facto* of Columbia's faculty—for famous men they were—lifted me measurably in his estimation. As president and as secretary we were much together, yet differences over the military department would occasionally arise.

SERVICE WITH THE NATIONAL GUARD

Every Friday evening in 1881 I had been going in to Milwaukee to drill the Light Horse Squadron, and in the spring of 1882 began the long years of my association with the Wisconsin troops as their instructor and for many years their inspector. The first seven were under that

genial and redoubtable old war horse of a governor, Jeremiah M. Rusk, and there was a man it was a joy to serve with and study! For his adjutant general he had selected the first commander of the Lake City Guard, a company composed of the best young men in Madison. Both in the Knights Templar and the militia, Chapman speedily earned repute as a drillmaster, and it was this quality in him—the other of the two sixteen-year-old boys of the old Iron Brigade on the Potomac in '61—that drew us, twenty years later, into close comradeship. I speedily pointed out to him, and he to the Governor, that quite a number of the state companies were not drilling in accordance with Upton's *Infantry Tactics*, but some of them according to the Hardee-Casey methods of the Civil War, one or two by the so-called Zouave tactics, and one even by the system in vogue in Germany before the needle gun had been placed in the hands of the Prussian soldiery.

This was all contrary to the orders of the War Department, and I received orders to allow nothing but the authorized infantry tactics of the United States Army.

Nine out of ten of the captains cordially coöperated, but two or three stiff-necked German veterans "bucked" against it. One of them had quite a political backing in Milwaukee, and he showed fight. Following the method so successfully carried out at that time in the *Army & Navy Journal* in New York, and as the speediest and surest method of bringing about uniformity of instruction among the scattered companies, I published each week in the Sunday *Telegraph* a column or two of comments on the drills, and later the inspections, of the companies that successively were visited. These columns, clipped out and posted on the bulletin boards throughout the state armories, taught the entire Guard the good points to be followed and the errors to be avoided. It was welcomed by all the companies that were earnestly striving for excellence in drill, and highly

objectionable to the three or four German captains whose errors were flagrant, and a deputation of their friends in the legislature called on the Governor. "Why," said their spokesman, "at the inspection of the Turner Rifles he didn't give them a thing they could do!"—which was practically a fact, but it never occurred to the spokesman that this was all the captain's fault, not that of the inspector. However, the political friends of the aggrieved officers worried the Governor a bit, and he sent for me. "King," said he, "you'll have to go easy with that company; all but three of them are Republicans," which was the nearest approach to politics in Guard matters that I had yet encountered. The Milwaukee press about this time took a hand in the discussion, Uncle Billy Cramer, in the *Evening Wisconsin*, loyally backing the Republicans' view of that case, and declaring that Wisconsin had no room in its ranks for martinets, which brought about the discovery that the officer stigmatized as a martinet had simply carried out the orders of the Adjutant General, given with the full knowledge of the Governor. Then there came a lull in the firing.

Chapman organized the scattered companies into four-company battalions in '82, and then into regiments, and the regimental camp was held each year at the race track or fair grounds of some one of the larger towns in the regimental district, the troops moving thither by rail on a Sunday, drilling quite assiduously for three or four days; then came the Governor with a "glittering staff" (so described in the local journals)—three generals, and a dozen colonels in full-dress uniform. There was a review and parade in camp, and a march through the streets of the town. The crowning feature was the reception held by "Uncle Jerry" and staff to all the neighboring populace, in the big parlor or porch of the biggest hotel, and then the Governor was in his glory. He delighted in the people of Wisconsin and they in him. He always had two or three glib speakers in his train, and

when his health was proposed or an address made in his honor, he rose to the occasion, six feet four under his silk hat, beamed benevolently, bowed profoundly, thanked everybody in one comprehensive sentence, and then introduced Colonel Clough or Colonel Aldrich to speak for him.

Each spring I made the rounds of the state and the inspections required by the state laws, but in the fall and winter came the hard work, going from town to town to spend three days or so with each unit, coaching and drilling long hours at a time.

It was during the course of the spring instruction and inspection in 1886, that the mayor of Milwaukee pointed out to me that all the second-hand arms in the pawn shops had suddenly become marketable. In a week all were sold, and by inspection and inquiry among the local company commanders I ascertained that they had only three ball cartridges to the man. The mayor was frankly alarmed at the prospects. Grottkau and other agitators had been making inflammatory speeches to big crowds of foreign-born citizens. We had a German sheriff and a German chief-of-police, and it was confidently prophesied we were going to have trouble. I kept Chapman advised as to the conditions, and Chapman told the Governor, and asked for authority to send to the Rock Island arsenal for ammunition. The Governor said he would have no intimidation, and called us alarmists. Late in April, however, he came to Milwaukee for the four-day session of the Scottish Rite Masons, and before he could get away certain prominent citizens took him in hand and told him their apprehensions. He had conferences with the leading editors, among others, and then returned to Madison, sent for Chapman and, as Chapman later declared, wanted to know why in the suburbs, let us say, he and King hadn't kept him informed of conditions. Ammunition was telegraphed for at once, but Uncle Jerry wouldn't let it go direct to Milwaukee; it was

shipped to Madison, repacked in dry-goods boxes, with certain blankets, overcoats, and things of that description, and thus "camouflaged" came in a freight car to the old Reed Street Station, where I met it with Quartermaster-Sergeant Huntington and two or three old reliables of the "Light Horse," and in less than half an hour thereafter we had 31,000 rounds of ball cartridge in the vault of the newly-built armory on Broadway, and nobody the wiser.

We had no riot guns and cartridges in those days, deadly at less than two hundred yards, but warranted not to harm innocent spectators a block or two away. Such as it was, however, the death-dealing ammunition came only just in time. The big labor parade, so-called, with red flags galore, came off on May 1, and next day the men quit or were driven from work by armed mobs all over the shops in the Menomonee valley and elsewhere. By May 3 the city was in the hands of the rioters, and the Governor was summoned to town. He came; held a conference that night at the Plankinton with the sheriff and chief-of-police. Roswell Miller, general manager of the St. Paul Railway, was present, with his local superintendent, Mr. Collins, and told the Governor, "flatfooted," his shops had all been raided, his men dared not return to them unless given military protection, and he could not run his trains. It was the duty of the sheriff, under the circumstances, to turn the situation over to the Governor; but the sheriff still clung to the fatuous belief, and the mayor seemed to side with him, that he could persuade the mobs to disperse. Therefore, they would not ask the Governor for troops, and the meeting broke up at midnight.

But by early morning the calls for protection swamped both sheriff and police, and after one meeting with the mob the sheriff came posthaste to the Governor, and within an hour thereafter the riot alarm was sounding in every fire-bell tower, the local troops were promptly assembling, and

Chapman was wiring as far west as Darlington for the companies of the First Infantry. By noon the Fourth Battalion, a local organization, was sent by rail to the rolling mills at Bay View, then threatened by a big crowd. The first companies to arrive from out of town were stationed in the old Allis works; one company of Polish troops, inexperienced and badly led, was subjected at Bay View to ludicrous indignities at the hands of the south-side rioters, but the big plants were saved.

That night all over town the proletariat held fiery meetings and were addressed by "red" orators, who urged them to go to the rolling mills in force and throw the soldiers into the lake. The Governor made his headquarters at the armory, kept in telephone touch with the major commanding at that point, and sent as reinforcements two American companies from Janesville. The rioters set fire to freight cars and the big fence around the works, and the night was full of rumors, but nobody was hurt, until in broad daylight, with banners floating and with vast enthusiasm, the south-side mob swept down the causeway leading straight to the main entrance to the mills. The major telephoned to the Governor, and I was standing by him as he gave the order. The old war horse said, "Fire on them!" and one volley from three of the companies was all-sufficient. The mob was still nearly two hundred yards off, and flattened out at the crash of the rifles as though a hundred were hit, but only six were really punctured. Pierced by three bullets, the standard bearer fell, but lived. Struck by a single bullet, a law-abiding citizen, feeding chickens in his back yard nearly a mile away, dropped dead.

Then the scene of action shifted to the Milwaukee Garden, at the northwest side, and there a huge crowd, mainly Germans, defied police and sheriff, who endeavored to disperse them. These officials appealed for help. The Governor ordered me to take the Light Horse and the two com-

panies of infantry that were available, all we had, and end the business. We never had to pull a trigger. The troops were placed where their volleys could sweep the adjacent streets and, thus heartened, the police were sent in to arrest all ring-leaders and turbulent rioters. We loaded up three or four wagons full, and in a hollow square of soldiery trundled them off to jail, and so ended the Milwaukee riots of 1886.

And then and there began, most deservedly, the boom for Uncle Jerry's third and triumphant term as governor. He was in the heyday of his fame and reputation when he went with his state officials, his military staff, and his Grand Army attendants to the funeral of General Grant in New York City, probably the greatest pageant of the kind the metropolis had ever seen. Everybody had heard of the Wisconsin governor who had "knocked the backbone out of anarchy with a single volley," for all the world like Napoleon's "whiff of grapeshot," and even on so solemn an occasion, the dense crowds in places showed a disposition to applaud him.

The orders of the grand marshal, General Hancock, were that the thousand carriages of the dignitaries taking part in the parade, the senators, the representatives, the governors and their staffs and state officers, the Supreme Court justices, and hundreds of other notables should move four abreast up Fifth Avenue. When it finally came our turn (I was seated beside the Governor as his chief-of-staff, Chapman being unable to leave Madison) and we turned into Fifth Avenue at Twenty-third Street northward, the scene up to the crest of Murray Hill was something I shall never forget. The windows were filled and the sidewalks packed with spectators, while four parallel columns of black carriages moved slowly up the driveway. Directly in front of us were the carriages of the governor, the state officers and staff, and state legislature of Iowa, and only

three carriages were in their rearmost row. Then came, in the middle of the street and full ten paces behind that rearmost rank, the carriage of our leonine executive, his diminutive chief-of-staff on his left, his surgeon-general and his senior aide-de-camp facing us. Six paces behind us came the first row of four carriages, the state officials and four aides in the foremost rank. Directly opposite Madison Square an assistant marshal rode up and ordered our driver to whip up and take the vacant place in the rear rank of the Iowa legislature. In an instant Uncle Jerry towered to his full height. "Stay where you are!" he thundered to the driver, who was preparing meekly to obey.

"Those are General Hancock's orders, sir," pleaded the marshal.

"Tell General Hancock he has no power to order the governor of Wisconsin to ride as part of the legislature of Iowa, and that he refuses to do so!" roared Uncle Jerry. The marshal saluted and withdrew. A block farther on, the the same thing was repeated. Three blocks farther, also, but never once would Uncle Jerry yield. The order, of course, was a mistake and never was intended to apply to governors.

After seven memorable years as head of the state, Uncle Jerry gave way to another war-tried veteran, William Dempster Hoard of Fort Atkinson, who chose George W. Burchard to be his adjutant general, but continued me as inspector and instructor, with even wider scope than before. By this time a little tract had been cleared at Camp Douglas for a rifle range, and presently a regimental camp ground was staked out, and the Third Infantry, under the command of Colonel Moore, were the first troops to occupy it. Lieut. Philip Reade of the Third Regulars, an expert in his line, had become instructor in rifle practice and did remarkable work. It took two or three years to persuade the First and Second regiments that better results would

GOVERNOR RUSK'S STAFF AT THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GRANT

follow their camping at Douglas than at some favored town in the regimental district, but by the time George W. Peck, still another Civil War man, became governor all the state troops were camping at the reservation, one battalion succeeding another. In this Democratic era I was transferred from staff to line duty, and placed in command of the Fourth Infantry, a Milwaukee battalion; but in 1892 I was additionally employed as commandant of the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake, and in '93 was able to try out a long-cherished plan and take my household to Europe.

LITERARY LABORS

For by that time I had begun to earn quite a little money with my pen. It has always been my habit to keep a diary, especially when on campaign. While with General Emory in Louisiana, I wrote a Ku-Klux story of adventure in the South in the reconstruction days, sent it to the Harpers in New York, and received it back in three weeks with the stereotyped letter saying it was not available. It was pitched into a trunk and never again came under editorial notice until the early spring of '79, when Col. George A. Woodward, formerly sergeant-major of the old Milwaukee Light Guard, was editing *The United Service*, a Philadelphia magazine. He and his associates thought well enough of the story to say they would publish and push it in book form if I could put up four hundred dollars to cover certain expenses. I had just been placed on the retired list for "wounds received in line of duty," and said I couldn't put up four hundred cents. So again that story slumbered. But I wrote some short sketches for the magazine that found favor, and in 1880 had told, for the columns of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, the story of the Sioux campaign of 1876. These weekly numbers were later issued by the *Sentinel* in pamphlet form, under the title *Campaigning with Crook*.[4] It actually sold, and the five hundred copies were gone in less than a year.

[4] Maj. Gen. George Crook, famous Indian fighter.—Editor.

Then Woodward asked me to write a serial story of army life for *The United Service*, to run along with one of the navy prepared for them by a distinguished admiral, and all through '81 and '82 my serial ran, coming out in book form with the imprint of J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia, early in 1883, under the title *The Colonel's Daughter*. From that time for thirty years my pen was seldom idle, and in the course of those thirty years some sixty books and two hundred and fifty short stories were the result. In 1885 or '86 the Harpers wrote asking for a story for their magazine, got *A War Time Wooing*, found that it sold beyond their expectation, sent me a check beyond my expectation, and asked for another of double the length. For them I wrote *Between the Lines*, a story of the Army of the Potomac, which for long years outsold any others of mine, although Lippincott was bringing out a book a year for me (including that Ku-Klux story that nobody had wanted in '79); then it was that Harry Harper said to me, on the occasion of a visit to the old house at Franklin Square, "How did it happen you fell in the hands of that Quaker concern in Philadelphia, when you could just as well have come to us?" Then I told him the tale of my first essay, and how quickly they had returned it.

In 1893 there sprang into being in New York an association of writers that believed it possible to earn more money than was paid by the publishers. I had no fault to find with the prices given me for my wares, and indeed thought far more of military duties in Wisconsin that brought no reward in cash, save when some company that I had coached for competitive drills outside the state appropriated some of their prize money for the benefit of their instructor. The Michigan Military Academy, of course, paid well for services that took me away from home and required all my time. The Authors' Guild urged my joining it, just on the eve of my going to Europe with the wife and children three.

They promised higher prices for my short stories than even Harper, Lippincott, or the syndicates were paying, so I agreed to send them two or three from Switzerland during the fall and winter, and did so.

But on the way up the Rhine we received the distressing news that among a lot of banks to go under in the financial crash of that summer was the one in which my little hoard was placed. A month later, on the banks of Lake Geneva, came a cable from home telling us of the destruction by fire of my books, papers, and most cherished possessions in what had been alleged to be a fireproof warehouse. A month later still, the good wife slipped and fell on the parquet floor of my sister's home near Lausanne; a bone was split longitudinally, and the services of an expert surgeon were long in demand. The trip to Italy had to be abandoned, but the children had been placed in school, the family were delightfully housed for the winter at beautiful old Beau Rivage at Ouchy, so in March I came home to "mend fences."

The first visit in New York was to the office of the Authors' Guild, where I had met a congenial party in June, but only empty desks and chairs were left to represent it. They had discovered that the publishers knew far more about business than the writers, and had incontinently quit.

In April I was back in Milwaukee, writing day and night, and had I had two heads and six pairs of hands I could not then have accepted the chances given me. In the year that followed my return I wrote three or four long and I don't know how many short stories.

Then the fourth of the Wisconsin war veterans, William H. Upham, was elected governor, and he recalled me to active duty with the Guard as adjutant general.

Three years later came the war with Spain. Wisconsin was required to furnish three regiments at once, and the First, Second, and Third Infantry were promptly mobilized. Two weeks later, on the President's list of brigadier generals of volunteers appeared the names of two of the old "King's Corner crowd," Arthur MacArthur and myself.

(To be continued)

HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

W. A. Titus

X. THE LOST VILLAGE OF THE MASCOUTEN

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them o'er the ocean,
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré.
—*Longfellow.*

Perhaps no historic location in Wisconsin has been the subject of so much speculation and doubt as has the early "Mascouten village," so frequently mentioned in the annals of the French explorers and missionaries. Antiquarians and students of Wisconsin history, adducing arguments that seemed to them logical and conclusive, have located the long-lost village site at several different points along the upper Fox River. Due to apparent discrepancies in the original records, these theoretical "sites" extend from a few miles southwest of Omro to a few miles northeast of Portage, and involve three present-day counties—Winnebago, Green Lake, and Columbia—the great weight of authority indicating that the village was located within the present limits of Green Lake County.[1]

If one can credit the estimate of the population made by Dablon, the Mascouten village was the largest community, savage or civilized, that ever resided together within Green Lake County. This missionary, who spent considerable time in the village, reported to his provincial in 1675 that the population had increased to over twenty thousand souls, and that Father Allouez could no longer minister unassisted to so large a parish. Antoine Silvy is mentioned as the missionary assistant who was assigned to the Mascouten village, or the Mission of St. Jacques, as the reed chapel was styled by the French. Several years earlier Dablon had

[1] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xvi, 42, note; and articles in Wis. Hist. Soc. *Proceedings*, 1906, 167–182.

reported the village as having three thousand people, and he explained in the later report that the great increase in population was due to the arrival of refugees from other tribes.

As regards the site of this aboriginal village, some facts are definitely stated in the *Jesuit Relations* that help to approximate the location. Allouez says distinctly that the community was a day's journey from the confluence of the Fox and Wolf rivers, and to support this statement we have the map of Marquette, accompanying his *Journal* of 1673, and the map of the Lake Superior region with the *Relation* of 1670–71, both of which locate the village near the present city of Berlin. It is stated also that the bank of the river where the missionaries left their canoes was hard, not marshy, and that they proceeded across a prairie to the village which was on an elevation about two miles south of the river. Again, we read in the *Relations* that the surrounding country was a fertile prairie region, relieved by slight elevations, and not forested except for scattered groves of elm and oak on the higher grounds.

The unfortunate discrepancy that has caused so much misunderstanding about this location is the single statement of Marquette, wholly at variance with his map, that the Mascouten village was only three leagues from the portage of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, and it is more than probable that this is due to a mistake in copying the journal. Very likely the missionary-explorer originally entered in his journal "thirty leagues" rather than "three leagues." As the river distance from the portage to Berlin is about eighty-five miles, this explanation would harmonize the statements of Allouez and Marquette, and agree substantially with the maps before mentioned.

For some reason or other, perhaps because of its unusual size, the Mascouten village attracted to a marked degree the attention of all early explorers and missionaries. The

Jesuit Relations and other annals of the period tell us much of the village and its people. It was a cosmopolitan community, inhabited by several different tribes at the same time, and in times of stress it seems to have been a "city of refuge" for even distant tribesmen. The cabins were built of woven reeds, the village was well fortified by palisades, and because of its large population it was necessarily of considerable extent.

Allouez first came to the village in 1670 as an itinerant missionary, and he established there in 1672 the Mission of St. Jacques. Dablon was with Allouez at this mission a part of the time. Father Marquette and his companion, Jolliet, were at this village for three days in 1673. Hennepin saw the Mascouten community in 1680, as did Le Sueur in 1683, Nicolas Perrot in 1685, and Lahontan in 1689.

Dablon and Allouez have given us in the *Jesuit Relations* a detailed account of the village, its people, and the country surrounding it. Following are extracts from the letter of Father Allouez to the Reverend Father Superior: "On the twenty-ninth [of April, 1670] we entered the river that leads up to the Maskoutench, called 'Fire Nation' by the Hurons. This river is very beautiful, without rapids or portages; its direction is southwest. The thirtieth, having disembarked opposite the village and left our canoe at the water's edge, after a walk of a league over beautiful prairies, we perceived the fort. The savages having discovered us, made first a cry in their village; they ran to us, accompanied us with honor to the cabin of the chief, where first they brought us refreshments and greased the feet and legs of the Frenchmen who were with me; afterward they prepared a feast. . . . In the evening I assembled them and made them a present of cloth, knives, and hatchets, to let them know the Black Robe. 'I am not the Manitou who is Master of your lives, who has created the heavens and the earth; I am His creature, I obey Him and carry

His work over all the lands.' I explained to them afterwards the articles of our holy faith, and the commandments of God; these good people only half understood me. . . . The savages named Oumami [Miami] are here only in small number; the greater part have not arrived from their hunt, so that I say nothing of them particularly. Their language is conformable to their temper; they are mild, affable, grave; also they speak slowly. . . . These people are established in a very fine place, where we see beautiful plains and level country as far as the eye reaches. Their river leads to a great river called Messisipi; there is a navigation of only six days; along this river are numerous other nations. . . . The kindnesses they did me occupied me almost all the day. They called at my lodge to see me, took me home with them, and after seating me on some beautiful skin, they presented me with a handful of tobacco which they placed at my feet. Then they brought me a kettle full of fat meat and Indian corn, with a speech of compliment which they made me. I have always taken occasion from this to inform them of the truth of our faith. God has given me the grace to be always understood, their language being the same as that of the Saki. . . . This people appeared very docile.

"Here is a mission all ready, composed of two nations dwelling together, capable of fully occupying a missionary."[2]

In the *Relation* of 1670–71 Father Claude Dablon in his report to Rev. P. J. Pinette, Provincial, makes further mention of the Mascouten village. After a description of the difficult passage up the rapids of the lower Fox, he describes the country of the Mascouten as follows:

"After one has passed these ways, equally rough and dangerous, as a recompense for all these difficulties which

[2] R. G. Thwaites, *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents* (Cleveland, 1896–1903), liv, 227–233; Louise P. Kellogg, *Early Narratives of the Northwest* (New York, 1917), 155–158.

one has overcome, we enter into the most beautiful country that can ever be seen; prairies on all sides as far as the eye can reach, divided by a river which gently winds through them, and on which to float by rowing is to repose one's self. When we have arrived at this place, we have passed the forests and the hills; there are only small elevations here and there, covered with groves, as if to offer their shade to the traveler that he may refresh himself from the heat of the sun.

"Here are seen only elms, oaks, and other trees of like nature, not like those ordinarily found on bad lands which are merely fit to cover cabins with their bark, or to make canoes. For this reason these people know not what it is to go on water, and have no other houses, for the most part, than those made of rushes bound together in the form of mats. . . .

"This is all a prairie country . . . which richly feeds wild cows that one meets with pretty often in droves of four or five hundred beasts, readily furnishing by their number, food for entire villages who for that reason are not obliged to separate by families during the hunting season, as the savages of other countries do.

"It is also among these rich pastures where are found buffaloes . . . which much resemble our bulls in size and strength. . . . Their flesh is excellent, and its fat mixed with the wild oats makes the most delicate dish in this country. . . .

"It is necessary to proceed more than twenty leagues in this beautiful country before we arrive at the 'Fire Nation,' which is situated on a little rising ground, from whence nothing but vast prairies are seen on all sides with some groves in various parts, and which nature seems to have produced only for the delight of the eyes or for the necessities of man, who cannot do without wood. Here we arrived on the 13th of September, 1670, and were received by the concourse of the whole people. . . .

"The 'Fire Nation' bears this name erroneously, calling themselves Maskoutench, which signifies 'a land bare of trees' such as that which these people inhabit. . . . It [the Mascouten community] is joined in the circle of the same barriers to another people named Oumami, which is one of the Illinois nations that separated itself from the others in order to dwell in these quarters.

"They compose together more than three thousand souls, being able, each one, to furnish four hundred men to defend themselves against the Iroquois, who come even into these distant countries to seek them. . . ."[3]

Then follows a long description of the religious instruction given to the people of the village, and of their determination to build a reed chapel in which to establish a mission.

Father Dablon makes further reference to the Mascouten village in the *Relation* of 1671–72, from which we quote his reference to the work of Father Allouez as follows:

"He found in the village of the Maskoutench, which is the Fire Nation, three peoples of different languages; he was received there as an angel from heaven, particularly by those who, having recently arrived from the quarters of the south, had never had knowledge of any Frenchman. They could not satisfy themselves with gazing on him; the days were too short to hear him speak of our mysteries, and it was necessary thus to employ entire nights. So favorable a reception stayed the Father very willingly, and gave him the opportunity of baptising two sick persons. . . ."[4]

Dablon reported in 1675 that the Mascouten village had been increased to twenty thousand people by refugees from other tribes. In 1676 the report stated that of this large population, only thirty-six adults and one hundred twenty-six children had accepted Christian baptism.[5] It would

[3] *Jes. Rel.*, lv. 191–213.
[4] *Ibid.*, lviii, 21–37.
[5] *Ibid.*, lix, 225; lx, 207.

thus seem that the attitude of the community toward the new faith was one of tolerance rather than of conviction.

It is not known when or under what circumstances this notable village finally disappeared. As stated before, it had always been a haven for the distressed of different tribes. There are casual accounts in the later records that indicate a bond of sympathy between the Mascouten and the Fox Indians; and it is possible that during the long strife between the Fox tribes and the French, a conflict in which fire and sword were used indiscriminately, the Mascouten village may have been burned and its people driven away.

It is rather remarkable that no traces of this large and fairly well described aboriginal village have been discovered in modern times. It is clear that the Mascouten community was located on an eminence, that it was fortified by palisades, that it was about two miles (a "short league" as the *Relations* have it) south of the Fox River, that it was a day's journey from the junction of the Fox and Wolf rivers, and that an unforested prairie surrounded it on all sides. The two maps of the period, as well as most descriptions written by the early missionaries, fix the site between Berlin and Princeton, probably much nearer to the former city. During the long period of its occupancy by the savages, it would seem that refuse heaps must have accumulated in which were buried discarded weapons and implements, as well as the bones of animals used for food. An extensive burial ground must have developed in the immediate vicinity, and some of these evidences should persist to the present time, even though two and one-half centuries have elapsed since the planting of the Mission of St. Jacques. It is not impossible that, at some future time, excavation or accidental discovery may once more fix definitely the site of this long-lost village of the Mascouten. If so, it will become a hallowed shrine for the antiquarian and the historian—an "historic spot" indeed.

DOCUMENTS

ON THE ROAD TO WISCONSIN

The most striking fact in the history of Wisconsin during its first quarter-century of organized existence was the inpouring of thousands of white settlers intent on improving their condition in life. In 1830 Wisconsin was practically an uninhabited wilderness. Ten years later there were thirty thousand souls in the new Territory, and ten years later still the number had increased to three hundred thousand. The single decade ending in 1850 witnessed a greater proportionate increase in population than has the entire seventy-two-year period from 1850 to the present time.

It is not our present purpose to dwell upon the consequences which followed in the train of this vast inrush of migration, but rather to suggest the significance of the documents which we are about to present. All of these thousands of early immigrants came into Wisconsin over a tedious and weary road. For the most part they came from the East—from the states of New York and New England, or from foreign countries. In 1850 one-third of the population of Wisconsin were of alien birth, and almost another third were natives of New York and New England. Whether of alien or native birth, they came to Wisconsin by much the same route, across New York and thence by water around the Lakes or by land along their southern side to Chicago and beyond. The extent of this westward migration amazed the contemporary beholder, as it amazes today the student of our early history. From Buffalo, wrote an intelligent observer,[1] not less than eighty thousand embarked in the single year 1834. There could be no calculation of the tide that poured by land along the south shore of

[1] A. A. Parker, *Trip to the West and Texas . . . in the Autumn and Winter of 1834–5* (Concord, N. H., 1835), 22–23.

Lake Erie, but one observer counted 250 wagons moving West in a single day.

Most of these travelers kept no journals of their experiences, and the knowledge of them, if preserved at all, is handed down by way of hazy family tradition. Now and then such a journal was kept, however, and, more fortunate still, the record has been preserved to posterity. The records which follow are both by pioneers who bore a leading part in the work of founding the Wisconsin commonwealth. Both were kept by men of more than ordinary ability and literary capacity. Both records deal only with events on the way, and stop before Wisconsin is reached. One deals mainly with the water route, the other wholly with a trip by land. Both were written with no thought of reaching the public eye, and in each case the writer has now been buried almost half a century.

Charles Minton Baker was a native of New York, but grew up in Vermont, and his life before coming West was chiefly identified with these two states. He practiced law several years and engaged for a time in mercantile business. In 1838 he came to Wisconsin and settled at Lake Geneva, becoming the first lawyer of Walworth County. He soon became prominent in civic affairs, serving in the territorial legislature, in the constitutional convention, and in other offices of trust and importance. In the convention he was chairman of the important committee on judiciary, and in 1848 he bore the principal part in the work of revising the statutes of the new state. His influence upon the constitutional and legal development of Wisconsin was thus most notable. After a long life of useful labor he died at his home in Lake Geneva, February 5, 1872.

George B. Smith, whose letters, written to a youthful friend, we present, was also a native of New York but grew to manhood in Ohio. In 1843, at the age of nineteen years, he came with his parents to Wisconsin. The next year

he settled in Madison, which remained his home until his death in 1879. He was elected to the convention of 1846, being the youngest member of that body. In later years he served as mayor of his city, representative of his district in the state legislature, attorney general of the state, and candidate of his party for the national Senate and House.

CHARLES MINTON BAKER'S JOURNAL FROM VERMONT TO WISCONSIN

Sept. 10, 1838, Left Hortonville loaded with the kindness of friends & neighbours & amidst their regrets & good wishes for Wisconsin. Arrived at Whitehall,[2] that rocky, muddy, dirty, crooked, contracted, outlandish outlet of creation, tucked in between marshes & mountains,—the abomination of all travellers & my especial abhorrence. Made arrangements for the shipment of my goods to Buffalo. Met with sundry little annoyances & vexations.

11. Started from W'hall with my bitterest blessings resting upon it, not caring a copper whether I ever see it again. The roads tho' dry & dusty were so rough for some distance as continually to remind me of that particular object of my antipathy, Whitehall. The day was fine, the roads dusty, but our ride on the whole was pleasant. Drove 27 miles & put up at a quiet, genteel country tavern on the sandy plains of Moreau. Passed thro' Fort Ann, Kingsbury, Sandy Hill & Glenns Falls. Felt as if I had fairly set forward on my journey for the far West.[3]

12. Today travelled 34 miles passing thro' Wilton, Greenfield, Galway, Broad Alban. Stopped for the night at Fundy's Bush Montgomery Co. The roads the greater part of the way very hilly but the country looked flourishing.

Sept. 13. Stopped for the night at a Dutch tavern in Manheim on the Mohawk. Sheets & pillows so dirty that Mrs. B. would not sleep on them. Called at a Dutch tavern in the morning & the landlord a true Hollander "vondered vy we

[2] In northern Washington County, New York.
[3] The author had this day crossed Saratoga County from northeast to southwest.

vent so far for." In afternoon called at another Dutch inn & could get nothing but sour milk altho' it was milked in the morning & it has been a cool day. Have passed thro' Mayfield, Johnstown, Palatine, St. Johnsville, (late Oppenheim) & Meridan into Manheim. Rained last night but was rather an advantage than a hindrance as it laid the dust. Country good & even excellent most of the way. Day rather fine & ride pleasant.

14. Today have had a most delightful ride up the beautiful valley of the Mohawk with its broad & quiet stream, now presenting a long & silvery sheet clear as a mirror & now rippling over its pebbly bed. Here winds the canal thronged with boats laden with goods, emigrants & the produce of the interior, there stretches the turnpike over hill & dale or along the banks of the river, & beyond runs the railroad with its naked iron track lonely & deserted except now & then when the long train of cars come whirling & thundering along in sublime array & anon vanish in the distance. We saw all of these in full operation & to the best advantage today. Stopped at Utica about 1½ hours. She is indeed exceedingly beautiful & well deserves the title of queen of the valley. Had my pail stolen from my waggon. Drove on six miles beyond Utica to New Hartford & put up for the night. When I pass Utica I always feel as if I had just struck off upon the mighty West, upon a country vast, rich, fertile & filled with unbounded resources & the most untiring enterprise. Have travelled 32 miles. Passed thro' Herkimer, Frankfort & Utica.

Sept. 15. Weather dry & warm & roads exceedingly dusty. Travelled 35 miles & put up for the Sabbath at Fayetteville a pleasant & flourishing village in Onondaga Co. Passed thro' Westmoreland, Verona, Durhamville, (leaving Canastota to the right) Lenox & Sullivan & Chittenango. At the latter place the Camel Leopards 15 feet high & carried on a waggon 20 ft. high were being exhibited. Ctgo. is a flourishing little village lying in a narrow valley among the hills. Its inhabitants appear to be plain, industrious & hospitable.

Sept. 16. Attended meeting at the Presbyterian Church in the forenoon. Found a little to my surprise one of my old class-

mates was pastor. He was formerly an exceedingly dull scholar & makes rather a dull preacher. His discourse was regular & properly divided, but it was rather heavy & commonplace. Thought how many a blockhead is honored & reverenced in the world who if their real talents & knowledge were known would be despised.

In P. M. Attended the Baptist Church which appears to be flourishing. 12 individuals were recd. into the church. Attended the celebration of our Lord's Supper. But O how unworthy of so high a privilege. Blessed Jesus purify this heart & make it wholly thine.

Sept. 17. Took an early start from F'ville & drove to Syracuse 8 miles where we breakfasted. A flourishing, active, business place. Took the road for Auburn over Onondaga Hill. Passed thro' Marcellus & Sennett leaving Skaneatiles to the left & Elbridge to the right. The country very hilly, but fertile & well cultivated. Soil rich loam, as indeed it has been most of the way since we left Saratoga Co. Travelled 33 miles,—25 to [from] Syracuse. Have found quarters in Auburn in a very neat, genteel, quiet house, which is more than can be said of many taverns we have found on the way. Auburn is a splendid village surpassing any thing as a village that I have ever seen. It must contain much public spirit & enterprise as well as wealth & taste. Has improved some since I was here last.

Sept. 18. Drove to Seneca Falls by the way of the Free Bridge about 15 miles passing thro' Ments & Tyre. Found S. Falls but little improved since last here[4]—looks dirty & ragged—but little neat or tasty about it. Was warmly welcomed by many friends & very hospitably entertained. Found brother T. well & glad to see us. Did some business but the individuals I most wanted to see were absent. The population I found greatly changed—much more alteration in the inhabitants than in the place.

19. Left about 4 P. M. & drove 10 miles & put up for the night at Mr. Wests, a private house in the Western part of Waterloo.

[4] Here the author had practiced law from 1829 to 1834.

20. Travelled 35 miles to Lima & having arrived since dark can't speak as to the village. Have come today thro' Phelpstown, Hopewell, Canandaigua, East & West Bloomfield & Lima. A superb country, for the most part gently undulating & extremely fertile. It is well cultivated & adorned with beautiful villages, farm houses & out buildings. The roads were excellent, much the finest we have had. Passed thro' Canandaigua, that princely village, which for beautiful private residences & as a *rural* village surpasses anything I have ever seen. Have found for the night very good accommodations. There is a flourishing literary institution at this place under the Methodist patronage.
21. Drove to West Avon 7 ms. to Breakfast—there being two small villages of that name situated near together. At Avon is a mineral spring of some note. ½ a mile beyond Avon passed the far famed Genessee River. It is rather smaller than I anticipated & at present quite low. A canal from Rochester is constructing up its Western side. Immediately after passing this river we came to the broad domains of Le Roy. He has about 1500 acres in one body & has sown this season several hundred acres of wheat. Passed thro' Caledonia to Le Roy, a pleasant, flourishing, business like little village situated on Allans Cr. in the midst of a fine Country. The Country for the most of the way between G. River & Le Roy I did not like. It is very stony, rather dry & hard soil & timbered wholly with a growth of small oaks. From Le Roy to Batavia the country is superb & of almost unsurpassed fertility. Between lies the town of Stafford. Batavi[a] is a delightful village with one main st. broad & lined with trees & studded with beautiful villas & elegant mansions. It lies on the Tonawanda Creek is the county seat of Genessee Co. & is a flourishing village full of activity & enterprise. We passed on 5½ ms. to the Western part of Batavia where we have taken lodgings for the night. There is a railroad from B. to Rochester now in operation being a link in the great railroad from Albany to Buffalo. At B. we were misdirected & went out of our way about 2 miles over a bye & rough road

which like to have shaken the top off from my waggon. Travelled 38 miles.

Sept. 22. Started at 4 o'clock this morning & have passed thro' Ten Broeck (Rushville) Clarence & Williamsville to Buffalo. Was not much pleased with the country. The fore part of the day it was low & sandy then the soil became thin & Rocky. It [is] rather a good country however from Williamsville to Buffalo a distance of 10 miles where the[y] have constructed a good McAdamized road. Along this road are settled many Swiss peasantry. They appear to be possessed of little enterprise, are filthy in their persons & dwellings & have little taste. They are building a spacious Church in Buffalo devoted I believe to Catholicism. We arrived at Buffalo at about 4 P. M. & drove directly thro' Main St. to the wharf having travelled today 34 miles. We were immediately beset with Steam Boat agents & in a short time engaged a passage on Board the Steam Boat *Bunker Hill* for Detroit. Being about the first on board we secured pretty good quarters. She is a large staunch built Boat with good Accommodations. She is to go out this evening or tomorrow morning. Buffalo is a flourishing place & doing an extensive business. She is destined to be a great place as the main outlet of the extensive & increasing trade of the upper lakes. Here is the starting point for the mighty West & from this point imagination stretches her wing over the great waters which reach nearly 2000 miles into the interior & roll their billows along the most fertile shores on the Globe. Hail thou fair & fertile West, thou world of floods & forests of bright rivers & green prairies, thou art henceforth my home. Great & magnificent West almost untouched & fresh as at thy first creation formed on a mighty scale & destined by thy Creator for events mighty as thyself. Great West the pilgrims & the poor man's home, thou invitest to thy bosom to partake of thy riches & thy bounty all alike of every rank of every clime & tongue. Onward be thy way & glorious be thy destiny. The distance from Hubbardton to Buffalo by the way we came is [blank in MS.]. From Whitehall to Buffalo we were 9½ days on the rout & travelled at the rate of [blank in MS.] miles per day.

23 & 24. Last night about sundown the equinoctial storm which had been indicated all day by gusts & whirlwinds set in with a violent gale from the South West accompanied with rain. It blew almost a hurricane & completely broke down & stripped the top off from my waggon. One Steam Boat which put to sea was driven back & obliged to take shelter in the harbour. The wind & sea continued very high till Monday night when they abated. It is very tedious lying in port especially as we are thronged & our numbers are continually increasing from almost every tongue & nation the rich & poor, the civil & uncivil, the neat & quiet, the noisy & dirty, the pious & praying, the impious & swearing, the genteel & fashionable & gay, & the ragged & filthy & disgusting. Found all my goods which arrived today & shipped them on board the brig Neptune for Milwauky at $6 per hundred. Paid $9 per cwt. from Whitehall to Buffalo.

25. Tuesday morning at about 9 o'clock A. M. we started from the port of Buffalo, with a fine breeze from the South West a clear sky & bright sun. In addition to the motley lot of passengers above described we are heavily loaded with horses & waggons, merchandise & baggage of all descriptions. The boat pitches some & there is considerable sea sickness on board. Mrs. B. & Mary are considerably affected & Charley & brother W. a little & I am a little qualmish. We ran between 3 & 4 miles from land along the American Shore & the broad bosom of Ontario [Erie] with its watery & Cloudless horizon stretches to the North & West before us. Hail thou mighty flood type of Old Ocean, proudly thou bearest a thousand keels. How changed the scene which animates thee since thy waves bore the immortal Perry to battle & to victory. Then the strong battleship loomed upon thy waters, & the voice of the deep mouthed cannon echoed along thy shores & startled the timid deer & awoke the peaceful inhabitant from his slumbers. Now thy bosom is whitened with the bright sails of Commerce & the keels of fifty steamers plough thy waters.

Sept. 26. This morning found ourselves running along the Shores of the Ohio between Ashtabula & Cleaveland. Passed yester-

day Dunkirk the intended termination of the Hudson & Erie Rail Road, & last night we passed Erie the great port of Pennsylvania on the lakes. Here will terminate a railroad & canal when completed which will form a chain of communication thro' the State to Philadelphia. It is said that the railroad will bring Phida. nearer to lake Erie than New York now is but [the] canal rout is more circuitous. About 6 o'clock this morning we entered the Cuyahoga river which forms the harbour of Cleaveland & passed up to the village. The harbour has a fine pier & two lighthouses; one on the extremity of the pier & one on an eminence on the main land. Cleaveland is a handsome flourishing village situate on a plain of great fertility lying about 50 feet above the surface of the lake. The streets are broad straight & regular & the buildings good. Across the river is a small & flourishing village springing up called Ohio City. Here terminates the great Ohio canal which stretches thro' the State via Columbus & terminates at Portsmouth. The country around Cleaveland is very fine. Laid at C. 6 hours & started out about 12 M. The shores become lower as we proceed onward & the timber is very tall & heavy. Put in at Sheffield at the mouth of Black river. The village is small & the country low. We also touch at Huron situate at the mouth of Huron river a small place built almost in a Swamp. The river is full of reeds & rushes on the side opposite the village is a wet marsh & the country around is very low nearly on a level with the lake. Beyond this place to Sandusky the Country continues very low. Saw the latter place at a distance to the left. From Huron we directed our course to Cunningham's island which brought our boat into the troughfs of the sea when we had vomiting enough. Not Esculapius & all his tribe could have produced so sudden & astonishing effect. Suffice it to say we had plenty of reeling & staggering to & fro & a most filthy & disgusting scene ensued in all parts of the boat. There were many pale faces among the fair & some awfully wry faces among the men. Some hung over the sides of the vessel & some lay stretched on chairs & settees & on the deck & floors in all manner of shapes & positions, whilst others were reeling

& staggering wherever a lurch of the boat happened to throw them. It was curious to observe & contrast the glee & laughter of some few reckless characters who were unaffected with the solemn woe begone countenances of those who were sick. Mrs. B. & Mary were very sick, Charley was much affected & I had some very unpleasant sensations. We were thus exposed to rolling of the waves about 2 hours when we run under Cunningham's island to wood which completely sheltered us from the waves & the wind. This is a small island containing about 3000 acres is very fertile & settled by about 80 inhabitants. After lying to about 1½ hours we are again on our way direct to Detroit. The boat rides tolerably well.

27. We are now befogged nearly opposite Fort Malden in the Detroit river at about 2 o'clock in the morning awaiting for day light & I have arisen from inability to sleep more. The scene presented in the deck cabin among the deck passengers is worthy the pencil of Hogarth. Shades of night & my great grandmother. Here lie stretched in wild disorder & promiscuous confusion upon the floor like the slain on the field of battle in all shapes & positions both sexes & all ages. the man of gray hairs & the tender infant, the rosy cheeked damsel & the sturdy wood chopper. Here is crying & scolding & snoring & groaning. Some in births & some on chairs & trunks & settees & the rest on the floor. Some sitting & some lying, some dressed & some undressed. some covered & some uncovered & naked; some are stretched on beds, others on matrasses & cushions & cloaks & not a few are trying to find the soft side of the hard floor. Such is a steamboat life on lake Erie, a scene which I do not soon wish to experience again. At day light we weighed anchor & proceeded up the river. It is about two miles wide including the marshes which are principally on the Canada shore but narrows to ¾ or ½ a mile opposite Detroit. The lands adjacent to the river are low & heavily wooded. On the American side for some distance below Detroit are frequently seen the small white dwellings of the early French settlers. At length Detroit opened upon our view situated on a gentle rise of land elevated some 20 or 30 feet above the river. It is a very flourishing business place & for pleasant-

ness rather exceeded my expectations. We stopped at the Exchange & took breakfast & fell in with some old Brandon acquaintance. After refixing the top to my waggon we started from Detroit at ½ past 12 M. & took the Ann Arbour & Ypsilanti road for Lima. Passed over the railroad at D. which is completed to the latter place & took nearly a Sothwesterly direction.

For 5 miles from D. the Country is very low & the appearance gloomy & uninviting. It is principally covered with bushes interspersed with a few trees of large growth & the roads being in many places for a long distance constructed of logs are rough almost beyond description. We passed the Ruse or Rogue a small creek about 11 miles from D. came thro' Dearbornville about 10 miles out whe[re] the U. S. have erected a fine Arsenal. The land there is sandy & poor. We have travelled 20 miles & for almost the entire way the country is a dead level, thinly settled, the land poorly cultivated. But at only 3 or 4 small spots on the way has it appeared at all pleasant or the soil decently cultivated. Water is scarce & poor, no mill privileges & but very little grain raised. The road is exceeding [rough?] almost the entire distance being perfect log-pike. Where we watered our horses at noon 3 pailsful drained the well & the last looked as if it were taken from a mud hole. At one place we saw the geese & hogs contending with the utmost fury for a little water which had been left in a trough. Found many sick on the way & saw many pale faces. If this is a specimen of Michigan I wish to see no more of it. The soil for the most part is a mixture of black sand or muck with loam. It is very light & thin & rests on a bed of yellow sand. The country for the most part is covered with high bushes interspersed with a few trees or larger growth such as ash & elm for the most part with now & then a beech & maple.

Sept. 28. As we approach Ypsilanti the present termination of the railroad the country improves in appearance. This place is 30 ms. from Detroit is flourishing & full of activity. It is rather pleasantly situated on the river Rasin. Here we first begin to enter the Oak openings. They consist of white, black

or red & yellow oak with now & then a hickory. The trees are from 6 to 30 inches in diameter & thinly scattered. Bushes from one to ten feet high usually grow among the trees, but sometimes there are none when the woods present quite a beautiful & romantic appearance. Formerly these bushes were annually burnt by the Indians which probably occasioned what are now called grubs. These are turnip shaped bulbs or roots from which the bushes grow just under the surface of the ground & are destroyed only by grubbing or by plowing them off with a strong team of 4 or 5 yoke of oxen. From Ypsilanti we passed to Ann Arbour 10 ms. through a pretty good country considerably improved. The latter place is the co. seat & the site of the intended University of M. It is a handsome thriving village situated on or near the river Rasin. Thence passed on 12 miles to my brother in law's T. Cooper's in Lima. Found them well & much pleased to see us. The country here is pretty good. The soil is principally loam mixed sometimes with sand, sometimes with muck at others with clay. The country is sufficiently uneven. There are many low pieces of ground of from 5 to 30 acres covered with wild grass which the settlers mow for fodder. These they call wet prairies.

Oct. 3. After spending 4 days very pleasantly with my sister & family resumed my journey about 10 A. M. Whilst at Lima went to Dexter 3½ ms. a small thriving village founded by Judge Dexter also to Sylvan a good farming town. To day passed thro' Sylvan Grass Lake, the small village of Leona Jacksonburgh the Co. Seat of Jackson Co. situate on grand river & have put up for the night about 2 ms. West of the latter place. In Sylvan passed over the Short Hills which run thro' the State from North to South. To Jacksonburgh the surface of the country is quite uneven being full of small short hills & having many marshes & ponds of water. Part of the way the country is quite good but generally did not like it so well as about Lima. The soil is nearly the same as there. There is sufficiency of stone thus far altho' the Country is not stoney. The oak openings continue. Jacksonburgh is a very new & growing place & is the site chosen for the State

penetentiary. They have a fine hewn stone Court house & are building a bank of the same material. They have a fine stone quarry in the neighbourhood. Where I put up it is 40 ms. to Ann Arbour 80 to Detroit & 28 to Marshall.

LETTERS OF GEORGE B. SMITH[5]

Dear J. CHICAGO, March 24th, 1843

We arrived here yesterday all in good health and spirits. We have had a long & tedious journey. The weather has been extremely cold most of the time since we left home, a circumstance by the way which has been greatly to our advantage—indeed but for this fact, it must have been impossible for us to have proceeded. We had as you know 2 double wagons, & two single carriages all of which were heavy loaded and if we had had the weather usual to this season of the year the roads would have been soft & we would have been forced to have sold many of our things. It was unwise in us to have started as we did—but the unprecedented length of the cold weather let us out. It commenced snowing two or three days after we left; and continued to snow for several days. For this reason the roads were heavy for a few days, & we made but slow progress each day—however we got along as you see very well & we are here in good time. We were 16 days on the road.

I will not attempt to give you a detailed history of our daily life on the way, or any kind of a description of the country or villages through which we have passed. The weather has been so cold & some of the time so blustering, that I have not paid much attention to the country. I have looked only to the road & I assure you it has oftentimes required some care to keep that. We passed through Michigan and one corner of Indiana, & I cannot tell how the country would look in its summer garments, but I assure you it looks uncomfortable enough in its winter robes —but I do not intend to describe to you the country—indeed for the reasons I have stated—my description would be but poor if I tried.

I will however give you a slight idea of the people & a few miles of the country through Indiana. I do this because here for

[5] These letters were written to his friend James Sargent.

certain reasons I noticed the country & scrutenised the people with more minuteness than elsewhere on my route. The section of Indiana through which we passed is regard[ed] in some respects a dangerous route. I mean that portion of it say 40 miles the other side of Michigan City. This city is about 40 miles from Chicago.

Somewhere in the neighborhood alluded to lives the notorious Bill Lathy [?] formerly of Lathys corners, in Summit Co. & he is supposed to be the head & captain of a gang of horse thieves & counterfeiters—& hereabouts they live. We were warned to be on our guard in passing through this country. We had 6 very fine horses & some valuables besides—which under existing circumstances we could not well afford to loose. We tried to pass this infested district in one day, but the roads were so heavy from the depth of snow that night overtook us midway the distance, & we were forced to stop at what we had been told was a kind of headquarters for the scamps thereabouts. This was a low rakish dirty looking building, with a rickety sign in front on which was lettered, "Tavern." We drove up to the door, & out came Mr. Landlord. I wish you could have seen him—with his red bushy hair—his big bloated face & this by bad whiskey—which abounds in this neighborhood, & which is commonly called "red eye," literally dripping from his eyes—which were "red eyes" in truth. He was indifferently dressed yet fantastically, he had on a bright red vest much worn, a pair of green & red striped pantaloons and a big dirty green beige [word illegible] tied by the ends in front, & right at his heels were two big bull dogs that looked fierce & ugly enough—but not so bad as their master.

He said we could stay—he "sposed" whereupon we commenced to unload ourselves, & the little portable traps that we took in with us nightly when we stopped. We hardly commenced this unloading process when out came 5 or 6 of "Mine Hosts" croneys. I will not undertake to describe these characters to you. I will say however, that they reminded me of as many big black snakes, in a kind of half torpid state. Each man looked his part well. Of course we took them to be horse thieves, & our fears were excited that they might have been promoted to the higher

degrees of crime for they certainly looked as if they were ripe for "treason stratagem & murder."

We would have gladly left this place, but stay we must. We determined therefore to pass a sleepless night in that house, & we did. At first they would have placed us in rooms distant from each other, but we declined this arrangement & succeeded in getting two rooms adjoining—Father & Mother & Charles & Lafayette occupied one room & Parsons & I another. Our room looked out to the barn. We each had a big hickory cane & a Pistol; we watched the barn & listened intently all the night long in constant fear that some evil was to befall us. Once or twice during the night we thought we heard some unusual stir in the house & about the barn—but the morning and a bright beautiful cold morning it was—found us as safe from harm as if we had been lodged in a Princely Palace—save that we were wearied from watching. Our horses were all safe & they had been well cared for. A comfortable breakfast was prepared for us and about 9 A. M. we left the place where our fears had been so excited & I must say that all of the inmates of the house looked better to us than they did the night before. I have thought of the matter since, & I must do those rough fellows the justice to say that in estimating them we rather reasoned from our fears—they were rough looking men to be sure & what we heard excited our fears & we looked at these men with a distorted vision—at all events they did not molest us & in the morning they all seemed kind & obliging & the landlord assisted us with a will & a grace that would have done honor to "Mine Host" of a more elegant establishment.

We left them there thankful at least that our horses had not been stolen & that we had been permitted to depart in peace.

The country for about 20 miles either side of Michigan City looked to me rough & uninviting, the people all along the way looked rough & inhospitable, and I am inclined to think that this is really the true character of the country & the people in this vicinity. We arrived at Michigan City just at dusk. I will tell you about this place—a few words in my next.

Dear J.— CHICAGO, March 28th, 1843

I said in my last that I would tell you in a few words about Michigan City & a few words will tell all about it. This is the

only point that Indiana has on Lake Michigan, and if the harbor was at all good or could conveniently be made so, it would be in time a very important point, & something of a city but the harbor is full of sand, and already a large amount of money has been expended here by the Government to remove the sand & make a harbor but the most sanguine are disheartened at the prospect, for the sand drifts in about as fast as they can take it out. The whole city looks just as if the houses had been built somewhere else & moved here—& indeed this is true of many of them. A rival city was started a few miles from here in 1836, it busted & the houses many of them have been removed here.

The tavern house where we are stopping a large wood building was so moved, & it now stands on blocks imbedded in the sand. The city is on a sand Bank. There may be 12 or 15 hundred people here, & in the summer I should think most of their time would be occupied in keeping the sand out of their eyes. In short it is a cheerless dillapidated looking place, & I would rather live anywhere else than here. We got there in the evening at dusk & left at daylight the next morning, & right glad I was to get away. Still there will always be a "City" there & many a poor devil will be dumped into the sand after he has shuffled off his mortal coil.

The Road from Michigan City to Chicago hugs very close to the shore of the head of Lake Michigan & is consequently very sandy, but just now in its frozen state the road is good. The country along the route looks barren enough, & yet people have settled here & opened farms, & seem quite contented. It is well we do not all think alike. I would rather not live at all than to be obliged to spend my allotted days in this region, at least it seems so to me now.

This day we got within six or 7 miles of Chicago. Here Father found an old acquaintance keeping tavern in a long double log house & everything was very comfortable about it—the name I have forgotten, but as Toots says "its no consequence." Here we staid all night, all the next day & night, for the wind blew so that we could not proceed.

We kept close to the shore of the lake quite into Chicago & most of the way it is prairie. To the left of us which is south, this

[is] one vast sea of Prairie, as they say here we were out of site of land—and withall it is very low, not much above the level of the Lake—but in the summer when the grass is green & the flowers are in bloom, it must look beautiful for they tell me that in the summer the prairie is literally covered with beautiful flowers of many varieties—but now it looks cheerless & gloomy enough & here I would not stay.

We arrived in this city March 23d & we are stopping at the American Temperance House kept by C. W. Cook. He formerly kept the Cleveland House at Cleveland, where I boarded with him. The weather is still cold & sleighing good the snow is so deep between here & Wisconsin that we cannot proceed. We may stay here 3 or 4 weeks—at all events I will write you again in a few days, when I will tell you about this "far off" City.

Dear J.— CHICAGO April—1843

I promised in my last to tell you about this City. There is a wide expanse of sparsely settled country between us, which on the whole is capable of maintaining a dense & prosperous population, and all around Chicago there is a fine but yet uncultivated country, and yet Chicago is a city now much larger than Cleveland, with a business many fold greater than is done at that place. It is situated just at the head of Lake Michigan & on ground that seems scarcely above the lake, and now that spring begins to unfold its beauties, and Jack frost is leaving for parts unknown, we begin to feel as well as see that this great city in embrio is in a mud hole. The name denotes either a mud hole or sckunks den & I am not certain which. The Indians are remarkably cute in giving the right name to anything. Nevertheless it is a city—a thriving, prosperous busy city—it is just beginning to recover from the effect of the bubble of 1836—at which time the prices of property were perfectly fabulous but the traces of those days are fast passing away & a healthy & profitable state of things reigns here instead. The prices of property are not high for the business advantages and future prospects of the place, for notwithstanding it is in the mud it must from its very situation be in time a City of very considerable business & large population.

There are men here, sensible reflecting men who affect to believe that in a few years it will be one of the great citys of the Union. They are men who have an abiding faith in the growth & prosperity of what they call the "Great Northwest." You never heard much about it nor I either until now, and they regard Chicago as the Great Commercial Center of the Great West—perhaps they are right. We shall see.

Father has rented a house on Clark St not far from the main st of the city which is Water St,[6] & we shall stay here 3 or 4 weeks until the roads become settled so that we can jog on to Southport[7] Racine Co Wisconsin our place of destination.

I would like to stop here, but Father is not so enclined, and I must not leave him yet—his health is improving, still he is but the wreck of a man, & I must not leave him. My health has greatly improved since I left home, but still it is poorly & I am not more able to apply myself to my profession, & I have fears that I may never be able to do so, but I will not dwell upon a subject so painful to me & in no wise interesting to you. I have written today to E——— & enclose the same to you please see that it is delivered. I shall hereafter write direetly to E———. I will write again in few days.

Dear J.— CHICAGO April 1843

We are still here waiting for the snow to go off & the roads to settle, so that we can move on to Wisconsin. The snow is slowly melting away but the roads are horrid, even the streets of Chicago are almost impassible. Our people are all well but we are all impatient to leave here & be settled in our future home.

My health I think is improving, and it has been from the day I left. I now look forward with some hope of being able to perform a part in the great world, for a while I feared that my time was short, then my ambition was correspondingly weak, but now a light glimmers in the future & hope revives. I pray that it may not be a delusion.

While waiting here we have but little to do. I have nothing to do, but read the newspapers. J. Y. Sanger you may remember

[6] This was South Water Street, then the business center of Chicago.
[7] Modern Kenosha.

him has a hat & cap store here, & he is also interested in business in Milwaukee Wisconsin. I repair to his store every day to read the newspapers of that state, several of which he takes. I feel more interest in these papers, because Wisconsin is to be my future home, and besides there is a very interesting contest going on there just now between the Gov. James D. Doty, and the Legislature. The Legislature & the people all seem to be against Doty, but Doty seems to be ahead.

The difficulty as I gather it is this—The Legislature met without being called by the Gov. & he refused to cooperate with them, because he says that Congress has not made an appropriation for that purpose. The Legislature undertook to go on without him, & although almost every member is against the Gov. they make very bad work in their opposition—somehow he contrives to head them at every turn. There is great excitement there & some here about it. I cannot learn enough to decide which is right, though I can clearly see that the Gov is ahead. All of the papers that I read are against the Governor & they abuse him roundly, & I hear that the people are against him too, but I don't know how that is. There is no party politics in the matter that I can learn, but it is Doty and anti Doty, & Doty is ahead. I will keep track of the fight & tell you how it comes out.

THE QUESTION BOX

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN MILWAUKEE

I would like to have you give me all the information possible in regard to the different visits of Abraham Lincoln to Milwaukee. I understand he made one or two speeches in Milwaukee and I would like to have you give me all the particulars pertaining to them.

W. W. LANGE, *Milwaukee*

There is a strongly supported tradition that Lincoln went to Port Washington at a very early day, and planned to settle there. At that time he must have passed through Milwaukee. See an article by Julius Olson in *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, iv, 45–50.

In 1859 Lincoln spoke at the state fair on September 30. See same article, and *Wis. Hist. Colls.* xiv, 134–135. TheMilwaukee *Sentinel* for Friday, September 30, 1859 announced: "The Programme of ToDay At 10 o'clock today Hon. Abra'm Lincoln of Illinois will deliver the Annual Address before the State Agricultural Society on the Fair Grounds. Immediately after the address the awards of premiums will be announced." Then were to follow a hook and ladder company contest and other attractions. It is stated in the *Sentinel* that the day was windy and dusty, and that the crowd was not as large as it would have been but for the disagreeable weather. The speaker was delayed, and did not begin his address until nearly noon.

The address is printed in the *Sentinel* for October 1, 1859. It is also in *Transactions* of the Wisconsin Agricultural Society for 1858–59, 287–299. It was in no sense a political address, but was concerned with the development of agriculture, and a discussion of the relation of labor to capital and the importance of education to labor.

So far as we can ascertain, these were Lincoln's only visits to Milwaukee.

WHEN DID THE USE OF BOWS AND ARROWS CEASE?

The finding, this summer, of a flint arrow-head at the north end of the Dells of the Wisconsin River raised the question of its probable age. Some of the residents state that a great Indian battle occurred at the spot where the arrow-head was found, sometime about 1820, and suggested that it was a relic of that fight; others, however, did not believe that bows and arrows were used in that part of the country after about 1800, and thought it antedated that year.

This is a question to which I am wondering whether an authoritative answer can be given. Were not firearms in general use among the Indians of central Wisconsin after the beginning of the nineteenth century?

J. M. W. Pratt, *Milwaukee*

Wisconsin Indians began to obtain guns from the French as early as 1670, but they by no means abandoned their primitive weapons for firearms. Many settlers as late as the 1840's testify to having seen the tribesmen using bows and arrows. The guns were poor, made for the trade, easily got out of order, and the Indians themselves could not repair them. Every agency maintained a blacksmith, whose chief work was the repairing of Indian guns. Thus bows and arrows were much used for hunting, and part of an Indian boy's education was the accurate shooting of small game with arrows. This answers your question concerning the modern use of arrow-heads.

We have no tradition of an Indian battle at the Dells in 1820. The Wisconsin River Indians were in peaceful relations with one another. The Chippewa occasionally came down the stream, but its lower waters were Menominee territory and so far as we know there were no hostilities between these tribes except at a much earlier period.

SIGNIFICANCE OF INDIAN NAMES

I have heard different explanations of the meaning of the name "Winnebago." Please give me your definition.

Does "Neenah" mean "laughing water," or "running water"? I have heard that "Minnehaha" means "laughing water."

John P. Shiells, *Neenah*

The word "Winnebago" was the name of an Indian tribe whose early habitat was around the lake of that name. The word really means "filthy" or "ill-smelling." It did not mean that this

tribe was more uncleanly than their neighbors, but that they lived in a land of ill-smelling waters. The Indians used the same word for the salt water of the sea.

"Neenah" means "water" only, nothing more. That is the Winnebago term. It is said that an early traveler pointing to the stream asked an Indian what was its name. The Indian thought he meant the element water, and said, "Neenah." The traveler thought it was the Indian name of Fox River.

"Minnehaha" is supposed to mean "laughing water." "Minne" is the same word in Sioux as "neenah" in Winnebago.

THE CAREER OF CHIEF WAUBUNSEE

I am preparing a paper on the life of Waubunsie, chief of the Potawatomi, and desire all the information I can gain concerning him. We own property on a creek named for Waubunsie, as he used it as a favorite camping ground while traveling along Fox River, into which the creek emptics. We have built a cottage and fixed up a small park here, and are making a collection of Indian relics to keep in the cottage, which we have named Waubunsie Lodge.

MRS. R. H. JOHNSTON, *Oswego, Ill.*

We find the following concerning the career of Chief Waubunsee:

His name was spelled in several ways: Waubunsee, Waubansia, Waupan-eh-see, Waubunsie, and so forth. He signed the treaties of 1826, 1828, and 1829, as well as that of 1814 after the battle of the Thames, in which he was engaged on the British side. He was always a friend of the whites; nevertheless he is said to have urged that his tribe support Black Hawk in 1832, but was overruled (*Wis. Hist. Colls.* vii, 419). A letter from a man named McCarty says (Draper MSS. 9YY69) that he and his brother founded Aurora in 1836, although they owned the land as early as 1834. Waubunsee was head chief of the tribe on Fox River and spent his summers there, removing to the reserve on Kankakee River in the winter. He ultimately removed to Kansas, where he died.

McKenney and Hall, *History of the Indian Tribes* (Phila., 1855), iii, 31–35, say he was head war chief of the Prairie band of Potawatomi, residing originally on Kankakee River. Though a warrior of daring and enterprise, he was cool and sagacious, and

a bold orator. An anecdote is told of his feud with the Osages who had slain one of his friends. He finally met a party of that tribe near an American fort. The Osages trusted to the protection of the garrison, but Waubunsee scaled the fort at night, despatched a sleeping Osage, tore the scalp from his head, and leaped the wall just as the alarm was given. By sunrise he and his band were far away. At the treaty of the Wabash in 1826, near Huntington, Waubunsee was accidentally wounded by a friend in a drunken frolic. The agent Tipton kept Waubunsee with him until he was cured. In the spring Waubunsee paid a visit of ceremony to thank the agent for his kindness. The latter tried to reconcile the chief with his quondam friend. Waubunsee said, "You may tell him to come back. A man that will run off like a dog with his tail down for fear of death is not worth killing. I will not hurt him."

He was at the treaty of Chicago in 1833, when the tribe sold all their lands. In 1835 he visited Washington to see his "great father," the president. He went West about 1836, and was living in 1838 at Council Bluffs. Later he removed to Kansas.

EARLY PIERCE COUNTY

Our school would like to know a few things about early Pierce County. What Indian tribes lived here? Were there any trading posts in the county; if so, where? Who was the first white visitor to this vicinity? How did Maiden Rock get its name? Any other information about our early history will be appreciated.

MARGARET HENN, *Maiden Rock*

Pierce County is the scene of some of the most interesting historical events in western Wisconsin. It was the home of the Sioux tribe of Indians, or more properly the Dakota division of the great Siouan family. The Dakota were divided into the Sioux of the Plains, and those of the River. Those who occupied Pierce County were of the latter division. Their territory was encroached upon by the Chippewa from Lake Superior, and a state of war was almost continuous between these two great tribes until 1837, when the Sioux ceded all their lands on the east bank of the Mississippi and withdrew, the next year, to the west bank. The site of Prescott is the traditional site of a great battle between

the Sioux and the Chippewa, in which the latter were victorious, carrying off over three hundred scalps.

The legend of Maiden Rock is very old, and has many forms. The simplest form is told by Bunnell, in *Winona and Its Environs*. A maiden daughter of Wabasha, great chief who lived at Winona, Minnesota, was named Wee-no-nah, or eldest daughter. She had a young lover of her tribe, whom she wished to marry, but her parents desired to give her hand to an older, experienced warrior who had many Chippewa scalps to his credit. Weenonah objected and was separated from her young lover. One day, on a hunting expedition near Lake Pepin, the older lover pressed his suit. Again refusing, she bounded away from her friends and family, rushed to the height of a great rock, and recounting her sorrows and her undying love for her first lover, threw herself over the cliff and perished. We have never heard of any other site for this legend than the so-called Maiden Rock bluff, on the east bank of Lake Pepin.

The question of early posts in your vicinity is an interesting and a difficult one. In the Wisconsin Historical Society *Proceedings*, 1915, 117–123, you will find this subject discussed. Fort St. Antoine, where Perrot took possession in 1689 of the Sioux country, is thought to have been just below Stockholm in Pepin County. Fort Beauharnois was built in 1727 opposite Maiden Rock, near Frontenac, Minnesota. If you will get *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xvii, 22–28, you will find an interesting description of this post, and of the celebration with fireworks which terrified the Indians. Fort St. Pierre was also built in your vicinity; just where has not been determined. These were all official French forts, but they were also trading posts. Carver mentions Fort St. Pierre in his journey of 1766—the first Englishman in Pierce County.

The first white men to pass up the river were Father Louis Hennepin and two French companions, Antoine du Gay and Michel Accault, in the year 1680. They were taken prisoners by a band of Sioux. Daniel Duluth came from Lake Superior down the St. Croix, rescued them, and took them east over the Wisconsin-Fox route to Green Bay. If you have Kellogg, *Early Narratives of the Northwest*, you can read Duluth's own account of this

adventure. After this, French travelers came and went constantly until the downfall of New France after Montcalm's defeat by Wolfe near Quebec in 1759. Then English traders came in, and occupied this region until after the War of 1812. Lieut. Zebulon M. Pike in 1805 carried the first United States flag along the upper Mississippi. In 1819 a post was built at Fort Snelling, and in 1827 a group of officers at the fort formed a company to buy the land at the mouth of the St. Croix. This was Indian land, so they could not obtain it until after the treaty of 1837.

St. Croix County was organized in 1840, and embraced what is now Pierce County. In 1849 a town called Elizabeth was laid off, comprising most of what is now Pierce County. This was perhaps named for Eliza Shazer, thought to be the first white child of American parents born in the present Pierce County. In 1853 Pierce County was erected and named for the president of the United States, Franklin Pierce. The first school was opened in 1851.

THE HORICON MARSH

We are making a study of the Horicon Marsh, and want information upon the subject. If you have any, would you kindly send it so we may use it in our high school work?

ADELINE KROSS, *Horicon*

This region was at first known as the Winnebago Marsh, and the town at its southern end was called Hubbard's town, for Governor Hubbard of Vermont, who had bought the land there. Governor Hubbard sold the land to Preston and Larrabee, who in 1845 had a dam begun at this place. This dam was completed in 1846 by Martin Rich from Vermont, who suggested the name Horicon for the slowly rising lake. The dam was originally built for water-power purposes, but soon the lake was utilized for the transport of timber to run from Chester down the Rock to Janesville and Rockford. In 1867 a decision of the supreme court abolished the dam, and Horicon Lake became Horicon Marsh. Soon the hunting and shooting clubs began to utilize this marsh. The Diana Shooting Club in 1883 leased ten thousand acres for twenty-five years. The later history covers an attempt to drain

the marsh by the Rock River Valley Company, organized in 1904.

THE WELSH CONTRIBUTION TO WISCONSIN

Our class in the Milwaukee State Normal School is studying the geography of Wisconsin, and is desirous of knowing what the Welsh people brought to Wisconsin. We know that the German people brought brewing and the sugar-beet industry, but we have been unable to find what the Welsh people brought.

ELLEN C. WILLIAMS, *Milwaukee*

The Welsh in Wisconsin have been for the greater part farmers, and have contributed by their industry and thrift to building up the agricultural interests of the state. In some portions, such as Racine and Waukesha counties, they have contributed to stock breeding and the dairy interests. In the western part of the state some Welshmen were miners, and others engaged in the manufacture of shot. See *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiii, 357–360. Their best contributions to our Wisconsin life have been immaterial rather than material. The sober, religious character of many of the Welsh, their devotion to church life, especially their interest in church and other music, have been of benefit to the higher life of the state.

A Welsh Musical Union was organized in 1865, according to an account published March 3, 1869, in the Racine *Journal*. Each year the Welsh people held their musical convention, a great festival in itself. The Union also promoted church music and other forms. They offered prizes for musical compositions—a most unusual thing in the early history of the state, as it is still unusual.

The Welsh people, especially the rural folk, lived lives of great frugality, industry, and self-sacrifice, so that we may perhaps look upon their church and community singing as their characteristic form of recreation, and it was a most admirable one.

THE STORY OF THE STOCKBRIDGES

I would like to know to what nationality the Stockbridges of Wisconsin belong, and where they came from. Are they a mixed race of people? H. C. KECK, *Welcome, Minn.*

The Stockbridge Indians originally came from Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where a mission for Indians was established early

in the eighteenth century and a school maintained for the education of Indian boys. The tribe that formed this mission was a branch of the Mahican or Mohegan tribe, called by the Dutch the "River Indians," because they dwelt along the Hudson River. That portion of the tribe living in the Housatonic Valley was the part that removed to Stockbridge, where in time they became known as the Stockbridge Indians. They always called themselves Mo-he-con-new, or Mohegan, and when John Metoxen, their chief, died in Wisconsin, he was spoken of as the "last of the Mohicans."

In the course of their removals, first to New York after the American Revolution, then to Wisconsin about 1825, remnants of other tribes became mingled with the Stockbridges, notably the Munsee, the Wolf clan of the Delaware tribe. These two bands came together to Wisconsin, most of them from Stockbridge, near Oneida, New York. One portion of the tribe had in 1818 removed to White River, Indiana, among some of the Delaware. Upon arrival there, they found the land had been ceded to the United States; so after a few years they joined their brethren in Wisconsin. Their first home was at Statesburgh, now South Kaukauna, on Fox River. In 1832 they ceded this region for a reservation on the eastern shore of Lake Winnebago, and founded there a new Stockbridge. The Brothertown Indians lived with the Stockbridges at this place. They were kindred tribes, but in reality the small remnants of southern New England tribes—the Pequot, Montauk, Narragansett, and so forth, that gathered at a mission in New York and took the title of Brothertowns. These Indians have become citizens, and their descendants still live in Calumet County. The Stockbridges, however, declined in 1846 the offer of citizenship, and in 1852 ceded their lands in Calumet County for a reservation near the Menominee in Shawano County. There they and the Munsee still live; practically all of them, however, have become citizens and accepted lands in allotment.

THE FOUNDING OF RHINELANDER

Please send me any information you may have on the early history of Rhinelander and Oneida County.

Miss B. Simmons, *Rhinelander*

Your community is so new that your local history may be obtained from persons now living in it. It would be wise to gather in the reminiscences of the pioneers before it is too late.

Oneida County was organized in 1885 from Lincoln County. Consult Wisconsin Historical Society *Proceedings*, 1908, on Oneida County organization and the changes in its boundary. This region had been for hundreds of years the home of the Indians, those of the Chippewa tribe having lived there from the seventeenth century. *Wis. Hist. Colls.* xix, 202, gives an account of a fur trader among these Indians in 1804. All these traders were French-Canadians, who came and went and left little trace, yet they may be called the first white men in Oneida County.

Rhinelander was, like most northern Wisconsin towns, the child of the railway. The Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railway was organized about 1870; it was foreclosed under a mortgage in 1875 and bought in by a group of New York capitalists headed by Mr. F. W. Rhinelander. Mr. Rhinelander had great faith in the future possibilities and present resources of northern Wisconsin. His company began building north. By 1882 the railway had reached Summit Lake, with the line graded to Pelican Lake. By 1883 the road had been pushed beyond Pelican Lake, with a spur 15.7 miles long from Monico to the mouth of Pelican River, which was chosen by the president of the road as the site to which he gave his own name. Whatever settlement had been there before was called Pelican Station. Settlers came in so rapidly that by 1890 there were 2658 persons in the village of Rhinelander. The Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railway sold to the Chicago & Northwestern in 1893, and after that the Rhinelander family was no longer connected with this region. The Rhinelander family is one of the old landholding families of New York City. The first in America (1686) was Philip Jacob Rhinelander, who was exiled from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—that is, in the dispersion of

the Huguenots. The family home was on the Rhine, but in territory which was a part of France. Philip Jacob settled at New Rochelle, New York, and there died in 1737. His son William removed to New York City and was buried in Trinity churchyard in 1777. His landed property has been kept together as the Rhinelander estate and has become very valuable. William's son William II bought as a sugar house a building which was used as a prison for Americans during the Revolution. This historic monument known as Rhinelander's Sugar House existed until 1892.

William Rhinelander II (1753–1825) had two sons, William C. (1790–1876) and Frederick William. The latter had a son and a grandson of the same name. President Rhinelander of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western was either the second or the third of the name. The family is now represented by Philip, bishop of the Episcopal Church.

THE CAREER OF MARINETTE

We have had several inquiries lately about the meaning of the name of our city, Marinette. As far as our records show, the name Marinette had no special significance except as it was the name of the Menominee Indian girl who married John Jacobs, and who was well known in early days for her business ability. Have you any further information as to the meaning of the name?

GLADYS M. ANDREWS, *Marinette*

In the Patrick Papers we find a manuscript "History of Marinette" by Dr. John J. Sherman, in which the author says that Marinette Jacobs, from whom the town takes its name, was born in 1793 at Post Lake, the source of Post River, one of the principal tributaries of the Peshtigo River. She was a daughter of a Chippewa woman and a Frenchman named Chevalier, of whom but little is known.

From our records we can add something about Marinette's father. His name was Barthélemy Chevalier, and he was for some time a resident of Green Bay. After his death his widow lived at this place. See *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, x, 138. See also the baptismal record of Marinette's older sister in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xix, 85. The name Marinette was probably an abbreviation of Marie Antoinette. It is quite possible that Chevalier may have

named his little daughter for the unfortunate French queen who was guillotined the year of her birth.

Further information from Dr. Sherman is as follows: Marinette was regularly married to John B. Jacobs, to whom she bore several children and with whom she lived on this river for some time previous to 1822, at about which time he left the river. In the *Wis. Hist. Colls.* you will find more about Jacobs. He was an Englishman who came out to Green Bay from Canada—a man of good education and family but sadly addicted to liquor. He taught school awhile at Green Bay, and Marinette *may* have been one of his pupils. At any rate he loved her, and some of his unpublished letters in our manuscripts show a deep interest in her welfare and that of his children. He went back to Canada to obtain an inheritance left him by a brother. So far as known, he never returned to Wisconsin.

Continuing Sherman's history, we find that Marinette remained on the river with William Farnsworth, to whom she bore several children and who in turn left her and settled at Sheboygan. He was lost on the *Lady Elgin* in 1860.

Marinette should not be morally blamed for her relations with Farnsworth, as those were the customs of the times and the people among whom she grew up. You will find a biography of Farnsworth in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, ix, 397–400. "The old residence of Marinette," Sherman says, "is still standing and is the property of our chief officer, F. Carney Esq. Marinette lived there with her children (among them were Mrs. Charles McLeod, John B. Jacobs, and George P. Farnsworth of Green Bay) devoting the latter part of her life to deeds of benevolence and devotion until she arrived at the ripe age of threescore and twelve, when she quietly passed away on the third of June, 1865. Her remains were first interred in the enclosure near the house where the family had a sort of temporary vault, over which was erected a building composed of cedar logs."

COMMUNICATIONS

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF "NEENAH"

I have noticed the inquiry of Mr. Harry F. Williams of Neenah[1] as to the meaning of the name "Neenah." It is to be observed that we all are inclined loosely to accept almost any interpretation of the Indian names which do so abound in Wisconsin, without investigation at the source, which is in this case the aboriginal people themselves who are still with us, speaking the tongues from which these names come.

It will be of some interest, no doubt, for me to give you the result of some inquiry of my own which reaches to the answer to the question of Mr. Williams. I spend many days each summer in the Keshena Reservation, peopled by the Menominee tribe. Last summer I found an old man, Peter Pamonik, who as a youth was familiar with the Neenah-Menasha region and its history, so far as the Indians knew it by tradition. He told me that Neenah was originally a Winnebago village and that its Winnebago name was "Wee-nah-pe-ko-ne." Beyond the fact that "Weenah" means "stinking" in the Winnebago tongue, he could not translate the name for me. This "Weenah," modified into "Neenah" by the whites, who also dropped the three closing syllables of the aboriginal name, appears in several Wisconsin names. Thus, we have Lake Winnebago, the towns of Winneconne and Winneboujou.

Of course all know that "Winnebago," or "Winnebagoshish," as it is in the original Indian, means "stinking water." This original Indian word in full is found in Minnesota, where a lake carries the name. "Winneconne" would seem to bear the earmarks of being originally the "Weenahpekone" which applied to the present city of Neenah. Of course the epithet "Neenah" grew out of the peculiar odor which comes from the water of Lake Winnebago and the slow water above it in the summer when it is filled with a growth of minute algae, often becoming very offensive.

[1] See the December, 1921, issue of this magazine, page 207.

The name "Menasha" applied in exactly that form to a Menominee village on the site of the present city, and merely means "island."

GEORGE BANTA, *Menasha*

HISTORICAL NOTES

ADDITIONS TO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

During the three months' period ending April 10, 1922, there were thirty-one additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. Eight of these enrolled as life members, as follows: Wheeler P. Bloodgood, Milwaukee; John Clark, Cleveland, O.; Gustave E. Eck, Lake Mills; Edward A. Fitzpatrick, Madison; Charles H. Leavitt, Manila, P. I.; William L. Pieplow, Milwaukee; Alfred C. Schmitt, Albany, Ore.; Augustus H. Vogel, Milwaukee.

Twenty-one persons became annual members of the Society: R. H. Adams, Minneapolis, Minn.; Robert J. Barnes, Oshkosh; Nile J. Behncke, Oshkosh; Chauncey E. Blake, Madison; Ralph N. Buckstaff, Oshkosh; Matthew J. Connell, Milwaukee; Loyal Durand, Milwaukee; William T. Harvey, Racine; Charles L. Hill, Rosendale; Earle S. Holman, Antigo; Jacob K. Jensen, Janesville; Clarence H. McClure, Warrensburg, Mo.; Emil A. Marthens, Milwaukee; Vine Miller, Sheboygan; Frederic C. Morehouse, Milwaukee; Caleb Olson, Racine; Edwin C. Ostermann, Milwaukee; Howell Parks, Muskogee, Okla.; Harry L. Russell, Madison; Ida Sherman, North Prairie; Lewis F. Silverthorn, Footville.

The North Division High School at Milwaukee became a Wisconsin school member, and the University of Oregon at Eugene an institutional member.

THE SMILEY PAPERS

Prof. Smiley Blanton of the University of Wisconsin has presented to the Society the papers of his uncle Gen. Thomas T. Smiley of Nashville. General Smiley was a lifelong resident of that city and acquainted with the historic and political characters of Tennessee. In early life he was a nationalist Whig; after the defeat of his party in 1852 he drifted into the Know-Nothing or American party. As a member of this secret organization he had in 1855 a political difference with Andrew Johnson, then campaigning for governor, which was about to lead to an "affair of honor." Upon Johnson's assurance, however, that he intended nothing personal in his allusion to the Know-Nothings, he and Smiley were reconciled and became political friends.

In the campaign of 1860 Smiley voted for Bell of the Constitutional Union party, and saw with much regret the South undertake secession. Nevertheless, he thought it his duty to support his section, volunteered for service to "repel invasion," and became major of the First Tennessee Volunteers (Confederate), which rendezvoused at Camp Cheatham. There he was aide-de-camp to General Foster, who was superseded by Zollicoffer. Smiley was recommended to both General Beauregard and

the Confederate secretary of war for a brigadiership. Whether actually appointed or not, he was thereafter known as General Smiley. After the first year of the war he saw no active military service; he did, however, hold an appointment from the Confederate government to negotiate with the federal authorities that occupied Nashville, especially with Johnson, military governor of Tennessee, on behalf of Confederate prisoners, persons whose estates were confiscated, and others suffering the hardships of war. General Smiley's influence was potent in ameliorating conditions in the occupied regions. He also acted as legal counsel for many in distress, and was trusted by both parties in the great struggle. After the war Smiley never reëntered politics, although frequently importuned to do so. He devoted himself to his legal practice and to the affairs of the Odd Fellows and Masons, in whose lodges he held high positions.

His papers are of many kinds: family and personal correspondence; legal and business documents; political and military letters. They extend in point of time from the close of the War of 1812 to about 1880, and are the only Tennessee papers we possess of a later date than the Draper Manuscripts. Among the interesting letters are one from William E. West, an American artist in Florence in 1820; an autograph of Edwin Booth; several letters of Andrew Johnson; and war letters of Generals Foster, Zollicoffer, Heiman, and other officers of lower rank. Pre-war papers dealing with the purchase, exchange, or hire of slaves are significant. Upon the whole, the Smiley papers, though not great in number, constitute a group of documents illustrative of the civilization of the lower Mississippi valley in the middle years of the last century.

Louise P. Kellogg

THE STILSON DIARY

Among the recent additions to our manuscript collection is the diary of Eli Stilson II, who in 1845 made a reconnaisance of eastern Wisconsin to decide on its promise as a future home. Mr. Stilson was born in 1820 at West Windsor, Broome County, New York. He came west from Buffalo around the lakes to Milwaukee, where the steamboat landed him at half past two in the morning on a cold May day. The traveler thought that Milwaukee was not very attractive, "situated on uneven ground and divided by water. The streets are tolerable smooth but the sidewalks are miserable or not at all." It had some good buildings and did "a sight of business"; but in his estimation prices were too high of both rents and building lots. "A fair size three story building will rent for five hundred dollars or more—a single room for one hundred or more per year."

From Milwaukee Mr. Stilson went westward looking for land. He visited Milwaukee, Waukesha, Walworth, Jefferson, and Dodge counties, examining several sites for a farm but making no definite selection. He was a shrewd judge of good land, and classified what he saw as timber, white-oak openings, burr-oak openings, prairies, marshes, swamps, and lakes. Much of the land was held by non-residents and speculators.

He also noted water sources, springs, and wells. The artificial mounds left by primitive people interested him, and he made in his diary a drawing of one group near Summit, Waukesha County. The little homemade book of folded paper fastened with pack thread is an eloquent souvenir of pioneer days in Wisconsin, all the more that its writer later contributed a goodly share to the state's growth. In 1847 Mr. Stilson purchased a farm just north of Oshkosh. There he became a leader in the agricultural interests of the state, experimenting with sheep husbandry and the dairy industry. In 1860 he became a life member of the State Agricultural Society, and in 1871 vice-president for his district. In 1874 he was elected president of this important organization, and was twice reëlected, retiring in 1878. About this time Mr. Stilson made investments in Texas and Kansas. He continued, however, to make his residence at his farm home in the township of Oshkosh until his death August 20, 1883.

This early diary of one of the founders of our commonwealth was presented to the Society by his son, Edgar Stilson of Milwaukee.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Eugene W. Leach ("Marshall Mason Strong, Racine Pioneer") is a resident of Racine and a diligent student of her history. He is the author of several works pertaining to the history of his city and county.

Louise P. Kellogg ("The First Traders in Wisconsin") is senior research associate of the Wisconsin State Historical Society.

Gen. Charles King ("Memories of a Busy Life") is a resident of Milwaukee and one of the most widely known citizens of Wisconsin.

W. A. Titus of Fond du Lac ("The Lost Village of the Mascouten") continues in this number his interesting series of contributions to the history of early Wisconsin.

SOME WISCONSIN PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

Our associate magazine, the *Wisconsin Archeologist*, assumed in January a new dress and began a new series with volume one, number one on the title page. It is not too much to say that the twenty years' publication of the *Archeologist* has placed Wisconsin in the front rank of the states that are listing and preserving their prehistoric remains and are making scientific reports of the primitive men of North America. The editor and secretary, Charles E. Brown, has personally supervised the publication of every one of the eighty numbers of the *Archeologist* that has appeared in the past score of years. The Wisconsin Archeological Society, now numbering four hundred members in every section of the state, was founded in October, 1901 as a section of the Wisconsin Natural History Society. Eighteen months later, it came of age and assumed its own independence. All those who are interested in the vanishing race of our first Americans, and in keeping their relics and records for our children, owe a debt of gratitude to this Society, which with only a small state subsidy has persevered in its good work and has placed Wisconsin on the archeological map of the United States.

The University Extension department of debating and public discussion has issued a bulletin on *Wisconsin and the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Deepwater Route to the Sea*, under the auspices of the Wisconsin Deep Water-ways Commission, of which Harry Sauthoff is executive secretary. His report on the significance of water-ways occupies the first place in this publication. Civilization has always followed water-ways; the rise of each of the great peoples of history has been upon the wings of sea-borne commerce. Water transportation is cheaper than land commerce, and now that the United States railways are almost bankrupt it is well to think of measures of relief. Price and production wait on transportation, and the only available remedy for the existing breakdown of the system and the possible dangers of another crisis is the proposed St. Lawrence water-way. It will affect every state between the Alleghenies and the Rockies, from Canada to Oklahoma. The estimated cost is not prohibitive; both the Panama and Erie canals cost more. Engineers are agreed as to its feasibility. Its building would release industrial workers to develop the agricultural lands of the Northwest. It would create a shorter haul to English, Scandinavian, and Mediterranean ports, as well as do away with the shifting of cargoes from cars to vessels.

A Joint High Commission of the United States and Canada met at New York City to discuss the problems of this water-way. Wisconsin was represented by F. E. Mitchell of Oshkosh. He reported the findings of this body with regard to ocean vessels. Three thousand two hundred and sixty-four are liners, 21,000 tramps. The former average above seven thousand tons, the latter below. Figures are here presented in the bulletin to show the average draft and the possibilities of lake navigation. By this water-way twelve states would be immediately affected, with a population of thirty-one million. It would give the farmers a needed outlet to foreign markets, and eliminate the cost of transfers at Buffalo for the all-water route, and transfers at Trenton for the all-land route to the port of New York. This project is not sectional but national in scope. Many Easterners favor it; for Wisconsin it would utilize a shore line surpassed in length only by Florida, Texas, and California. Terminals at Superior, Ashland, Green Bay, Manitowoc, Milwaukee, Racine, and Kenosha would lower rates and induce more complete cultivation of the land.

W. G. Bruce follows with statistics of Wisconsin's productive ability. The state now contributes $125,000,000 of the United States exports. Her imports may be roughly estimated at $60,000,000. By direct access to the sea Wisconsin's service to the nation will be doubled.

C. P. Norgord writes of Wisconsin's undeveloped agricultural possibilities. Her plow land may become eighty-two per cent greater than at present, with a potentiality of a marketable surplus of 102 per cent. Dean Russell estimates that in northern Wisconsin alone we have an area larger than Belgium awaiting transportation for development.

The Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey publishes as Bulletin No. 58, Educational Series No. 6, *The Geography and Eco-*

nomic Development of Southeastern Wisconsin, by Ray Hughes Whitbeck, professor of geography in the University. Professor Whitbeck's monograph is concerned with the physical geography and economic growth of five counties—Milwaukee, Waukesha, Racine, Kenosha, and Walworth, the earliest regions of our state to be settled after the lead-mine district. After describing the geology of the Great Lakes as related to this region, the author notes the mineral products of the district and the influence of Lake Michigan upon its progress. He then takes up each of the five counties in turn, noting briefly their pioneer era and the subsequent changes. The emphasis of this monograph is placed on industry and commerce, in which this region excels all other portions of the state. Agricultural history receives but brief treatment. It is probably the best account yet published of the growth of manufactures in the three large lake-board cities of southern Wisconsin. The bibliography is excellent; no references, however, are made to the material in this magazine. A few slight errors are noted. On page 78 is a typographical jungle. The author speaks, on page 77, as if the first railroad was proposed while Wisconsin was included in Michigan Territory. As this was in September, 1836, Wisconsin Territory was already organized. These mistakes, however, do not mar the excellence of the work as a source for Wisconsin history.

Recruiting for teaching service is assisted by a bulletin issued by the Platteville Normal School, entitled *Why Teach?* A call to teach is a call to arms; youth has enthusiasm, power, it must be directed. Do not drift, but consider in choosing a career what you can do best and most enjoy doing. The newer opportunities in teaching offer attractive vocations; there are manual art, rural, and agricultural schools for those who have such interests. Salaries are rapidly improving, and the pension system is effective, so teaching now carries an assurance of adequate living, and the possibilities of service that are creative opportunities. An interesting historical touch is given to this pamphlet by the excellently told reminiscences of one of Wisconsin's pioneer teachers.

ERRATUM

The second paragraph of footnote 16 of the article "Wisconsin's Saddest Tragedy," printed in the March, 1922, issue of this magazine, has been displaced from its proper position as the concluding part of footnote 15, on page 280. The paragraph in question was written by the author as a contribution to the discussion of the practice of carrying concealed weapons.

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